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1817

TO-DAY:

A Monthly Gathering of Bold Thoughts.

"Learn, Laugh, Love and Live."

"Think wisely: Speak boldly."

VOL. I.

MAY—SEPTEMBER, 1883.

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TO-DAY:

A MID-MONTHLY GATHERING OF BOLD THOUGHTS.

No. 1.—APRIL, 1883.

"And though all the windes of doctrin were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously by licencing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falshood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the wors in a free and open encounter? . . . . . For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty?"—MILTON. "Areopagitica." 1644.

"Ainsi me suis-je accoutré, non pas me gorgiaser et pomper, mais pour le gré du malade lequel je visite auquel seul je veux entièrement complaire, en rien ne l'offenser ni fâcher. . . . . A bien sûrement et plaisamment parfaire le chemin de la connaissance divine et chasse de sapience deux choses sont nécessaires: guide de Dieu et compagnie d'homme."—RABELAIS.

"Our interest lies so much with the past as may serve to guide our actions in the present, and with so much of the future as we may hope will be affected by our actions now."—CLIFFORD.

LONDON:
THE BRITISH PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,
45, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

To the Reader.

SHALL we sing but sunny rhymes,
  Golden hopes and pleasant,
That might meet the future times,
  Not the toiling present?
Shall we toll the solemn bell
  Over past distresses?
We have left the old world's hell
  And its wildernesses.

Slowly, then, as each To-day
  Shortens our hereafter,
Let it cheer to-morrow's way
  With its chiming laughter.
But, as o'er the ocean rears
  Every brighter morning,
Let it catch from vanished years
  Something for a warning.

Half of life is jest, they say;
  Half is saddest sorrow;
'Tis not wholly work to-day,
  Nor all sport to-morrow.
Earnest speech or random play
  Heed not which we borrow
For the rose-seeds of to-day
  Make the rose to-morrow.

Seems at times the merriest life
  Loses half its ripple:
May not even sorrow's knife
  Mar the wild bee's tipple?
Yet, for all we fear and say,
  Somewhere, clear of sorrow,
From this dim, chequer-light To-day
  Shall gleam a blue To-morrow.

TO-DAY.

No. I.—APRIL 14, 1883.

A Fore-Word.

WE think there is room for us in the fast-growing world of readers and read.

The magazines and papers of the day, whether good, bad or indifferent, are alike more or less tightly tied by the bonds of party, dogma, names or mode. Even free-thought as hitherto published has had its own shibboleth; and science has vied with religion in the narrowness of its teaching and the animosity of its professors. In very few cases, moreover, has any attempt been made—outside the avowed special-pleading of leading articles—to allow mind to be brought face to face with mind freed from the glamour of great names and the coloured lights of custom.

To-Day will shake itself free from all fetters, save those of truth and taste. It will use the shield of anonymity for the rightful purpose of protecting its writers against the attacks of prejudice and spite; but it will not allow this shelter to be turned to any base account. Its pages will be open to all who have bold thoughts to utter, without distinction of creed or cause. The masters of our craft will here find a home for the children of their love, the novices for their first-born. A pure style, clear thinking clad in clean raiment, hard blows struck above the belt, and beauty made bright by the fire of fancy—these may of right demand a welcome at our hands.

Fiction is, to our thinking, oftentimes more true than fact. We are not concerned to prove a paradox which at least every poet will understand. We shall leave the natural writers of the present day to speak for themselves, calling a spade a "spade," but not turning the spade into a muck-rake.

In Politics, the equal right of every human being to health, wealth, wisdom and happiness shall be our watchword—admitting to the full our purblindness, but sure that we are battling shoulder to shoulder with all good men and true.

In Religion, we shall "look through nature up to nature's God," while at the same time holding that in every being there is that which has begun not and will never end.

In Science, we shall leave the beaten tracks, the milestones and the carefully hedged fields for the freedom of the wide ocean, the desert solitudes and the mountain-tops.

In Poetry and Art, soul shall speak to soul.

Such are our aims. With the help of bold writers and not less bold readers we shall hope to speed well.

A Story of To-Day.

CHAPTER I.

Honi Soit qui Mal y Pense.

SHE was fairly at her wit's end. A fine rain had begun to fall, and through the cheerless night Trafalgar Square seemed a very world of dark and cruel mystery. The gas-lamps were burning like so many bloodshot eyes scowling through the gloom; the tall, dusky shaft of Nelson's pillar took the shape of a forbidding finger lifted against her; the wall of the National Gallery, near which she had paused, glistened cold and wet; the rattle of the few omnibuses and cabs that passed along the Strand and across the square resounded dismally and far-off; and the deep tones of Big Ben, striking the hour of midnight, filled full the measure of her dismay.

A quick step approached her from behind, and she suddenly found herself sheltered by an umbrella, while a low voice said:

"Good evening, sweet nymph of the ways that are dark!"

She looked round in wonder, and saw a gentleman beside her. He was tall, and fashionably dressed, and by the light of a neighbouring lamp she noticed not only that he was singularly handsome, but that his glance was of a more ardent and searching character than any she had hitherto experienced.

"You are mistaken," said she, much perplexed, and a little afraid.

"I'm not mistaken, at all events," he rejoined, "in considering you the prettiest girl I've ever seen."

He might well say this. Violet Churchill was exquisitely beautiful. Her face was of the most perfect oval, and her features of the purest form, while the delicacy of their outline and the fairness of her complexion were rendered still more soft and winning by the tender depth of her dark blue eyes and the sweet smile that for ever played upon her full, red lips. She was of middle height, and graceful alike in form and movement; and though her dress was perhaps a little quaint and old-

fashioned, the most modish ladies might have envied its simplicity and elegance.

Startled by the words she had heard, and still more by the tone in which they had been uttered, she glanced at the speaker, and meeting nothing in his looks to reassure her, she moved hastily away.

"You're whimsical, I see," said the gentleman, following her, and endeavouring to hold his umbrella over her head; "but I hope you don't really mean to be cruel as well as fair and frail."

Violet's only reply was to quicken her pace. The gentleman quickened his.

"Why, what a coquette you are!" he exclaimed. "You'll tempt me to capture you in good earnest." And he placed his arm around her waist.

"Sir!"

There was no mistaking Violet's tone of indignation and fright as she sprang from his grasp, and stood trembling and half-crying, and looking wildly about her for help.

"Eh! What's all this?" said her pursuer, in surprise. "You don't surely mean to tell me I've made a mistake? At midnight, too, and standing"——

He paused as a heavy footfall was heard, and, looking in the direction of the sound, he saw a policeman approaching, whereupon, without completing his sentence, he hurried quickly away.

Before Violet could recover from her agitation and distress, the policeman came up to where she was standing, and, to her further affright, grasped her roughly by the shoulder, and peered into her face.

"Oh, you're a new 'un, are yer?" he said, in a gruff voice. And then, with a leer, he added, "Dashed if yer won't be quite a horniment to my beat; leastways, if I let yer. What are yer goin' to stand for a footin'—eh?"

"What—what do you mean?" gasped poor Violet, thoroughly terrified.

"Come, none o' that 'umbug!" rejoined the policeman. "Yer don't plum me like that. 'Ookey,' says I; and so yer'd better fork out, or p'r'aps I may take it into my head to run yer in."

"Oh, God! what shall I do?" cried Violet. "What do you mean by running me in?"

"Well, you *are* a artful one, you are," sneered the policeman. "So yer don't know what 'runnin' in' means, eh? I s'pose yer'll tell me next yer don't know what Black Maria is—eh?"

"No, indeed, I do not: I never met any such person," replied Violet, ·ining her tears with the utmost difficulty.

At this answer the policeman started as though in surprise, and then again taking the girl by her shoulder looked into her face and said:

"Look 'ere: it won't do no good to play the fool with *me*. Why, I saw you myself addressin' that gentleman! Your mother knows you're out, fast enough. 'Square it,' says I once more, if you don't want to be run in; and runnin' in means that I'm going to take you off to the police-station for a nice little twist o' seven days in prison."

Violet had listened to all this with stupefaction; but when at length she understood that she was being threatened with a prison she stood aghast.

"A prison! What have I done? I have done—nothing wrong," she pleaded, while the tears fell fast from her eyes.

"'Umbug! 'umbug!" retorted the policeman. "Ain't yer a doin' wrong by keepin' me out o' my rights? I wants your footin' an' I'm goin' to 'ave it."

"But what is it?—what is your 'footin'?'" urged Violet.

Again the policeman seemed surprised, and looked curiously at the girl's face.

"Well, I'm blessed if yer don't a'most bother me!" he exclaimed, in a milder tone than before. And then, suddenly relapsing into his previous manner, he continued, "But I was forgettin'—I saw yer addressin' of a gentleman with my very eyes. P'raps ye're a bit rum, as well as artful. Yes: 'rum and artful,' says I; and so—fork out."

"I—don't—understand," sobbed Violet.

"'Umbug! Well, then, if yer don't understand forking out, p'raps yer'll just hand over whatever money yer've got about yer. If yer do that, I shan't say nothin' more, and I'll let yer go."

Violet was too agitated to reflect. No sooner did she catch the meaning of the policeman's words than she drew her purse from her pocket and held it forth to him, saying:

"There—take all I have—but—do not let me go to prison!"

The policeman snatched at the purse and hastily transferred it to his own pocket. By its weight he could tell it contained some gold, and this seemed quite to restore his power of mind; for it was with a quiet, patronizing air that he observed:

"Well, you've done the 'an'som, my girl, an' now you're free o' my beat. Yer may come here every night and me and none o' my pals 'll ever run yer in—no, not even if yer cheeks us. An' p'raps we'll ev'ry now and then lay yer on for a tipsy swell an' a O K cabby, provided as we're to go 'alves. 'Honner bright,' says I; an' w'enever Geordie Mogram—that's me—makes the runnin' with 'is honner, 'e's bound to win, an' don't you forget it."

And so saying, the worthy Geordie Mogram stalked away on good terms with himself and all the world.

Violet watched his receding form with a sense of relief that well-nigh mastered her feeling of blank and amazed despair. Her tears still flowed, as it were, unheeded, and added yet another mist to the murky night around, while her thoughts turned yearningly to the old mansion she had so lately quitted, and to the kind face over which the veil of stillness had so suddenly been drawn. But already these memories belonged to the past: they seemed the vision of quite another world; and London, the unknown, the wonderful, the dark and horrible, now loomed before her like the vast cave of some monster into whose hands she had been delivered.

During her conversation with Geordie Mogram she had stood close to one of the gates at the foot of the steps leading up to the National Gallery. The gate was considerably within the line of the front wall, and from the recess thus formed Violet now saw a young lady step forth, who at once came up to her, and, taking her by the hand, said:

"Don't cry, dear; though it's very true that 'Says I Geordie,' as we call him, *is* a brute. I hope you didn't give him more than half a dol."

To Violet's eyes the new comer, who was clearly visible in the light of a lamp near at hand, seemed a very fine lady indeed, though, perhaps, a little too pronounced as regarded the size of her hat, the tight fit of her deep-lappelled jacket, the shortness of her richly-flounced skirts in front, and their remarkable extension behind. She was gloved to beyond her elbows, and on each arm there shone a pair of bracelets, while a jewelled breast-pin was placed in the white scarf at her neck, and gave a half-masculine appearance to her attire—an impression that was heightened by her short-cut hair being parted on one side. For the rest, she was a little taller than Violet, was of the trimmest and daintiest figure imaginable, moved with a grace and lightness that seemed miraculous when compared with her excessively high-heeled boots, had a face whose dark, proud beauty would have fitly adorned an Italian palace, and spoke in tones of such mingled music and passion that they lingered long upon the ear while speeding their way straight to the heart, no matter how light, or even commonplace, might be her words.

"Half a dol.!" repeated Violet, much mystified, but already feeling reassured. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you must be very new indeed not to know that. It's *pavé* for half-a-crown."

"Oh! thank you—but everything is so strange to me that you will think me very stupid when I say I don't understand what '*pavé*' is."

"No; I don't think you very stupid," replied the lady, smiling

gently; "but I notice you are not quite in the pink of the fashion, and so I suppose you have come from the country. Well, '*pavé*,' dear, is the language we Graces of the midnight are supposed to talk. Our rank-and-file call it 'pavvy,' but the stars call it 'pavementese.' What! still puzzled? Such rusticity is charming. I suppose, now, you really do *not* recognise *me?*"

"No, indeed," said Violet, more than ever bewildered, but feeling greatly comforted at the kind tones in which she was addressed.

"Look again, dear."

And, so saying, the lady made a profound curtsey; but, as she drew herself up, she deftly raised her skirts, and remained standing in a fantastic though not ungraceful attitude, which enabled Violet to observe that she wore red silk stockings and a massive gold ring above each ancle.

"There," she added, letting fall her skirts again, "you know me now?"

Violet was shocked, but not offensively so; for the action of the lady had been strange rather than immodest.

"I am more at a loss than ever," she replied.

"But haven't you seen my photos about? They're in every country town, as well as in the London windows. No? Then let me introduce myself, dear. I'm Bangles."

"What a funny name!" said Violet, simply.

"A little funny, perhaps; but quite nice and naughty. And so it's really strange to you?"

"Yes, really."

"Well, dear, don't tell that to any one but me. Not to know 'Bangles' is to be quite out of the world. Poor mad gentlemen in plays may ask conundrums about Hecuba, but *we* draw the line at Bangles. And now that I've introduced myself, I think you ought to return the compliment. What is the name you have chosen?"

"My name is Violet Churchill."

"Oho! Not so rustic after all. Quite a cultivated taste. But, see! this horrid drizzle is beginning again, and we're chattering here like a couple of school-girls exchanging confidences about bread-and-butter love and the terrors of mature virginity. Let's be good for once. Will you go home with me, or shall I go home with you? Or shall we toss up for a supper in the Haymarket? I'm pretty flush, and I suppose you can spare a sovereign or two?"

"I haven't any money left," said Violet, starting, as she began to realise the helplessness to which she had become suddenly reduced. "I gave my purse to that policeman."

"And how much was in it?"

"Between eight and nine pounds."

Bangles looked at Violet with half-incredulous amazement, and then exclaimed:

"What, in the name of all that is lunatic, made you play such a ridiculous prank?"

"But he was going to take me to prison," pleaded Violet with trembling lips.

"And why, pray?"

"Because he said I had been begging. He was quite mistaken, you know."

"Begging?" cried Bangles in a tone of the most complete surprise. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, he said he'd seen me begging—'addressin' a gentleman' he called it—and, indeed, Miss Bangles, he was wrong. A gentleman had been rude to me, and spoke and tried to put his arm round my waist—and I wanted to run away just as the policeman came up—and "——

She paused, for Bangles was looking so earnestly into her face as quite to disconcert her.

"Come, dear, under this lamp-post, where I can see you more plainly," said Bangles, taking Violet's hand and leading her into the light. Then, looking again at her very closely and narrowly, she added, in a tone from which all banter had disappeared:

"Who and what are you then, if you are not what I took you to be?"

"I don't know what you supposed I was," replied Violet; "but in reality I am only a very unhappy girl without a home and without any friends. My aunt, with whom I lived all my life at Kesterton, died last week, and her lawyer told me to come to London this evening. He promised to send some one to meet me, but the train was late, and when I arrived at Charing Cross, a little while ago, I could not find anybody who seemed to be looking for me. I walked up and down the platform until a man in uniform came up and roughly ordered me to go outside. I tried to explain, but he swore at me and told me to 'find a marine' to listen to me; and when I asked him where I could get a shelter for the night he said he'd warrant I should get well taken care of if I walked straight into Trafalgar Square. So I came here, and then it began to rain, and the gentleman who was so rude came up and—you know the rest."

"Poor girl," said Bangles, "you shall go home with me. But did you not bring any luggage with you?"

"Yes; I had two boxes."

"And where are they now?"

"I don't know what the railway people did with them. I was so distressed at not being met by anybody that I forgot all about them."

"Never mind; we'll see to them in the morning. And now for a hansom. Come along, dear."

And so saying, Bangles led Violet to the cab-stand near St. Martin's Church, where she engaged a hansom and told the driver to proceed to the Grosvenor Road.

As soon as the two friends had taken their seats and the cab had started, Violet was surprised to find herself embraced and tenderly kissed by Bangles, who said:

"You mustn't think too badly of me, dear."

"Badly?" echoed Violet; "I think you are quite an angel of goodness, although you did" —— Here she paused in some embarrassment.

"Did what?" asked Bangles. "Oh! I know. You mean about my legs. I thought you looked just a wee bit shocked; and I couldn't make that out at all at the time. Well, I won't pretend to be ashamed. Indeed, I'm rather proud of the pains that Dame Nature evidently took when she modelled my ankles and calves. A thing of beauty is a joy for every one, as Oscar Wilde observed when he first wore knee-breeches."

Violet listened in wonder. To her all women had hitherto been more or less as herself; but here was one outside all she had ever experienced or imagined. There was, indeed, nothing that she could consider unwomanly in Bangles, in spite of the latter's easy-going self-possession and strange familiarity with the ways and doings of London and its people. And with every word and movement the charm of her companion's beauty made itself manifest, while the tender intonation of her voice much more than belied the air of cynicism with which she spoke. Altogether Violet felt herself drawn as by enchantment into a mood of loving communion with this singular but fascinating woman.

"Now, dear," continued Bangles, lighting a cigarette, to Violet's further surprise, "I must be your *cicerone*. The street down which we are now passing is Whitehall, and there on the left you may see the very building and window from which poor Charles I. stepped forth to execution. I don't know, though, why I should pity him, for in these times, dear, it isn't considered good form to pity anything except ourselves, unless we can turn our pity to some profitable account. And there on the right is the Admiralty and next to it the Horse Guards—places, you know, where they play at soldiers and sailors with national toys called the army and navy. They spend half their time in taking the toys to pieces and the other half in putting them together again; and it's part of the game to always have a piece missing when it's particularly wan

And there's the Treasury, and the big Meddle and Muddle Department called the Foreign Office; and between them you can see Downing Street, where Mr. Gladstone lives. I shan't tell you what I think of him, because I don't know what your politics are, dear, and, like the *Times*, I wait to see which way the wind blows before I say where the smoke is drifting. Oh! it's quite a fine thing to lead public opinion by carefully following it round the compass; only the editors and their readers do sometimes get a little giddy and break their heads against walls that are plain enough to the birds in the air. I suppose, though, you are a little surprised to hear me talk about these things instead of the last new fashions and the latest scandal?"

"Well, I am a little astonished to hear *you* talk like that. You are *so* beautiful and *so* nice, and not much older than I am; and I thought it was only quite old ladies like my poor aunt who talked politics."

"And I'm not a blue-stocking, at all events," rejoined Bangles, laughing, "as you had occasion to observe. By-the-bye, it's very churlish of me not to offer you a cigarette. Will you take one?"

"Oh, Miss Bangles!"

"You mustn't call me *Miss* Bangles, dear, or everybody will laugh at you. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus:* I am Bangles or nobody—Bangles pure and simple. Yes; pure and simple—prudes and wits to the contrary, notwithstanding."

"But I don't like to call you 'Bangles.' It seems so rude."

"There's more seeming that reality in most that is said, my dear innocent Violet—pray excuse the platitude. But you shall do whatever will please you; and when we are by ourselves you may call me by my real name—Rosamond."

"And your surname?"

"Ah, that I must hide, even from you," replied Bangles, very gravely; "and you must promise me that you will never even call me Rosamond in the presence of any one else."

"I promise."

Just as Violet said this the cab passed by a very powerful gas-lamp that lighted the centre of the crossing from the corner of Parliament Street to Palace Yard. A gentleman paused in the full glare of the light to allow the vehicle to go by, and his sudden glance of startled recognition was met by a similar glance from the two friends.

Violet drew close to Bangles, as if for protection, and whispered shudderingly:

"Oh, Rosamond dear, that was the gentleman who behaved so rudely to me. And he seemed to know me again. There is something *in his look that* makes me feel *so* frightened."

"So it was *he* then," replied Bangles, in an absent tone of voice, and speaking as though to herself. "I little imagined you were so near to me, Henry Masters. Face to face at last!"

"Then you know him?" asked Violet.

"I know him as—— No; the time for telling all has yet to come. I must think, Violet—I must think."

And Bangles sank back in the corner of the seat, lit a fresh cigarette, and remained silent.

Meantime the cab drove quickly past the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, through Millbank Street, and along the Embankment beyond. The rain had long since ceased, and the drifting clouds had so far cleared away that the moon and stars could now be seen from time to time. Their fitful light shone here and there upon the dark river like the cold, glassy stare of the dead trooping to see huge coffins borne silently by—for so the dimly outlined barges appeared to Violet's vivid fancy and unaccustomed eyes. She had never seen any water larger than the brook that meandered through the park and meadows of Kesterton, and the ponds upon the neighbouring heath. The dark Thames thus seemed to her a vast and awful mystery, with its far-off never-ending line of black roofs and buildings, huddled, as it were, into the very outskirts of the dull sky; with its fencing of masts and spars near at hand, tossed up and stiff, like the thin arms of some grisly crew rising from the midnight tide; with its bridge of looming caves crowned by a line of fallen and rayless stars; and with its cold breath, that was as the voiceless sighing of the corpses hurried along by its cruel flood. Death and its spectres were, indeed, the ever-present guests of Violet's mind. Their chill fingers had but a few days since stilled the dancing, sun-kissed wavelets of her life into a frozen surface, from which the daylight glinted dull and cold. Everything was changed. Love, home, happiness—all had fled, and with them had fled, already into quite dim distance, the surroundings of her girlhood. She was now a stranger in an unknown world, with a little learning, but no knowledge; good sense, but no experience; armed with noble thoughts and a rare personal beauty as her only protection against the baseness she was about to confront; and gifted with a soul so attuned to love as to be ready to discourse sweet music with the first fickle zephyr that might breathe upon its chords.

"Is that a palace, Rosamond?" she asked, as the cab passed a huge gateway, giving access to a vast building, surrounded by a high wall.

"Yes," said Bangles; "it is one of the great palaces of to-day. Rulers and ruled alike dwell there; and, strange to say, it is the ruled who fare the better. They are warmly sheltered and clad; they are well

fed; and they may, if they please, enjoy the pursuit of learning. They need take as little thought for the morrow as the lilies of the field; and they may safely leave dull Care to be the bosom companion of the world outside."

"What happy people!" sighed Violet.

"Very," replied Bangles, with a low laugh; "and, what is more, they live in the odour of sanctity; for not only have they, for the time being at least, renounced the devil and all his works, but it is almost impossible for them to do anything sinful. Why, my dear, you and I and the right reverend fathers in God, our lord bishops, commit more sins in a day than these gentle folk do from one year's end to another."

"What a wonderful place London must be!" exclaimed Violet. "I never heard of such a palace before. Does the Queen live there?"

"No; but there is a governor who rules the palace in the Queen's name; and anybody may go to live there who pleases. The qualification for admission is not high—a throat cut, or a pocket picked, or even a window broken will generally entitle one to free quarters."

"Oh, Rosamond! What do you mean?"

"What I say, my dear Violet. The name of the palace is Millbank Prison."

"A prison?"

"Yes, dear. You pay for your lodgings with your liberty, I admit; but then that's a cheap way of leading the life of a saint. A truce to moralising, however. We are home at last, and I must now introduce you to the House of Master Francis."

She pointed as she spoke to a house close by, and then, signalling with her umbrella for the cab to stop, she lightly sprang from the vehicle, paid the driver, and, followed by Violet, mounted the steps leading to the front door. She did not notice that another hansom had stopped a short distance behind, and that her movements were closely watched by its occupant.

The house was one of those large red-brick "arrangements" which the modish architects of to-day have taken to building. Violet thought it not unlike Kesterton Manor on a small scale as she noted its gables and windows in the light of the moon; but when Bangles had opened the door with a latch-key the likeness at once disappeared. The two friends stepped into a hall which at first was quite dark and then became illuminated as by enchantment on the door being closed. The light came from a cluster of small electric lamps fixed in what seemed to be a wreath of flowers hanging from the ceiling of the hall, which was so constructed as to form a room of considerable size. On one side was a fireplace set in a massive framework of carved ebony, with a high

mantelpiece above, on the centre panel of which were inlaid in letters of silver these words:

THE HOUSE OF MASTER FRANCIS.
LEARN, LAUGH, LOVE, AND LIVE.

The wall opposite the fireplace was draped with curtains of purple velvet, against which stood three statues of whitest marble, wrought with such mastery as to rivet Violet's attention. The first represented an undraped nymph of bewitching beauty standing in an attitude of coy invitation, with her arms half outspread, her head slightly inclined on one side, and looking at the spectator with the archest of merry glances; the second showed a man of middle age, clad in the old Greek costume, and indulging in a hearty fit of laughter whilst holding his sides with his hands; the third represented Bacchus stealing a half-given kiss from the lips of Minerva.

The features of the nymph appeared almost familiar to Violet, who presently discovered, with a feeling half of wonder and half of affright, that she was gazing at a superbly executed portrait of her friend Rosamond. She turned and looked at the original standing beside her, gracefully and daintily, and, in spite of a modern dress, conveying the impression of a form as fair as that of the statue itself. Bangles had removed her hat, and in the clear light that now beamed upon her the spell of her proud beauty was irresistible.

"I could almost think you a goddess," said Violet, clasping her hands in simple admiration.

"And yet I'm something very different," answered Bangles, with a meaning smile.

"What are you, then?" asked Violet.

Bangles slightly shrugged her shoulders, and replied:

"A resource of civilization, dear."

CHAPTER II.

MR. HAWKINS VERJUICE WRITES TO HIS FRIEND, PROFESSOR HERBERT HOAXLEY.

"MY DEAR HOAXLEY,

"I need your advice. It sounds odd, doesn't it, for a lawyer to say this to any one except a doctor?—parsons, of course, being out of all question for you and me. The fact, however, is that an event has taken place to-day of a character so strange and so inexplicable that I cannot bring it within the province of any legal maxims or rules of evidence. It has a material (or immaterial, if such be indeed possible) character which

seems to me to make it a fit subject for scientific investigation; so my thoughts have naturally turned to you.

"You have never yet seen my offices in the City. They are on the first floor of a house in Abchurch Lane, and consist of two rooms—one a large outer office with counter and desks for the use of my clerks, and the other my own private office for interviewing clients. They are approached from a landing on the main staircase of the building; each room having a door on this landing, and there being, moreover, an inner door between the two rooms. The door leading from my room to the landing is always kept locked except when I allow any one to enter or leave without having to pass through the outer office—a precaution not wholly unnnecessary at times.

"So much for the locality; now for the event.

"At one o'clock this afternoon my managing clerk and three juniors were occupied as usual in the outer office, and I was sitting alone in my room, engaged in considering the will of a client, a Miss Churchill, of Kesterton Manor, in Kent, of whose sudden death and hasty burial last week I had heard only this morning. Some romantic features in the past history of this client and the mystery that enshrouded her death were absorbing my mind to a greater degree than is customary with me; and I had just laid down the will on the table in front of me and had leant back in my chair to think the matter out when my managing clerk a Mr. Rawson, clear-headed and smart, entered.

"'A gentleman, who refuses his name, wishes to see you on what he declares to be important business,' said he.

"'Show him in,' I replied.

"And thereupon my visitor was introduced. He was a tall man, rather slightly built, of about thirty-five years of age, well dressed, with a spice of dandyism, very dark, and strikingly handsome. His manner was courteous,—a little too much so—but furtive; and there was that about his deep-set sparkling eyes and long, slender hands which made me feel ill at ease.

"'You were, some time ago, the solicitor of Miss Churchill, of Kesterton Manor?' said he, taking a seat in front of me on the opposite side of my table, while Mr. Rawson left the room and closed the door communicating with the outer office.

"'May I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?' was my answer.

"'You may ask, most assuredly; but I have reasons for not replying.'

"I was a little nettled at this, and retorted that I could not enter into any matter of business with a stranger of whom I knew nothing.

"'I expected you to say as much, and I do not blame you,' pursued the stranger; 'but you must be good enough to make an exception in my case.'

"'And why in your case?' asked I, feeling an ever-growing sense of uneasiness, and feeling also—in spite of all your incredulous smiles, my dear Hoaxley—that the atmosphere of my room was suddenly becoming warm and oppressive.

"'Because, if you humour my whim, I can be of signal service to you,' answered the stranger.

"'In what way?'

"'In a way you little suspect. I can secure you the solicitorship to Miss Churchill's successor, for I have come, amongst other things, to tell you she is dead.'

"'I knew that this morning.'

"'How?' hastily asked my visitor, in a tone of surprise, and evidently disconcerted.

"'By that anonymous letter,' I replied, pointing to a letter lying on my table, next to the will; and immediately I had said this I felt, I know not why, that I had committed a blunder.

"'Well, in this case, at least, an anonymous letter speaks the truth,' rejoined the stranger, with recovered calmness; 'and so you may, perhaps, be inclined to believe me, although I am also anonymous for to-day. You know, of course, that Miss Churchill has died intestate?'

"'No, I do not; for there lies her will, which I myself prepared,' said I, pointing to the document in question; and again I felt vexed at my own indiscretion.

"'Strange!' said my visitor, half to himself; and then, turning to me, he added, 'In spite of what you say, Mr. Verjuice, I think you must be mistaken.'

"As he spoke he looked at me in a manner that I can only describe as being both wolfish and diabolical. His tone and manner were alike gentle, but his glance seemed to speak a spirit of brutal domination, which irritated me not a little. I was about to make a hasty reply, when the warmth and oppression of the atmosphere suddenly increased to such a degree that I felt half suffocated.

"'Excuse me,' said I, rising to open the window, 'there must be a thunder-storm brewing. I can hardly breathe.'

"In order to open the window, I had to turn my back on the stranger; and when, after a few seconds—for the window was difficult to move—I turned round, my visitor was gone!

"I was more than startled. I was utterly mystified, and stood for a minute lost in wonderment; when suddenly, as my glance fell upon the

table before me, I saw that Miss Churchill's will and the anonymous letter had both disappeared. I rushed to the door leading to the outer office, and opening it, found Mr. Rawson and his juniors quietly pursuing their work as usual.

"'Where is that gentleman who has just left me?' I cried.

"'He did not come out this way,' replied Mr. Rawson, much surprised.

"I darted back into my room and tried the door leading to the staircase. It was locked on the inside!

"For a moment I was about to call Mr. Rawson in and consult with him; but a horrid thought assailed me.—what if he should deem me mad? Already he had eyed me askance when I asked him where the stranger was and I felt that if I should attempt to state what had occurred I must, without doubt, be deemed to have taken leave of my senses. And then, how could I account for the missing document without perhaps giving rise to still worse suspicions? Altogether it was a most awful dilemma.

"I shut the office door and sat down to calmly consider the situation. My hands trembled and the sweat ran down my face; but I no longer felt half-choked as I had done when the stranger was with me. At length, just as I was about to despair, I thought of you and your famous scientific investigations. Will you help me?

"Let me say in conclusion that I have several times read and re-read what is written above and am certain of the facts being correctly stated. The door leading from my room to the staircase remained locked with the key on the inside after the stranger had left: he could not, therefore, have escaped that way. Nor could he have gone through the outer office; for the clerks would have noticed him, and I myself should have heard him opening the door between the two rooms—a door which has a decided creak. Yet he did disappear while my back was turned to him, and the documents also disappeared. The change in the atmosphere of the room was equally a fact. It was positively worse than the Metropolitan Railway—a comparison which will give you a good idea of its oppressive character.

"I am too much upset to call on you, and, besides, I hear you are to lecture to-night at the Royal Institution. You will find this letter when you reach home; and I hope you will not go to bed before writing something to reassure the mind of your old friend,

"HAWKINS VERJUICE."

CHAPTER III.

Professor Hoaxley Replies.

"My dear Verjuice,

"I think you acted wisely in not consulting Mr. Rawson. This fact alone warrants me in believing you to be sane. I shall, therefore, take your account as accurate and will do my best to relieve your mind.

"We natural philosophers are not often puzzled for long. Theologians, poets, statesmen and political economists may grope about in darkness more or less thick, but *we* prefer the sunshine. A dance of atoms here and a dance of atoms there: can anything be more simple and satisfactory as an explanation of matter, force, thought, memory and emotion? And how pleasant it is to know that we possess unerring criteria of the possible and impossible, of what is and is not! Our senses and our intellect—in them we have an all-testing touchstone and an universal foot-rule. What we are sensible of and what we can understand alone exist. The Pope's infallibility is a miserable rushlight compared with the electric lamp of modern science. This must be true, because I teach it and the world has now learnt that whatever a natural philosopher teaches at the Royal Institution, or through the Proceedings of the Royal Society, is necessarily true.

"Now for your case. It reminds me of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena, of what is known as thought-reading, of matter being controlled by something other than matter, and of other fables for feeble minds. We have long ago reduced all such stuff to its proper state of rubbish. Unconscious cerebration on the one hand and trickery on the other—in these behold the solution of every difficulty.

"The man who called upon you was evidently a clever impostor, and must have closely studied unconscious cerebration. Your clerk supposed he introduced him into your room: you supposed you had the interview you describe: your clerks supposed they did not see him leave in the ordinary way: you supposed your door was locked on the inside; and you still suppose you have lost the documents. See how many openings are here for unconscious cerebration! If a calculation were to be made of the chances involved, it would become a practical certainty that you and your clerks were alike tricked and deceived.

"Then, too, the change in the atmosphere of your room. I do not suppose the stranger used chloroform; but many analogous substances have of late been added to the repertory of science, and are at the service of those who know how to invoke the Spirit of the Age. What more easy than for the man to allow some potent vapour to escape in order to make you insensible, and when you defeated this attempt by going to the window, what more easy than for him to escape with your papers? This,

and what I have before said of unconscious cerebration, entirely account for what happened.

"Although, however, I can thus explain the event, I do not pretend to be able to give you back your papers. That is a matter for the detectives to take in hand, and you are, better than I, acquainted with such people. I should recommend you to put one on the track; and if you first of all make him acquainted with my explanation of the matter, you will greatly assist his researches. It is really astonishing how little the police, as a rule, know of unconscious cerebration.

"By the bye, I am myself to attend to-morrow night at an illustration of 'thought-reading.' Don't think me foolish enough to take the trouble for the sake of the trickery itself; but the fact is, my dear Verjuice, there's a lady in the case. I was shown her photograph the other day, and matter straightway acquired new charms, even in my eyes. Such dualities! And I am told they are to be seen in all their material grace. My lecture to-night suffered not a little owing to cerebration of a very conscious kind. I had no idea that a naughtiness could plead its own cause so well until I saw the photograph in question; and, without quite adopting Sir William Thompson's vortex theory, I am longing to be brought within the whirl of that particular dance of atoms. It seems she keeps, or has kept for her—I don't know which—a sumptuous establishment, known as the House of Master Francis, down Chelsea way, and there from time to time do congregate some choice spirits, who have dubbed themselves the Rabelais Club. A meeting of this club is to take place to-morrow night, and as an experiment in thought-reading is to be among the amusements, I have been asked by one of the members to attend, and find out the trick. I consented when I learned that the sweet dualities are to be visible, but I have some misgivings as to my intellectual atoms moving with their accustomed rythmical vibrations.

"My pen will not quit the theme it has entered upon, and it insists upon telling you that my fifty years have suddenly dwindled down by one-half. I am light-hearted again, buoyant, ay, boyish. I could even smoke a cigar with that transcendental humbug Von Rösslein, and could calmly hear him prate of a soul and its love. Love, forsooth! The poets would have had a bad time if my theory of unconscious cerebration had only preceded Homer. But now that I have shaped my end, in spite of all their rough hewing, Dan Cupid may vanish into outer nothingness, like the poor phantasm he is. Show me that there exists, or ever was, or ever will be, a real case of falling into downright love, and material philosophy shall no longer be taught by

"HERBERT HOAXLEY."

(To be continued.)

Home Rule.

A Constitutional Right and a Conservative Measure.

"IT will, then, be seen that it is not the necessary consequence of our political opinions—it is not a necessary quality of what is called Toryism—that we should look upon the Irish people as strangers to us either in interest or affection. * * * All I mean by stating these circumstances is, that they should rescue the Conservative party from the untenable position in which honourable gentlemen suppose it has been placed—that it is part of the heirloom of their political connection to look with jealousy upon Ireland; on the contrary, we are the natural allies of the Irish people. * * * At every period when Tory politics and Tory statesmen have succeeded in breaking through the powerful trammels of Whig policy, you will invariably observe that there has been a hope for Ireland, a streak of light distinguishable in its gloomy horizon. * * * That was the time when 'Justice to Ireland' was raised as a great party cry in this country. * * * Justice to Ireland was then said to mean an identity of institutions with England. I believe that to be the greatest fallacy that can be brought forward. I always thought that the greatest cause of misery in Ireland was the identity of institutions with England. * * * It has become a great historical aphorism that Ireland is to be the great difficulty of the Minister. Now, this is an opinion in which I have never shared. I never believed that Ireland would be a great difficulty, because I felt certain that a Minister of great ability, and of great power, would, when he found himself at the head of a great majority, settle that question. * * * What, then, is the duty of an English Minister? To effect by his policy all those changes which a revolution would do by force. That is the Irish question in its integrity. It is quite evident that, to effect this, we must have an executive in Ireland which shall bear a much nearer relation to the leading classes and characters of the country than it does at present. * * * I beg distinctly to say that I have never changed my principles on Irish policy, or in any other respect. I

say this without reservation — at no time, at no place, under no circumstances, have I ever professed any other principles than I now maintain. They are Tory principles, the natural principles of the democracy of England."

Such were the memorable words uttered by Mr. Disraeli when he addressed the House of Commons on the 16th of February, 1844. Twenty-four years later, on the 16th of March, 1868, the illustrious statesman re-affirmed those words and accepted their continuous responsibility, saying, "With reference, however, to that passage, which has been quoted from a speech made by me, I may remark that it appeared to me at the time I made it that nobody listened to it. It seemed to me that I was pouring water upon sand; but it seems now that the water came from a golden goblet. With regard to the passage from that speech, there are many remarks which, if I wanted to vindicate or defend myself, I might legitimately make. * * * But I do not care to say it, and I do not wish to say it, because in my conscience the sentiment of that speech was right. It may have been expressed with the heedless rhetoric which I suppose is the appanage of all who sit below the gangway; but in my historical conscience the sentiment of that speech was right."

Mr. Gladstone is now, to use the words of his famous rival, "a Minister of great ability and of great power," and finds "himself at the head of a great majority." The nation, which, by giving him that majority, has signified its confidence in the sentiments that have found such eloquent expression in his political harangues, must expect him to re-clothe those sentiments in the garb of action. England and Ireland have alike condemned the insincere and illusory measures of past times; healing balms may for awhile assuage the pain, but the wound is soon re-opened by the chafing of the fetter; and the time has now arrived when the power of a party can no longer be purchased at the price of a people's liberty.

And yet, owing to the incomplete view that has always been taken of Home Rule, it is pretty generally assumed that no supporter of the Constitution can possibly do other than mete out the severest condemnation upon those who strive to reform the Representation of Ireland. Mindful of the natural propensity in the political world to take *omne ignotum pro horrifico*, our leading statesmen have professed their ignorance of what is meant by Home Rule, and represent themselves as not daring to form an opinion upon so serious a matter. Thus an impression obtains among both Conservatives and Liberals that the Home Rulers are busy with dark and dangerous designs; and thus it happens that, for the moment at all events, if Mr. Gladstone were to proclaim a

judicious and patriotic policy in this respect, he would incur the risk of being looked upon as a second Guy Fawkes, bent upon exploding not only the Houses of Parliament, but the Empire itself into its primordial elements.

Accordingly, we conceive we shall be doing no disservice to either Conservatives or Liberals, and most assuredly we shall be promoting the true interests of the Irish nation, if we strive to place the Home Rule movement in its true light, and if we point out the fallacious character of the ideas with which in the popular mind it has come to be surrounded. It will be our endeavour to discuss the question from a calm, unprejudiced standpoint, appealing neither to groundless fear on the one hand, nor to thoughtless sentiment on the other; and we feel sure that, if once the solid basis of fact and argument upon which the Home Rule movement is founded be carefully examined, it will no longer be regarded as the wild unthinking rhapsody of a few crazed politicians, but will take its place as a serious question of the day, involving issues of national importance. Nor, indeed, shall we, in thus proclaiming the doctrine *Fiat Justitia!* fall under the necessity of adding *Ruat Coelum!* for we shall indubitably show that Home Rule, so far from leading to disunion, is the real *nexus* of the Empire.

As an essential preliminary, it is obviously incumbent upon us to give a definition of Home Rule. This, *pace* Mr. Gladstone and the majority of the public journals, is a matter of the utmost simplicity. Home Rule, as we understand it, means a Repeal of the Act of Union between England and Ireland, and a re-establishment of an Irish Parliament. Beyond this we cannot be called upon, for the present purpose, to go. A discussion of minute points of detail would be quite out of place in the consideration of any general question of principle; and we maintain that, if we once establish the position that Home Rule as above defined is a constitutional right, it will become the duty of the responsible Government of the country to devise a proper method of carrying it into effect.

In every argument it is well to narrow the limits of discussion by dealing at the outset with the assumptions or statements of fact that are intended to be employed as the ground of inference. Hence we have first of all to consider the peculiarities and genius of the British Constitution so far as its relations to the various classes of the nation are concerned. We find, then, that the Empire consists of a congeries of distinct communities, presided over by one Sovereign, one Executive, and one Supreme Court of Justice. The Imperial Cabinet of London determines whether the sun shall perennially gladden a peaceful world, or whether the tremor of war shall stir the hearts of one-fourth of the human race

while the decision of the Queen in Council is the final arbitrament to which the *causæ* of both the hemispheres are referred. When, however, we proceed beyond this universal attribute we find the various communities composing the Empire to be easily divisible into two very distinct classes so far as Constitution (*i.e.*, method of government) is concerned—that is to say, we have one group consisting of communities governed by Viceroys and Legislative Councils, and another group governed by Parliaments and Representatives of the Sovereign; or, in other words, the respective communities are, in a secondary sense, either dependent upon the Imperial Executive, or self-governed. This leads us to inquire into the reason of the distinction in question, when we immediately see that the only possible *ratio decidendi* consists in the presence or otherwise of a pronounced public opinion as to the method of government in each case. In the event of any community clearly expressing a wish to arrange its own relations with the Imperial Executive it is allowed to do so, while until such wish is known it remains governed in whatever manner may be determined by the British Parliament.

This doctrine of public opinion is still operative when we come to the details of those cases in which the several communities are self-governed. The people themselves choose their representatives, who in turn decide upon the persons and method of the administration; and, though the Sovereign remains supreme as the source of all honour and justice and as armed with an universal power of veto, there yet exists an implied condition that such supremacy shall be exercised solely in accordance with the collective interests of the Empire, or with the special public opinion of each particular community, as the case may be.

We are now entitled to appreciate what is meant by the unity of the Empire. It is that *consensus* of the self-governed communities and that subjection of such as are dependent, by which the Sovereign and the Imperial Parliament are invested with the power of deciding upon what act of government shall take place in each locality from time to time, and what shall be the general relations of the collective communities with the rest of the world; and so long as such *consensus* and subjection continue to exist so long is the integrity of the Empire maintained.

The relations that exist between the Empire and its constituent parts being thus determined, we have next to consider the means of distinguishing each community from its fellows, understanding, as before, by the term "community" the number of individuals who may happen to be living under one and the same government. The most obvious distinction is, of course, geographical limitation; but in many cases, as in the United Kingdom, the Canadas, the Isles of New Zealand, &c., we

find peoples geographically distinct united in one community. The same fact obtains with regard to ethnographical differences; and so with all other material tests. In fine, we are relegated to the same metaphysical attributes as in the former branch of our investigation, and we find that the limits of each community are determined by either popular *consensus* or subjection. Hence the government of each community stands in the same relation to the several physical groups over which it rules as does the Empire to the communities of which it is composed; and hence also the exercise of its supremacy must be similarly conditioned. That is to say, the powers of government must primarily be put into operation for the benefit and in accordance with the wishes of each class composing the community; and it is only in the event of such benefit or wishes proving inconsistent with the general welfare of the community that they can of right be disregarded.

Accordingly, the Constitutional doctrine upon which the whole fabric of the British Empire is erected consists, first, in the recognition of distinct communities; and, secondly, in allowing to each community desiring the same the right of self-government in all matters affecting itself alone, provided that in every case the supremacy of the Sovereign be maintained. It is this doctrine which, during the mighty struggle of the present century between the eternal instinct of nationalities on the one side and the phantasmal array of despots and demagogues on the other, has hitherto preserved intact the liberties of the Empire, and has shown that a true democracy finds its most perfect expression in Constitutional Monarchy. It is the glory of the Tory party in the United Kingdom to have made this clear; and it is Lord Beaconsfield's proudest title to fame that he should have had the courage to assert, and the indomitable energy to maintain, the identity of Conservatism with popular freedom. In the vicissitudes of politics, an overwhelming advantage must always remain with whatever party can most clearly formulate its principles, and the surest criterion of genius in a leader is the capacity of giving form and shape to those ideas which,

> Oft thought before, but ne'er so well expressed,

he perceives to have been striving for distinct utterance. Herein lies the secret of the success achieved by the late Conservative leader; and when in 1869 he said, "Speaking now not as a partisan, I believe the Tory party, however it may at times have erred, has always been the friend of local government, and that the instinct of the nation made it feel that on local government political freedom depended," we may be sure these were no idle words, but that when the time and opportunity

should arrive he intended to have led his party onward to renewed triumphs in the cause of liberty and justice.

We have now to inquire whether the demand for Home Rule in Ireland is based upon those principles which we have shown to be the essence of constitutional right in the British Empire; and in order to establish an affirmative view of the case we must obviously succeed in proving the following propositions, viz.:—

1. Ireland is entitled to rank as a distinct community.
2. Ireland is entitled to be governed upon the principle of popular *consensus* and not of subjection.
3. The present government of Ireland is wanting in constitutional credentials.
4. There is no Imperial necessity which requires that the constitutional rights of Ireland should remain any longer in abeyance.

In the first place, then, we have to prove that Ireland is a distinct community, or, in other words, that the lines of demarcation between it and the other members of the Empire are so distinct as to render the expression of Irish thought and feeling a separate, independent note in the Imperial concord, and the material circumstances of Ireland an integral element of the Imperial policy. This, as De Quincey would have said, we can accomplish with "ease and affluence" of conviction. Geography, ethnography, philology, history, all conspire in adducing facts which prove the Irish nation to be completely distinct from all others; and it has been not only admitted but constantly affirmed and re-affirmed by every political party that Ireland requires special laws and special institutions, adapted to the particular characteristics of her people, and to the particular features of her position, climate, physical productions and other material circumstances. To insist at any length upon this point would be to assume the possibility of some argument in a contrary sense being adduced, whereas not all the subtle skill of Mr. Gladstone, the cynicism of Lord Salisbury, the time-serving sophistry of the *Times* or the "fine frenzy" of Mr. Bright could furnish one word in refutation of our conclusions. We might, indeed, have justly propounded them as self-evident; but in like manner as Doctor Johnson would not take it for granted that two and two make four, lest his admission should be put to some unpleasant use, so we may be assured that the embittered opponents of Home Rule will, justly or unjustly, challenge every statement unsupported by formal argument.

In the second place, it is equally indisputable that Ireland is entitled to be governed in accordance with the wishes of her people, and not to be ruled as a subject country. It will be remembered that we have

before shown the existence in any country of a pronounced public opinion as to the proper relations between the community and the Empire to be in itself a constitutional title to self-government. That an opinion of this character can exist in Ireland is admitted on all hands; indeed, the very Acts empowering the Irish nation to send representatives to the English Houses of Parliament is an unquestionable recognition that national opinion not only can but does actually exist; and, as a legitimate consequence, it follows that when once such opinion is shown to demand any modification of Irish government, it would be most unconstitutional to refuse the same, provided, of course, the requisition were not opposed to the interests of the Empire.

Thirdly, we have to show that the present government of Ireland is not duly accredited. Ireland is governed by a Parliament consisting of three distinct bodies of members, elected by three distinct nations. Now, proceeding upon the principles established in the outset, each of these nations has a clear constitutional right to choose for itself what shall be its relations to the Executive Government of the joint body, in the same manner that the joint body may determine its own relations to the Imperial Government. That is to say, if Ireland choose to allow its national requirements to be provided for by the legislative enactments of a Parliament elected by England, Ireland, and Scotland conjointly, it has a perfect right so to do; but if, on the other hand, the Irish people desire to legislate for themselves on all matters affecting themselves alone, they are equally within the lines of the Constitution in so doing; and it is those who endeavour to debar them from exercising this privilege who are really deficient in loyalty and patriotism. The crucial question, therefore, that arises with respect to the method in which Ireland is at present governed is whether any popular *consensus* of opinion exists in Ireland sufficient to invest the United Parliament with the requisite constitutional authority for legislating on Irish affairs.

It is altogether beside the mark for the opponents of Home Rule to point to the fact of the Act of Union having been passed by an Irish Parliament as a proof that the Union validly exists; for, independent of the notorious and disgraceful circumstances under which the Act in question was passed—circumstances clearly entitling the Home Rulers to contend that the Union was never properly sanctioned by Irish opinion—it will surely be admitted that the same constitutional doctrines which enable the United Kingdom to modify the character of its Parliament at pleasure, are equally efficacious in enabling the Irish nation to modify the government of its own internal affairs if it should be dissatisfied with the operation of the Act of Union. And that such dissatisfaction has continually existed from the outset, and still exists, is conclusively proved

by the whole history of Ireland since the Union was effected. That the United Parliament has been tried for a period sufficiently long to have obliterated from the minds of the present generation the dark memories of past misdeeds, and to have created a national contentment with its rule, is obvious. Nor have efforts to legislate in the direction of Irish wishes and requirements been wanting. From the Catholic Emancipation Bill to the recent alteration of the Land Laws a policy of amity and goodwill has been practised. The Irish nation is not unmindful of all this. No people is more appreciative of friendly services or more warm-hearted in their requital: yet what do we see? The high-handed rule of a Crimes Act and the complete, nay, ignominious, rejection of supporters of Ministers who have most prominently come forward as the alleviators of Irish discontent. Surely no one can be so blind as not to perceive in his heart of hearts that the cause of such discontent is too deep-seated to be remedied by any mere tinkering with the institutions of the country—that its *fons et origo* must be sought in some immutable principle of the mind rather than in some sordid condition of the pocket. The cry "Justice to Ireland" has a far holier signification than is implied by any question of rental or compensation for improvements: it means the restoration of Constitutional right, the reinstatement of that which alone can confer pride and self-respect upon a nation—political freedom.

We are not without warrant for our argument even if we look to the words of the great Liberal leader himself. When moving in the House of Commons for leave to bring in the Irish Church Bill, Mr. Gladstone said, "Well, we shall be told also of the Act of Union; and I cannot, nor shall I attempt to dissemble that on a point which has been described as essential we propose to alter that Act. The Act of Union has been altered on other occasions, though never for so grave a cause as this; but we shall confidently contend that while we are altering this particular provision of the Act of Union we are confirming its general purport and substance, and labouring to the best of our humble ability *to give it those roots which unfortunately it has never yet adequately struck in the hearts and affections of the people.*" This passage is typical of the dilemma in which English statesmen invariably find themselves when they attempt to deal with the Irish question in the usual perfunctory manner. They dazzle the English people with the brilliant promises of some *ad captandum* measure; but they themselves are not entirely deceived by their own nostrum, and amid the pæans of party triumph are heard now and anon the notes of a solemn refrain. In the same speech to which we have alluded there occurs this other passage, which must have been prompted by some such undertones of the conscience: "At any rate, I think the day has certainly come when an end has finally

to be put to the union, not between the Church as a religious association, but between the Establishment and the State, which was commenced under circumstances little auspicious, and which has continued to bear fruits of unhappiness to Ireland and of discredit and scandal to England." If Mr. Gladstone had but referred to the Union instead of to the Establishment he would have spoken still more in accordance with true statesmanship.

"But," we are sometimes told, "there is really no opinion in Ireland of a national character in favour of Home Rule. Granted that the United Parliament has been weighed in the balances and found wanting, and granted even that the Act of Union did not originally command the true assent of the Irish people; nevertheless, Ireland is now at length convinced that her real interests are bound up with the Union, and that henceforth the course of legislation will be quite in accordance with her wishes and will satisfy all her requirements. Accordingly, the great bulk of the nation does not wish for separation from England and Scotland; and though there is certainly a Home Rule party in existence, it consists merely of a noisy minority who attempt to make up in clamour and futile agitation for what they lack in numbers and reputation."

Such objections constitute the well-worn device of evading argument by the affectation of a disbelief in any necessity for ratiocination. They have, however, this solitary merit—viz., they reduce the question at issue to one of easily ascertainable facts, and thereby admit, by implication, all that is urged by the opposite side on the basis of such facts. In the present case a complete rejoinder may be made to such objections. It is sufficient simply to point to the numerous body of Home Rule members of Parliament to prove that the Irish nation is in earnest upon the subject, and that a pronounced public opinion does exist in favour of Home Rule, and opposed to a continuance of the Union.

Fourthly, we must consider whether any Imperial reasons exist for longer suspending the undoubted Constitutional rights of the Irish people. In spite of all the idle rhetoric of the day by which England is taught to believe that the Union with Scotland and Ireland is the Palladium of the Empire, we have no hesitation in boldly stating that the British Empire, and even the United Kingdom, would be equally secure and prosperous whether England, Ireland, and Scotland be governed by one Parliament or by three. We summon Mr. Disraeli himself to bear out our statement. In the Irish Church debates of 1868 he spoke as follows: "I take no exaggerated view of even the Articles of Union. I have not for a moment pretended that the Articles

of Union between the two nations are irreversible. I have not for a moment pretended that the Articles of Union and the great Acts of Parliament which were passed to carry them into effect cannot by the consent of the Sovereign and of the estates of the realm be changed or modified." And it seems to us that these words were uttered in accordance with the promptings of the same sagacious spirit, and with the same lofty foresight that on other occasions, both before and since, led him to discern the true connection of Conservatism with the pressing problems of the day, even when to the bulk of his party such connection and its inevitable policy lay hidden in Cimmerian darkness. Nor, indeed, should we omit to point out that even the Tory chieftain's great Radical opponent, Mr. Bright, may be cited as having signified an adhesion to the basis of Home Rule, and a conviction of its freedom from Imperial danger. In his speech in 1868, on the state of Ireland, he said: "One word to the Nonconformists, and to the people of England and Scotland. They should bear in mind that the whole of this property which is in the possession of the Irish Church is Irish property; and it would be an intolerable thought that it should be dealt with in any manner that is not in accordance with the feelings or the interests of the people of Ireland. *Let any man ask himself what an Irish Parliament, freely elected, would do with this property.* The Presbyterians of Scotland and the Nonconformists of England have no right to set themselves up as judges of these matters in Ireland. * * * Let us try in this matter to be upright. Let us try to be just, and that cloud will be dispelled; the dangers which we see will vanish; and we may have the happiness, perhaps, of leaving to our children the heritage of an honourable citizenship in a united and prosperous empire." Let any one carefully consider these words and he cannot fail to understand them as upholding the right of Ireland to regulate its own internal affairs without interference, and as exhorting the United Parliament to concede right as right, in the full assurance that safety instead of danger must result.

Since when, would we ask, has the discovery been made that a repeal of the Union and the ruin of the Empire are synonymous? for to such a length the opposition to Home Rule is carried. It confessedly cannot date back to a period before the Union; and yet surely the Empire had then already been for generations in existence! If this be not a *reductio ad absurdum* we know not what can be; and if an attempt be made to evade the retort by explaining that the state of the Empire before the Union, so far at least as concerned Ireland, was but a shade removed from ruin, we not only challenge the assertion as utterly unfounded, seeing that even the English House of Commons regarded the Union as

a measure of doubtful necessity and assented to it most unwillingly, but we disallow the major premiss that lies latent beneath the rejoinder, and point out that Home Rule does *not* involve a return to the corruption, tyranny and French Republicanism of the period immediately preceding the Union. The Catholics are now emancipated and in possession of the suffrage—facts which, to the students of history who bear in mind the dignified contrast offered by the attitude of the Catholic gentry and their followers to that assumed by other classes in times of Irish disturbance, present a sure guarantee that liberty will not degenerate into licence; while the vast revolution of political feeling and physical circumstance that has taken place during the present century will render a self-governed Ireland of to-day as distinct from that of 1799 as the England of Victoria is from that of George the Third.

There is another order of objections, more specious, perhaps, but none the less fallacious. We refer to such arguments as form the stock-in-trade of the majority of journalists who, while sensible of the hasty, superficial character of their political ideas, are, nevertheless, under an obligation to write "powerful leaders," and who accordingly advance such pleas as shall appeal to the passions and prejudices rather than to the judgments of their readers. They oppose the Home Rule movement by painting its consequences in dark colours; by warning England that a hostile country will thus be established close upon her coasts and in a position to receive support from America; and by asserting that an Irish Parliament will infallibly pass Acts inimical to the commerce and industries of England. They also predict that Ireland itself will be distraught by factions and warring faiths, and that the uncontrolled peculiarities of the Celtic temperament will produce institutions which, by the mere force of example, will lead to attempts at imitating them in England, to the utter annihilation of all political quietude and safety. Now all this rhodomontade is founded upon the merest sand. It assumes, in the first place, that if Home Rule be established in Ireland it will be possible for the Irish to place themselves in antagonism to the interests of the Empire, whereas the whole contention of the Home Rulers is that they are demanding a Constitutional right; and Constitutional self-government, *ex vi terminorum*, cannot embrace powers inconsistent with the due maintenance of the Empire. Secondly, it assumes that loyalty, patriotism, political foresight, commercial ability, industry and good sense are virtues altogether foreign to the Irish character—an assumption which we will not trust ourselves to characterise. The country of Grattan and Burke, of Palmerston and Wellington, of Curran and Sheridan, of Father Mathew and O'Connell, of Wolseley, Parnell and Dufferin—the country

which has fought the battles and presided over the councils of the Empire —the country which from remote times has ever afforded a home for Wisdom and the Muses—that country at least will know how to treat its freedom as a sacred trust for the weal of all, the woe of none.

Beyond the phantom arguments, or, rather, assertions, thus alluded to, we are not aware of any serious attempt to prove that the maintenance of the Act of Union is necessary to the integrity of the Empire. Indeed, a very remarkable circumstance affecting the question is the disposition manifested of late upon all the opposing sides to refrain from anything like discussion or a clear enunciation of opinion. Such a fact is extremely significant, and begets the suspicion that the enemies of Home Rule are inwardly conscious of standing upon ground which is altogether indefensible by the arms of reason and justice. The day, however, is fast approaching when they will be called upon to declare in unmistakable terms the position they assume. If they shall elect to enter the arena of calm and dispassionate consideration, with minds free from prejudice, and with the noble resolution to do justice, the advocates of Home Rule will gladly meet them there, content to abide by the sole arbitrament of eternal truth. If they shall shrink from discussion, and shall take refuge within the grim battlements of arbitrary will and might, they will speedily learn how "the irresistible law of our modern civilisation has decreed that the system which cannot bear discussion is doomed;" * and though the champions of Home Rule will employ no weapon more formidable than the silver trumpet of reason, yet its blast will rock the hostile fortress to its base, until the frowning walls shall yield and crumble, and shall bury in their innumerable ruins the very tyrannies they were intended to protect.

Thus, then, have we fulfilled our task of proving Home Rule to be a constitutional right. It remains for us to show that it is a Conservative measure.

The essential principle of Conservatism is the maintenance of the fundamental ideas that form the *raison d'être* of the British Constitution. Now, it has in the preceding pages been abundantly proved that Home Rule is a necessary consequence of those ideas; and, therefore, it follows that Home Rule is a measure which not only may be supported by the Conservative party without doing violence to the principles they profess, but which cannot be opposed by that party with any degree of political consistency.

Again, are not liberty and reform the rightful appanage of Conservatism? No statesman of the present century more strenuously advocated the doctrine of true democracy, or more zealously laboured

* Disraeli.

for reform as distinguished from destruction, than did Lord Beaconsfield himself. The whole of his political utterances, moreover, breathe one rational spirit of sympathy with the Irish nation. He continuously declared that the government to which Ireland had been subjected since the Union is alien to her wishes and interests. He ventured even to look repeal in the face, and did not shrink from admitting that it could be accomplished without impairing the integrity of the Empire. Will, then, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote fear to follow in the footsteps of their late chieftain, or will they nobly dare to be just?

Nor, from a narrower point of view, will the Conservative party be without their account in heartily supporting any Home Rule resolution that may this Session be introduced. England has long been subject to the rule of a minority, and has thus been governed in direct opposition to the wishes of her people. This has arisen from the support which the Whigs have received from the Scotch members on the one hand, and from the Irish members on the other, whereby they have on most occasions been enabled to snatch a victory over the Conservative party. If, however, we compare the treatment meted out by the Whigs to the Scotch and Irish nations respectively, we shall see a wide difference. A mere whisper from the North has been at all times sufficient to exact the most slavish obedience, and with whatever arrogance the demands of Scotland may be preferred, her wishes are invariably regarded as paramount, and as too sacred to be lightly set aside; whereas, let the voices of the West be loud or low, let her people unanimously cry for justice or plead for sympathy, still no ear is given, save upon rare occasions when Irish votes are more than usually important, and when, therefore, the Whigs come forward with some reluctant dole, to be followed by a fresh period of delay and inaction. Mr. Gladstone once boasted of the continuous Liberal majority since the first Reform Act. In what manner has that majority been employed on behalf of Ireland, to whom it has owed its very existence? The time has now arrived for Irishmen to feel that no dependence can be placed in Liberal Ministers. If, then, the Conservative party be true to Conservative measures with regard to Ireland, the Irish vote will be theirs until the establishment of an Irish Parliament; and thereafter they will be left in possession of the permanent majority which is their indefeasible right so long as the English nation shall retain its Conservative instincts. A policy of justice will thus prove to be a policy of party wisdom.

Whether, then, we regard the question in the abstract or the concrete, whether we look at it in the light of principle, tradition, or expediency, we alike find Home Rule to be a purely Conservative measure, and one to the support of which both the Conservative leaders and the

Conservative party are solemnly pledged. And, if we inquire whether in this the party truly represents the feeling of the country at large, we shall, on all hands, receive an affirmative reply. We boldly assert, without fear of contradiction, that Englishmen desire nothing better than for Ireland to govern itself; they feel that Irish views and modes of thought differ very much from their own; and their practical common-sense has long led them to the conclusion that the Act of Union has proved a disastrous failure. It is true that no agitation *for* Repeal exists in England; but it is equally true that no agitation exists *against* it. Indeed, if English opinion is at all to be taken into account in a matter which, though nominally affecting both countries alike, has always been acknowledged as, *par excellence*, an Irish question, it may safely be asserted that no measure would be more in harmony with the real opinions of England than would a well-devised Bill for Home Rule. We are even persuaded that, if the matter were agitated in a judicious, temperate manner, it would not be very difficult to arouse considerable enthusiasm in England itself in favour of Home Rule, seeing that nothing so readily excites English feeling as an appeal to their historical love of freedom and their traditions of local self-government. Nor do we attach importance to the treatment hitherto accorded to the Home Rule movement by English journals. No attempt has yet been made at examination or argument, and with the shortsightedness necessarily resulting from the conditions that regulate the art of writing for the newspaper press, it seems to have been thought that turgid ridicule and idle personalities would suffice to still the beating of a nation's heart. When, however, the *Times* and other papers shall once awake to the fact that Ireland has seriously resolved upon Home Rule, and that the majority of her people, from the highest to the lowest, give a steady determined support to the movement, it will not surprise us to find them suddenly change their tactics and urge on that measure which at present they so much affect to deprecate.

We have now reached the limits of the discussion we marked out for ourselves in this article, and we leave it to our readers to practically apply the truths we have established. Ere, however, we conclude, we will venture to offer a few remarks upon what we conceive to be the most politic, and indeed the most dignified, method of advancing the Home Rule cause. The Irish Home Rule members should, we think, jointly prepare an address to the present Government, embodying a clear, temperate statement of the ground upon which a Home Rule measure has become necessary, and requesting to be informed of the intentions of the Ministry with regard to the same. This address should be submitted to public meetings through the length and breadth of Ireland,

when, it is reasonable to suppose, it would be unanimously approved of, seeing that it would deal with the principle only, and not with the details of the question. Thus endorsed by an overwhelming expression of public opinion, the address should then be presented to Mr. Gladstone, who, constrained by his oft-avowed regard for popular privilege, would not, we feel assured, shrink from the task thus imposed upon him. If, however, morbid caution on the part of his colleagues, or the fear of displeasing a section of his followers, should induce him to reject the promptings of his "historical conscience," he would find himself in this dilemma—either he must adduce some arguments for declining to comply with the wishes of the Irish people, in which case the discussion that would follow would assuredly end by leaving his Ministry utterly discredited in the eyes of the United Kingdom, and the Conservatives would at once step into power by the bold avowal of a determination to adopt a just policy towards Ireland; or he must bluntly refuse, without rhyme or reason, to make any concession at all, when he would obviously be placed in a still worse position. A dilemma such as this is, we are convinced, one into which a statesman of Mr. Gladstone's acumen would never fall; and, therefore, we are justified in concluding that he would, in one form or another, pronounce for Home Rule.

Lord Byron as a Politician.

LORD BYRON the Poet is known to all the world; but Lord Byron the Politician is probably known to very few of the readers and admirers of his poetry, even in England. Nevertheless, he delivered at least three speeches of some length in the House of Lords. From these three speeches it may be interesting to give a few extracts, as the books in which they are preserved are not accessible to the majority of English readers, who, as a rule, have neither the time nor the inclination to search for such specimens of literature. The subject of his first speech was the Bill known as the Frame Work Bill.

Byron's ancestral seat, Newstead Abbey, is situated not far from Nottingham, where disturbances had taken place in connection with this Bill. On Thursday, February 27th, 1812, Lord Byron, following the Earl of Liverpool, who had made the first speech on the order of the day for the second reading of this Bill, and who had finished by moving "that this Bill be now read a second time," rose, and, for the first time, addressed their lordships:—"My Lords: The subject now submitted to your lordships for the first time, though new to the House is by no means new to the country. I believe it had occupied the serious thoughts of all descriptions of persons long before its introduction to the notice of that legislature whose interference alone could be of real service. As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger not only to this House in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your lordships' indulgence whilst I offer a few observations on a question in which I confess myself deeply interested. To enter into any detail of the riots would be superfluous. The House is already aware that every outrage short of actual bloodshed has been perpetrated, and that the proprietors of the frames obnoxious to the rioters, and all persons supposed to be

connected with them, have been liable to insult and violence. During the short time I recently passed in Nottinghamshire not twelve hours elapsed without some fresh act of violence, and on the day I left the county I was informed that forty frames had been broken the preceding evening, as usual without resistance and without detection."

It may be observed that throughout this speech Lord Byron takes what some persons might call a "sentimental" view of the question at issue. What, however, is most interesting to us is the thorough sympathy with the toils and troubles of the poorer classes which animates every sentence of his speech. After the above introduction he went on to say, referring to the cause of the riots—viz., the loss of employment suffered by many workmen in consequence of the introduction of machinery: "The rejected workmen, in the blindness of their ignorance, instead of rejoicing in these improvements in arts so beneficial to mankind, conceived themselves to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. In the foolishness of their hearts they imagined that the maintenance and well-being of the industrious poor were objects of greater consequence han the enrichment of a few individuals by any improvement in the implements of trade which threw the workmen out of employment and rendered the labourer unworthy of his hire." And later on—"These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands; they were not ashamed to beg, but there was none to relieve them; their own means of subsistence were cut off, all other employments pre-occupied, and their excesses, however to be deplored and condemned, can hardly be subject of surprise."

Later on, "as the sword is the worst argument that can be used, so should it be the last. In this instance it has been the first, but providentially as yet only in the scabbard. The present measure will, indeed, pluck it from the sheath; yet, had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of these riots, had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they also had their grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do think that means might have been devised to restore these workmen to their avocations and tranquility to the county. At present the county suffers from the double infliction of an idle military and a starving population. In what state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now, for the first time, the House has been officially apprized of these disturbances? All this has been transacting, all this has been happening within 130 miles of London, and yet we, good easy men have deemed full sure our greatness was a-ripening,'

and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects of self-congratulation if your land divides against itself and your dragoons and your executioners must be set loose against your fellow-citizens. You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous and ignorant, and seem to think that the only way to quiet the 'Bellua multorum capitum' is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligation to a mob? It is the mob that labour in your fields and serve in your houses, that man your navy and recruit your army, that have enabled you to defy all the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair. You may call the people a mob; but do not forget that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people. And here I must remark with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succour of your distrest allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of providence, or the parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened: from the rich man's largesse to the widow's mite, all was bestowed to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries.

"And at this moment, when thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardships and hunger, as your charity began abroad it should end at home. A much less sum, a tithe of the bounty bestowed upon Portugal, even if those men (which I cannot admit without inquiry) could not have been restored to their employments, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet. But doubtless our friends have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief, though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula; I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey; but never, under the most despotic of infidel governments, did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen, since my return, in the very heart of a Christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all State physicians from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse, and shaking the head over the

patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding—the warm water of your mawkish police and the lancets of your military—these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrades. Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of the Bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? Is there not blood enough on your penal code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to Heaven and testify against you? How will you carry the Bill into effect? Can you commit a whole county to their own prisons? Will you erect a gibbet in every field and hang up men like scarecrows, or will you proceed (as you must to bring this measure into effect) by decimation, place the county under martial law, depopulate and lay waste all around you, and restore Sherwood Forest, as an acceptable gift to the Crown, in its former condition of a royal chase and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquility? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers be accomplished by your executioners?

"If you proceed by the forms of law, where is your evidence? Those who have refused to impeach their accomplices, when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all due deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous enquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favourite State measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporizing, would not be without its advantages in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years; you temporise and tamper with the minds of men; but a death bill must be passed off-hand without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am, from what I have heard and from what I have seen, that to pass the Bill under all the existing circumstances, without enquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect. The framers of such a Bill must be content to inherit the honours of that Athenian law-giver whose edicts were said to be written not in ink but in blood. But suppose it passed, suppose one of these men, as I have seen them—meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your lordships are, perhaps, about

to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame—suppose this man surrounded by the children for whom he is unable to procure bread, at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn for ever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer so support. Suppose this man, and there are ten thousand such from whom you may select your victims, dragged into court to be tried for this new offence by this new law; still there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him, and these are, in my opinion, twelve butchers for a jury and a Jefferies for a judge."

Lord Holland followed, complimenting Lord Byron on "the ability which he had displayed in his first speech in the House, and expressed his astonishment that Ministers had not thought proper to reply to it." On the question of adjournment the House divided—contents, 17; non-contents, 32; majority, 15. The Bill was then read a second time and committed.

The second reading of the Frame Work Bill had been moved by Mr. Secretary Ryder in the House of Commons on February 17, 1812. It provided "for the more exemplary punishment of persons destroying or injuring any stocking or lace frames, or other machines or engines used in the frame work knitted manufactory, or any articles or goods in such frames or machines." In the House of Commons on the division for the second reading the numbers were—for the second reading, 94; against, 17; majority, 75. Curiously enough the minority was 17 in each House.

Apart from the interest attaching to everything connected with Lord Byron, there is much that is worthy of attention in this speech of his. It throws light upon the state of feeling in England at the very crisis of the long struggle against Napoleon, who was just ready to start on the memorable Russian campaign when this speech was delivered. Again, the style of oratory was very different then from what it is now—there were fewer speakers, and more care was taken in the preparation of their speeches than is probably the case at present. This particular speech is said to have produced quite a sensation at the time, and led many to believe that its author might become in course of time a great statesman. This opinion was held by many persons towards the close of Lord Byron's life, when by his own enthusiasm and personal example he had contributed much towards the freedom of Greece, and prepared the way for the freedom, and eventually the unity, of Italy. He, who

became afterwards a great poet, might have extended and developed his political sympathies and become a great statesman—perhaps some would add, "If he had taken the advice of the Edinburgh reviewer 'If he had written no more poetry.'" But, though his own country might have gained much, the world would have lost more had he followed such a course. The spirit of sympathy pervading this speech on the Frame Work Bill is very significant when we consider the dissolute state of society at the period when it was delivered, when Byron was only 24 years of age, and when the people were more or less hardened to tales of misery and bloodshed owing to the long war with France and the severity of the penal code at home. It may now be interesting to give some extracts from other speeches of Lord Byron—his letters and his poetry breathe the same spirit—but in this sketch we think it best to confine ourselves to what he said speaking as an hereditary legislator in a political assembly.

The next occasion on which Lord Byron addressed the House of Lords was when the Earl of Donoughmore "moved the order of the day for a Committee to take into consideration the claims of the Catholic body for the removal of the disabilities under which they labour." This was on April 21st, 1812. After several speakers had addressed the House for and against the appointment of the Committee, including the Marquis Wellesley and the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Byron rose and commenced his speech as follows:—

"My Lords: the question before the House has been so frequently, fully, and ably discussed, and never, perhaps, more ably than on this night, that it would be difficult to adduce new arguments for or against it. But with each discussion difficulties have been removed, objections have been canvassed and refuted, and some of the former opponents of Catholic emancipation have at length conceded to the expediency of relieving the petitioners. In conceding this much, however, a new objection is started—it is not the time say they, or it is an improper time, or there is time enough yet. In some degree I concur with those who say it is not the time exactly; that time is past; better had it been for the country that the Catholics possessed at this moment their proportion of our privileges, that their nobles held their due weight in our councils, than that we should be assembled to discuss their claims. It had, indeed, been better—

"'Non tempore tali
Cogere concilium cum muros obsidet hostis.'

"The enemy is without and distress within. It is too late to cavil on doctrinal points when we must unite in defence of things more important than the mere ceremonies of religion. It is, indeed, singular that we are called together to deliberate, not on the God we adore, for in that we are all agreed; not about the king we obey, for to him we are loyal; but how far a difference in the ceremonials of worship, how far believing not too little but too much (the most that can be imputed to the Catholics), how far too much devotion to their God may incapacitate our fellow-subjects from effectually serving their king.

"Much has been said within and without doors of Church and State, and although these venerable words have been too often prostituted to the most despicable of party purposes, we cannot hear them too often. All I presume are the advocates of Church and State—the Church of Christ and the State of Great Britain; but not a State of exclusion and of despotism; not an intolerant church, not a church militant which renders itself liable to the very objection urged against the Romish communion; and in a greater degree, for the Catholic merely witholds its spiritual benediction (and even this is doubtful), but our Church, or rather our Churchmen, not only refuse to the Catholic their spiritual grace, but all temporal blessings whatsoever. It was an observation of the great Lord Peterborough, made within these walls, or within the walls where the Lords then assembled, that he was for a parliamentary king and a parliamentary constitution, but not a parliamentary God and a parliamentary religion. The interval of a century has not weakened the force of the remark. It is indeed time that we should leave off these petty cavils on frivolous points, these Lilliputian sophistries—'whether our eggs are best broken at the broad or narrow end.'

"The opponents of the Catholics may be divided into two classes—those who assert that the Catholics have too much already, and those who allege that the lower orders at least have nothing more to require. We are told by the former that the Catholics never will be contented; by the latter that they are already too happy. The last paradox is sufficiently refuted by the present as by all past petitions. It might as well be said that the negroes did not desire to be emancipated, but this is an unfortunate comparison, for you have already delivered them out of the house of bondage without any petition on their part, but many from their taskmasters to a contrary effect, and, for myself, when I consider this, I pity the Catholic peasantry for not having the good

fortune to be born black. But the Catholics are contented, or at least ought to be, we are told; I shall, therefore, proceed to consider a few of those circumstances which so marvellously contribute to their exceeding contentment. They are not allowed the free exercise of their religion in the regular army—the Catholic soldier cannot absent himself from the service of the Protestant clergyman, and unless he is quartered in Ireland or in Spain, where can he find eligible opportunities of attending his own?

"The permission of Catholic chaplains to the Irish militia regiments was conceded as a special favour, and not till after years of remonstrance, although an Act passed in 1793 established it as a right. But are the Catholics properly protected in Ireland? Can the Church purchase a rood of land whereon to erect a chapel? No! all the places of worship are built on leases of trust or sufferance from the laity, easily broken and often betrayed. The moment any irregular wish, any casual caprice of the benevolent landlord meets with opposition, the doors are barred against the congregation. This has happened continually, but in no instance more glaringly than in the town of Newton Ossery in the county of Wexford. The Catholics, enjoying no regular chapel, as a temporary expedient hired two farms, which, being thrown into one, served for public worship. At this time there was quartered opposite to the spot an officer, whose mind appears to have been deeply imbued with these prejudices which the Protestant petitions now on the table prove to have been fortunately eradicated from the more rational portion of the people; and, when the Catholics were assembled on the Sabbath as usual, in peace and goodwill towards men, in the worship of their God and yours, they found the chapel door closed, and were told that if they did not immediately retire—(and they were told this by a Yeoman officer and a magistrate)—the Riot Act should be read, and the assembly dispersed at the point of the bayonet. This was complained of to the middleman of government, the Secretary at the Castle in 1808, and the answer was (in lieu of redress) that he would cause a letter to be written to the colonel, to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of similar disturbances. Upon this fact no very great stress need be laid; but it tends to prove that while the Catholic Church has not power to purchase land for its chapels to stand upon, the laws for its protection are of no avail. In the meantime, the Catholics are at the mercy of every 'pelting petty officer' who may choose to play his fantastic tricks before high heaven to insult his God and to injure his fellow-creatures.

"Every schoolboy, any footboy (such have held commissions in 'our service'), any footboy who can exchange his shoulder-knot for an epaulet may perform all this and more against the Catholic by virtue of that very authority delegated to him, by his sovereign for the express purpose of defending his fellow-subjects to the last drop of his blood, without discrimination or distinction between Catholic and Protestant."

Later on he says:—"What says Paley? 'I perceive no reason why men of different religious persuasions should not sit upon the same bench, deliberate in the same council, or fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various religious opinions upon any controverted topic of natural history, philosophy, or ethics.' It may be assumed that Paley was not strictly orthodox. I know nothing of his orthodoxy, but who will deny that he was an ornament to the church, to human nature, to Christianity.

"But there are those who assert that the Catholics have already been too much indulged. See (say they) what has been done: we have given them one entire college, we allow them food and raiment, the full enjoyment of the elements and leave to fight for us as long as they have limbs and lives to offer, and yet they are never to be satisfied! Generous and just declaimers! To this, and to this only, amount the whole of your arguments when stripped of their sophistry. These personages remind me of the story of a certain drummer, who, being called upon in the course of duty to administer punishment to a friend tied to the halberts, was requested to flog high, he did—to flog low, he did—to flog in the middle he did—high, low, down the middle and up again, but all in vain. The patient continued his complaints with the most provoking pertinacity, until the drummer, exhausted and angry, flung down his scourge, exclaiming, 'The devil burn you! there's no pleasing you flog where one will.' Thus it is you have flogged the Catholic—high, low, here, there, and everywhere—and then you wonder he is not pleased. It is true that time, experience, and that meanness which attends ever the exercise of barbarity, have taught you to flog a little more gently, but still you continue to lay on the lash, and will so continue till, perhaps, the rod may be wrested from your hands and applied to the backs of yourselves and your posterity. It was said by somebody in a former debate (I forget by whom, and I am not very anxious to remember), if the Catholics are emancipated why not the Jews? If this sentiment was dictated by compassion for the Jews it might deserve attention, but as a sneer against the Catholics, what is it but the

language of Shylock, transferred from his daughter's marriage to Catholic emancipation?

> "'Would any of the tribe of Barabbas
> Should have it rather than a Christian.'

"I presume a Catholic is a Christian, even in the opinion of him whose taste only can be called in question for his preference of the Jews. It is a remark often quoted by Dr. Johnson (whom I take to be almost as good authority as the gentle apostle of intolerance—Dr. Daigenan) that he who could entertain serious apprehensions of danger to the Church in these times would have 'cried fire to the deluge.' This is more than a metaphor, for a remnant of these antedeluvians appear actually to have come down to us, with fire in their mouths, and water in their brains, to disturb and perplex mankind with their whimsical outcries. And, as it is an infallible symptom of that distressing malady with which I conceive them to be affected (so any doctor will inform your lordships) for the unhappy invalids to perceive a flame perpetually flashing before their eyes, particularly when their eyes are shut (as those of the persons to whom I allude have long been), it is impossible to convince these poor creatures that the fire against which they are perpetually warning us and themselves is nothing but an *Ignis fatuus* of their own drivelling imaginations. 'What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, can scour that fancy thence?' It is impossible they are given over, theirs is the true '*Caput insanabile tribus Anticyris.*' These are your true Protestants. Like Bayle, who protested against all sects whatsoever, so do they protest against Catholic petitions, Protestant petitions, all redress, all that reason, humanity, policy, justice and common sense can urge against the delusions of their absurd delirium. These are the persons who reverse the fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouse, they are the mice who conceive themselves in labour with mountains." The following allusion later on is interesting:—"Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment the only triumph obtained through long years of continental disaster has been achieved by an Irish general; it is true he is not a Catholic; had he been so, we should have been deprived of his exertions. But I presume no one will assert that his religion would have impaired his talents, or diminished his patriotism, though in that case he must have conquered in the ranks, for he never could have commanded an army."

After some more remarks favourable to the motion, and after criticising

in some detail the policy of His Majesty's Ministers at home and abroad, Lord Byron ended his speech as follows:—"I have to apologise to the House, who will, I trust, pardon me, not often in the habit of intruding upon their indulgence, for so long attempting to engage their attention. My most decided opinion is, as my vote will be, in favour of the motion."

The third and last occasion on which Lord Byron addressed the House of Lords was on the important subject of Parliamentary Reform. This was on June 1st, 1813. The immediate business was the presentation of a petition from a certain Major Cartwright, under circumstances which Lord Byron explains in the following speech:—"My Lords: the petition which I now hold for the purpose of presenting to the House is one which I humbly conceive requires the particular attention of your lordships, inasmuch as, though signed by a single individual, it contains statements which (if not disproved) demand most serious investigation. The grievance of which the petitioner complains is neither selfish nor imaginary. It is not his own only, for it has been, and is still, felt by numbers. No one without these walls, or indeed within, but to-morrow may be made liable to the same insult and obstruction in the discharge of an imperious duty for the restoration of the true constitution of these realms, by petitioning for reform in Parliament. The petitioner, my lords, is a man whose long life has been spent in one unceasing struggle for the liberty of the subject against that undue influence which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; and whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his political tenets, few will be found to question the integrity of his intentions. Even now, oppressed with years, and not exempt from the infirmities attendant on his age, but still unimpaired in talent and unshaken in spirit—'*frangas non flectes*'—he has received many a wound in the combat against corruption; and the new grievance, the fresh insult of which he complains, may inflict another scar, but no dishonour. The petition is signed by John Cartwright, and it was on behalf of the people and Parliament in the lawful pursuit of that reform in the representation which is the best service to be rendered both to Parliament and people, that he encountered the wanto outrage which forms the subject matter of his petition to your lordships. It is couched in firm yet respectful language—in the language of a man not regardless of what is due to himself, but at the same time, I trust, equally mindful of the deference to be paid to this House. The petitioner states, amongst other matters of equal if not

greater importance to all who are British in their feelings as well as blood and birth, that on the 21st January, 1813, at Huddersfield, himself and six other persons who, on hearing of his arrival, had waited on him merely as a testimony of respect, were seized by a military and civil force and kept in close custody for several hours, subjected to gross and abusive insinuations from the commanding officer relative to the character of the petitioner; that he (the petitioner) was forcibly carried before a magistrate, and not released till an examination of his papers proved that there was not only no just but not even statutable charge against him; and that notwithstanding the promise and order from the presiding magistrate of a copy of the warrant against your Petitioner, it was afterwards withheld on divers pretexts, and has never until this hour been granted. The names and conditions of the parties will be found in the petition.

"To the other topics touched upon in the petition I shall not now advert, from a wish not to encroach upon the time of the House; but I do most sincerely call the attention of your lordships to its general contents. It is in the cause of the parliament and people that the rights of this venerable freeman have been violated; and it is, in my opinion, the highest mark of respect that could be paid to the House that to your justice rather than by appeal to any inferior court he now commits himself. Whatever may be the fate of his remonstrance, it is some satisfaction to me, though mixed with regret for the occasion, that I have this opportunity of publicly stating the obstruction to which the subject is liable in the prosecution of the most lawful and imperious of his duties—the obtaining, by petition, reform in parliament. I have shortly stated his complaint, the petition has more fully expressed it. Your lordships will, I hope, adopt some measure fully to protect and redress him; and not him alone, but the whole body of the people insulted and aggrieved in his person by the interposition of an abused civil and unlawful military force between them and their right of petition to their own representatives."

His lordship then presented the Petition from Major Cartright, which was read, complaining of the circumstances at Huddersfield, and of interruptions given to the right of petitioning in several places in the northern parts of the kingdom, and which his lordship moved, should be laid on the table. Earl Fitzwilliam followed and, after a short debate, Lord Byron again rose and said: "That he had from motives of duty presented this petition to their lordships' consideration. The noble

earl (Lauderdale) had contended that it was not a petition but a speech; and that, as it contained no prayer, it should not be received. What was the necessity of a prayer? If that word were to be used in its proper sense, then their lordships could not expect that any man should pray to others. He had only to say that the petition, though in some parts expressed strongly perhaps, did not contain any improper mode of address, but was couched in respectful language towards their lordships; he should therefore trust their lordships would allow the petition to be received." Viscount Sidmouth followed, and, on the motion being put by the Lord Chancellor, the petition was not received.

These extracts from the speeches of Lord Byron are interesting to the modern reader on many grounds. They deal with burning questions then as now—the rights of labour as against improved machinery and capital, the question of Ireland and the question of Parliamentary Reform. They also exhibit a different style of oratory from that of the present day, and throw some light on the way in which questions were looked upon by the Lords seventy years ago. On the occasion of the Irish debate on the Earl of Donoughmore's motion, the Lords did not rise until five in the morning, when the numbers present were 103 to 67; proxies, 71 to 35; total, 174 to 102. The majority against Grattan's motion in favour of the Catholics in the House of Commons had been defeated in 1810 by 213 to 109; in 1811 by 146 to 83; and in 1812 by 300 to 215. Lord Donoughmore's motion in the Lords was, in 1810, rejected by 164 to 68; in 1811 by 121 to 62; and in 1812, as we have have said, by 174 to 102. These figures are interesting as showing the progress of feeling in both Houses on this important question.

Some Poetry of To-Day.

I.—IN MORTE INFIDELIS.

I.

"Oh, Love! oh, Light!
Oh, Life! oh, Sight!
I yield, I yield to thy deep might—
I kiss and bless,
I bless, caress,
I worship thee by day and night!"

I yield, I yield, for Spring is born;
Then scorn the sun's sad shining:
To-day shall be thy wedding-morn—
To-day shall end repining!

So I followed to her mansion fair—
(Roof of green and carpet of flowers!)—
And we entered the wedding-chamber there,
Sunk in the earth's sweet bowers.

And there lay a bier and a coffin-bed—
(Lamp of glow-worm and meteor-light!)—
"Oh, Love, we shall now be at peace," she said,
"Lost in the grave's deep night."

And Death, the great High Priest stood near—
(Chatter of teeth and rattle of bones!)—
He married us there as we lay on the bier—
(Service of sighs and of moans!)

For as we lay clasped in our coffin-bed—
(Touches of ice and kisses of stone!)—
The dead trooped in to welcome the dead,
With leer, with grin, and with groan!

But at last the skeleton clatter and clank—
(Hubbub of skulls and tumult of chains)—
Swept in a wave that flowed and sank
Back into dead men's brains!

Methought I then lay in eternal peace—
(Silence of earth and darkness of hell!)—
Lay where the sorrows and sufferings cease
Of him who has loved too well.

II.

I had lain asleep for centuries long,
And sudden in slumber I heard a song—
A song like the song she sang,
And through all the world it rang,
'Till it reached the tomb
And roused the dead,
And pierced the gloom
Of my coffin-bed.

Then sudden I woke in the night
From sleep, with a piercing pain;
For my bride had vanished quite,
And I was alone again!
But softly I heard a voice:
"Oh, Edmund, my love, rejoice!
I have risen to make thee whole—
I have risen to save thy soul!"

For the wretched must be more wretched still,
And misery have more woe;
And the heavenly gates open not at the will
Of those who have wept below!

"Oh! sleep awhile; with song and smile
I will win a favour for me—
In light and in joy I will linger awhile,
And then come back to thee!"

Yet ages long in sleep I lay,
For love had kept even Death at bay;
And while she shared my coffin-bed,
I could not, could not all be dead.

But, faithless again, as of old—
As the grave's heart cruel and hollow—
She had caused me a woe untold—
She had risen, and I could not follow.

And now at last I was dead—quite dead!
For ever alone in my coffin-bed!
My brain was dust and my heart was ice:
Ay, my love had forsaken me well—
She had stolen away to Paradise,
And left me down in Hell!

II.—THE CRY THAT GOETH UP.*

A young sempstress, nigh unto death, and fallen asleep over her task in a London garret, is awakened by the entrance of the clothes-dealer for whom she works.

I.

Is it you, that gave me the work, there, in the shop looking out on the Strand,
And followed, and found where I live by the toil of this faltering hand?

II.

Why did I smile as I slept? You are curious. Why should I tell?
Does it matter so much what I dreamed? You wakened me: yet, was it well

* Compare Tennyson's *Despair*.

That you came unwished for, uncalled, between me and my sleep and my dream,
To awake me again to my work by this candle's pitiful gleam—
The work that speeds onward to death—the gleam that but shows me a night
Thickening grimly about me? But—ah, God!—that light, that light,
When the soft, sad eyes of my dead love—here, ever clasping my neck,
You may see his last gift: 'tis the only treasure I saved from the wreck—
Beamed through the mists of the dreamland. I remember I thought, as he passed,
It matters to *him* that I saved it, to rest near my breast to the last—
"Do you see?" and there came through the mists of the dreamland a a whisper, a breath.
"See? Ah! would I could greet you, sweetheart, in the the land beyond death!"

III.

And the lights of a limitless London sparkled and shone far away,
Flashing with rays as of hope, but they only filled me with dismay;
For I knew that the shadows between them, however they sparkled and shone,
Were dark with the woes of the workers—were sad with spent lives like my own.
No joy in the streets of the poor, no peace in the city's turmoil,
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and toil.

IV.

See, when at first the dread darkness of ruin and poverty came,
I hoped a bright dawn would succeed, and I watched for its uprising flame—
When the light of the wisdom men boast of would brighten the griefs of the past,
And the weary work that had saddened the people would vanish at last;
And I turned away from the river I almost had clasped as my friend,
For men spoke, or it seemed that they spoke, of a night that was nigh to its end,

V.

Hoped for a dawn, and it came; but the golden light faded away,
And I passed from a gloomy night to the haze of a sunless day.
That is only cloudy talk which once was an animate fire:
The talk of a right to be done, of gems to be snatched from the mire,
Of the poor as they writhe in a world of the weak trodden down by the strong,
Of the toiling poor in a world where poverty only is wrong.

VI.

I—a poor penniless orphan, alone in this lonely life,
Chained to my joyless labour, and knowing no rest from strife;
Trusting no longer that Good would to Riches and Power be nigh—
I worked to live, poor soul—and, see!—I also worked to die!

VII.

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity; I know you of old—
Small pity for those that have coined their life-blood to add to your gold,
Which you pile in a heap that idly glitters and cumbers the ground,
Till its cruel and sordid jingling the voice of pity has drowned.

VIII.

But pity—I looked on workers and work—was whispering in me,
Helpless, taking the place of the pitying men that should be!
Pity for hearts that ache in the grasp of a golden-thewed power,
And pity for my own self on an earth where joy could not flower;
Pity for all poor workers who work that their fellows may reap,
And pity for my own self, till my pity gave way to sleep.

IX.

"Lightly advance to the grave! the angels—you hear them call!
Life with its anguish and toiling and trials—away with it all!"
And he laid his hand in my own—he was always gentle and sweet—
Till I felt the flow'rs of Paradise were springing about my feet.
There was the way I longed to travel till time was o'er.
"Ah God!" and I felt as I spoke I was waking to life once more—

"Ah God!" and we turned to each other; we kissed, we embraced, he and I,
And the love that had bloomed in our hearts was confessed with a passionate cry:
I had felt the first trouble of waking, and I held me close to his side—
Ah God! should I find him again, again, if I died, if I died!
I never should find him on earth, this earth without him is a hell—
"Dear love, oh! say not for ever, for ever and ever, farewell!"
Never was I so desolate, never since life began—
Never a heart so broken, no, not since the coming of man!

X.

But you opened my garret door, and you darkened the only beam
Of light that has gladdened my heart. You have parted my soul from its dream;
I am left alone on the earth, he is all alone in the sky:
Take back the work you have given; take it and let me die.

XI.

Folly of youth? And my brain is wandering from weakness, it seems?
Ah! if but my toiling for ever and ever would merge in such dreams!
And the trifling trouble of dying—what is it when matched with the pains
Of the churlish heat of a worker's life creeping slow through the veins?

XII.

Why should I live? I am poor, and my friends have all fled;
And father and mother, and brother and sister, and lover are dead.
In a world so dark and so dreary where shall I look for light?
At the worst when I reach the grave I shall only change night for night.

XIII.

Yes; I know what is done by Society, your glory, your boast;
It bends down the patient back of the worker and breaks it almost.
Should he rise and resist, and be free for a fleeting time,
He but gives you fresh power, and then he is hanged for a crime.

XIV.

And so, when poverty came, I stood there forlorn, amazed,
In a world of cold, heartless opulence, feared myself turning crazed;
And I stayed here fast locked in this garret, and nerved myself for the strife
With a grief that can only be cured, if cured, by the close of my life.

XV.

Why should I bear with a life of labour and hunger and pain,
If the grave is an ever-near refuge, where grief will pursue me in vain;
Where all hopeless beings at length will attain unto rest for a space;
Where workers shall lay down their work, and runners shall cease from the race;
Where the rich shall be stripped at last, when the last canker-worm shall have fled
From the coffin where Dives has lain to the shell of poor Lazarus dead.

XVI.

Have I crazed myself over these horrible Radical fancies? Quite right.
For this is the brand-new age, you see, of the people's might;
When the poor are thrust from their homes, and to starve and be helpless are crimes;
And Gold is the proof of all merit in these philosophical times;
While each fresh garb of your Science is dabbled with innocent blood,
And Evil among you is reckoned a trustworthy guide to the Good:
For Doubt and your Board-school learning are wandering hand in hand—
I was taught by your modern teachers and twisted their rope of sand.

XVII.

What! I should praise all those eminent men that have ruled us so well?
Eminent charlatans, rather, who wait for the "chapel-bell"—
Wait, though they know all our troubles, and then simply care for their own;
Better to die and lie quietly rather than live and groan.

XVIII.

Die? If the souls of men are immortal, as we have been told,
Why care for the dust of a moment? What is the worth of your gold?
Shall I not seek joy for ever; and, if there's a God, as they say,
His love will have power over grief, till grief utterly vanish away.

XIX.

Ah! yet—I have had sweet dreaming, at times, in my gloomiest woe,
Of my love beyond all—after all—who is waiting for me, as I know;
But to hope for such dreams once again is, I feel, a mere desperate thought,
For the work I must do will exhaust me, and scatter my visions to naught.

XX.

Wickedness! Whose is the fault? Is it mine? for why would you wake
A mad girl to vex you with wretched words ere her last narrow bed they make:
Wickedness! Ay, why not, if there be neither shame nor disgrace?
Oh! would I were yonder with *Him*, away from your work and your face.
Wickedness! True! I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk,
But the wickedness, to *my* mind, lies all in the way that you walk.

XXI.

Hence! *He* is there! Can I stay? can I breathe divorced from my love?
You needs must alter your life if I do not escape you above.
All respectable folks doubtless will moralise over my fate
And smugly reflect that their help, if given, would have reached me too late.

Capital.

By Karl Marx.

I.—The Serfdom of Work.

WHATEVER may be the social form assumed by the process of production it must be continuous, or, what amounts to the same thing, it must pass through recurring phases from time to time. A society can no more cease to produce than to consume. Every process of social production is thus also a process of reproduction, if regard be had, not to its isolated aspect, but to its part in the perpetual round of phenomena.

The conditions of production are also those of reproduction. No society can reproduce—that is to say, produce continually—without constantly retransforming a part of its products into means of production, into the elements of new products. Other circumstances being equal, the wealth of a community cannot be maintained intact unless the tools, raw materials, and accessories consumed in the course of a year, for example, be replaced by an equal quantity of other articles of the same kind. This part of the yearly products which must be regularly appropriated for the purpose of future products belongs, therefore, to production. Destined from its origin to productive consumption, it consists for the most part of articles unfitted by their very nature for general enjoyment.

If production have a capitalist phase the same must be true of reproduction. In the former the office of labour is to produce an increment of value; in the latter it serves to reproduce or perpetuate as capital—*i.e.*, as value—yielding value—the value originally advanced.

A man is, therefore, a capitalist, economically speaking, only in so far as he employs his money as capital. If, for example, he this year should advance £100 to be converted into capital, and should draw £20 from the increment of value thence arising, he must next year do the

same in order to remain in the category of capitalists; and the increment of value having thus a periodic character takes the form of a *revenue* yielded by the capital.

If the capitalist employ this revenue for the purposes of consumption, expending it as and when received, the case will be one of simple reproduction, or, in other words, the capital will continue to operate without becoming augmented. The process of production, periodically recommenced, will always pass through the same phases in any given time, and will perpetually repeat itself on the same scale. Nevertheless, this repetition or continuity endows the process with certain new features, or, to speak more exactly, it causes the disappearance of the features observable when the process is regarded as an isolated act.

Let us consider, first of all, that part of the capital which is advanced in wages, or the variable capital.

The capitalist, before he begins to produce, buys a stock of labour for a given time, and renews the transaction at the end of the agreed period—a week, a month, &c.; but he does not pay the purchase-money until the workman has wrought and has added to the article produced the value of his labour and an increment of value beyond. In addition, then, to creating a consumable fund for the capitalist, the workman produces his own wages-fund, *the variable capital*, before it is paid to him as wages, and he is only employed so long as he continues to reproduce this fund. Hence the formula adopted by political economists when they reckon the wages-fund as being a part of the finished product; it being clear that a part of the articles constantly reproduced by the workman returns to him as constantly in the form of wages. This portion, it is true, is paid to him in the shape of money—but money is merely the symbol of the value possessed by the articles produced.

While the workman is engaged in converting a part of the materials of production into new products, that which he has already produced goes into the market and is converted into money. In this manner a part of his work for the past week or fortnight pays for his labour of to-day or next week.

The illusions caused by the circulation of products disappear when we replace the individual capitalist and his workman by the corresponding classes of capitalists and workmen. Capitalists, as a whole, regularly issue to the working class in the form of money a succession of drafts on a portion of the products made by the latter and appropriated

by the former. The working class as constantly gives back these drafts to the capitalist in order to take delivery of the authorized portion of the results of its own work. What disguises the real nature of the transaction is the merchantable form of the products and the monetary form of the merchandise.

The variable capital is then merely one historical form of the so-called "labour fund," which the workman is called upon to continually produce and reproduce under every possible system of production. If, in the case of the capitalist system, this fund is only received by the workman in the shape of wages, or payment for his work, the reason is because the system in question requires the product of his labour to be removed from him in the shape of capital. But this does not alter the fact that it is a portion of his own past and realised work which the labourer receives as though it were an advance by the capitalist.

Let us take, for example, the case of a peasant liable to service of tenure, who, with whatever means of production he may possess, works for three days per week on his own ground and for the remaining three days cultivates the land of his lord. His own labour fund, which he constantly reproduces for himself, and of which he remains the sole owner, never assumes in his eyes the form of an advance made to him by some third person; but, on the other hand, his enforced and gratuitous work never takes the shape of voluntary and remunerated labour. Let us now suppose that his fields, cattle, and seeds, or, in a word, his means of production, are taken from him by his lord to whom he is thenceforth obliged to sell his work. All other things remaining the same, he will still work six days per week—three for his own sustenance and three for his ex-lord who has become his employer. He continues to make use of the same means of production and to transmit their value to the articles produced. A certain part of the product re-enters as before into reproduction. But from the moment of the serf becoming the workman, the labour fund which he continues as before to produce and reproduce immediately assumes the shape of capital advanced to him by his ex-lord.

The commercial economist, incapable of distinguishing the shape of the fund, shuts his eyes to the fact that among the agriculturists of Continental Europe and North America alike the labour fund rarely loses the form of capital—that is, of an advance made to the actual producer by the contracting capitalist.

The variable capital, however, ceases to be an *advance* derived from the proper moneys of the capitalist only in so far as it depends upon the periodical renewal of the process of production. At the outset, before being renewed, this process must have begun and been carried on for a certain time, during which the workman could neither have been paid out of his own production nor have been kept in existence by thin air. Must it not, then, have been needful, on the first occasion of the capitalist class appearing in the labour market, that this class should have already accumulated by its own exertions and economies the wealth required for enabling it to advance to the working class the means of subsistence? We are content to provisionally accept this solution of the problem, while reserving the right of further criticism when we shall come to touch upon so-called "primitive accumulation."

Still, even if there be but the perpetual operation of the same capital, or a constant repetition of the process of production upon the same scale, continuous reproduction causes another change, which alters the primitive character of both the variable and constant parts of the capital advanced.

If a capital of £1,000 yield every year an increment of value of £200, which is consumed by the capitalist, it is clear that if the productive process be continued for five years, the total increment of value will be $5 \times £200 = £1{,}000$, that is to say, the whole of the capital advanced. If the yearly increment of value be but partly consumed, say to the extent of one-half, the same result would be produced in ten years, for $10 \times £100 = £1{,}000$. Generally, *If the capital advanced be divided by the increment of value annually consumed, the quotient is the number of years at the end of which the original capital has been consumed by the capitalist, and has consequently disappeared.*

The capitalist himself doubtless imagines that he has only consumed the increment of value, and that he has kept his capital intact. This view, however, in nowise alters the fact that after a certain period the capital which belonged to him is equal to the total increment of value gratuitously acquired by him during such time, and that the value consumed by him is equal to the value he originally advanced. Of the capital he provided out of his own funds at the outset, not a fraction remains.

It is true that he still retains possession of a capital unchanged in amount, and of which a part—buildings, machinery, &c.—was already in existence when he entered into business; but what we are con-

cerned with is the capital-value, and not its material representation. When a man consumes his substance by contracting debts, the value of what he possesses simply represents the sum of his liabilities. So, also, when the capitalist has consumed the equivalent of the money he has advanced, the capital he still holds represents simply the increment of value with which he has made away.

If we abstract all accumulation, properly so called, simple reproduction therefore suffices to sooner or later convert all capital advanced into capital accumulated, or into increment of value capitalised. This capital, even though it may have been at the beginning of its employment in the productive process acquired by the personal work of the contractor, becomes, after a greater or less period, wealth acquired at no cost—the materialisation of the work of others who have not been paid.

Production and the circulation of merchandise cannot by themselves create capital. What is necessary is that the man with money shall find in the market other men who are free but yet forced to voluntarily sell their power of working, for the simple reason that they possess nothing else to sell. The distinction between product and producer, between a category of persons having all that labour requires in order to realise itself and another category owning nought but the power of working—such was at the outset the starting-point of capitalist production.

But what at first was the starting-point ultimately becomes, thanks to simple reproduction, a constantly renewed result. On the one hand, the productive process ceases not to convert material wealth into capital, and into means of enjoyment for capitalists: on the other, the workman leaves as he enters—a personal source of wealth deprived of his own means of realisation. His labour, already alienated, the property of the capitalist, and incorporated with capital even before the process begins, can during the process only be realised in products which fly from his grasp. Capitalist production, being also the consumption of work by the capitalist, unceasingly converts the product of the workman not only into merchandise but also into capital—into that which extracts the power of creating from wealth—into means of production which tyrannise over the producer, into means of subsistence which buy the worker himself. The mere continuity or periodical repetition of the productive process constantly reproduces and perpetuates its basis—the conversion of the worker into the wage-bound.

Consumption by the workman is twofold. In the act of production *he consumes by his work* the materials of production and converts them into products of a value superior to that of the capital advanced. This forms his *productive consumption*, which at the same time is the consumption of his strength by the capitalist to whom he belongs. But the money paid for the purchase of this strength is expended by the workman in means of subsistence, and this forms his *individual consumption*. The productive and individual consumption of the workman are thus entirely distinct. As regards the first, he acts as the motive power of capital and belongs to the capitalist; as regards the second, he belongs to himself, and performs certain vital functions outside the productive process. The result of the one is the life of capital; the result of the other is the life of the workman himself.

We meet, it is true, with many examples which show us the workman compelled to make his individual consumption a simple incident of the productive process. In such cases the food that sustains his strength plays the same part as the water and coal given by way of victuals to the steam-engine; they serve him simply as productive agents, and his individual consumption becomes undistinguishable from his productive consumption. This, however, would appear to be an abuse with which capitalist production may, if necessary, altogether dispense.

The facts of the case, notwithstanding, change their aspect if we regard not the individual capitalist and workman, but the capitalist and labouring classes; not isolated acts of production, but capitalist production in the totality of its continual renewal and in its social bearing.

By converting a part of his capital into work the capitalist provides for the maintenance and appreciation of his entire capital. But this is not all. It is needful to kill two birds with the same stone. The capitalist profits not only by that which he receives from the workman, but also from that which he gives him.

The capital exchanged for work is re-exchanged by the working classes for means of subsistence, the consumption of which serves to reproduce the muscles, nerves, bones, brains, &c., of existing workmen and to create new labourers. Within strictly necessary limits the individual consumption of the working classes thus becomes the conversion of the food they buy with the wages of their labour into fresh working strength, into fresh matter for the use of capital. It is the production and reproduction of that tool which is the most indispensable for the capitalist, the workman himself. The individual consumption of the workman,

whether it takes place within or without the workshop, forms, therefore, an element of the reproduction of capital, just as is the case with the due care of the machinery either during work or in the intervals of manufacture.

It is true that the workman indulges in his individual consumption for his own satisfaction and not for that of the capitalist. But the very beasts of burthen also like to eat, and yet no one has ever contended that their food is not a concern of the farmer. The capitalist need not trouble himself to attend to this part of the business: he may well trust to the workman's instincts of self-preservation and propagation. At the same time, he is very far from imitating the brutal mine owners of South America who compel their slaves to eat more nourishing food than that which would otherwise be consumed: his only care is to limit the individual consumption of his workmen to what is strictly necessary.

This is why the ideologist of capital, the political economist, considers as productive only that part of the individual consumption which is absolutely required for the perpetuation and increase of the working classes, and without which capital would either meet with no labour-power to consume or would find it in insufficient quantity. Whatever the workman may expend beyond this, whether for material or mutual enjoyment, is regarded as unproductive consumption. If the accumulation of capital leads to an increase of wages, which augments the workman's expenditure without enabling the capitalist to consume a greater amount of labour-power, the additional capital is held to be unproductively consumed. In fine, consumption by the workman is unproductive for himself, as it only reproduces the necessitous individual; but it is productive for the capitalist and the State, as it produces the power which creates their wealth.

From the social point of view, then, the working class is, like every other implement of labour, an appanage of capital, and its process of reproduction implies, within certain limits, even the individual consumption of the workers. By continually taking from work what work produces and by transferring it to the opposite pole, capital, the process hinders the escape of the conscious tools. The individual consumption that sustains and reproduces them at the same time destroys their means of subsistence, and thus forces them continually to re-enter the market. A material chain held fast the Roman slave; invisible threads bind the wage-receiver to his owner, who, however, is not the individual capitalist, but the capitalist class.

It is not very long ago that this class still made use of legal constraint as a means of enforcing its rights of proprietorship in the free workman. Thus, until 1815, mechanics were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to emigrate from England.

The reproduction of the working classes implies the accumulation of their skill transmitted from one generation to another. That this skill figures in the capitalists' inventory, and that he sees in the existence of the workman only a mode of his variable capital, is most certain; and he does not scruple to publicly avow the fact whenever a crisis menaces him with the loss of this valuable property.

By reason of the American Civil War, and the cotton famine thereby produced, most of the workmen of Lancashire and other English counties were turned into the streets. They asked for either the help of the State or a voluntary national subscription to enable them to emigrate. This cry of distress resounded from all parts of England. Then Mr. Edmund Potter, ex-president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, published in the *Times* of March 29, 1863, a letter which was very justly referred to in the House of Commons as the "Manufacturers' manifesto." We will quote from this letter some passages in which the property of capital in labour is insolently upheld:—

"The cotton spinners are told that there are far too many of them in the market . . . . that if their number be lessened by one-third adequate employment will be assured to the remaining two-thirds. * * * Public opinion persists in advocating emigration. * * * The masters will not favour the diminution of their means of production; in their opinion the proceeding would be alike unjust and unfit. * * * If emigration be aided by the public treasury, the masters have a right to be heard and, it may be, to protest."

This same Potter then insists on the exceptional utility of the cotton industry. He asserts that it has "indubitably effected the drainage of the surplus population in Ireland and the English agricultural districts; that it furnished in 1860 five-thirteenths of the whole British exports; that it will increase yet again in the course of a few years, when the market, especially in India, shall be extended, and when it can be supplied with a sufficient quantity of cotton at 6*d*. per lb. * * * Time (he adds) one, two, or perhaps three years, will produce the requisite yield. * * * I would wish to ask them this question: Is such an industry worth maintaining; is it worth while to keep the

machinery (that is to say, the living machinery) in order, or would it not be the most extravagant folly to think of allowing this machinery to escape? For myself, I think so. *I allow that the workers are not a property*, that they do not belong to Lancashire and the masters; but they are the strength of both; they are an intellectual power instructed and disciplined which it would take a generation to replace; while, on the contrary, the mere machinery which they work could be for the most part replaced and improved in the course of a year. * * * Encourage or allow the working power to emigrate, and what of the capitalist?" This cry from the heart recalls the plaintive plea of 1792: "If there are no more courtiers, what will become of the wig-makers?" "Take away the cream of the workers, and the fixed capital will be greatly depreciated, while the circulating capital will not engage in the struggle with a poor equipment of labour of an inferior quality. * * * We are told that the workmen themselves wish to emigrate. This desire is very natural on their part. * * * Reduce, restrict the cotton trade by taking away its working power, diminish the expenditure in wages by a third, or by five millions sterling, and what will then become of the class just above—of the small shopkeepers? And what of ground rents and cottage rentals? What will become of the small farmer, the house-owner, the landed proprietor? I should like to know if any plan can be devised more disastrous for all classes than that which consists in weakening the nation by exporting its best mill hands and depreciating the most productive part of its power and wealth. * * * I suggest a loan of from five to six millions, spread over two or three years, administered by special commissioners acting with the poor-law guardians in the cotton districts, regulated by a special law, and accompanied by a certain amount of forced labour, to maintain the moral worth of those who receive alms. * * * Can anything be worse for landowners or masters than to allow their best workmen to go away, and to demoralise and indispose those who remain, by a vast emigration which will create a vacuum throughout an entire province—a vacuum of wealth and capital?"

Potter, the chosen advocate of the manufacturers, thus distinguishes two kinds of machines, both belonging to capital, and of which one remains attached to the capital while the other quits it after performing its daily task. One is dead, the other living. Not only does the former become deteriorated and depreciated every day, but it becomes for the most part so superannuated by the constant progress of technology that

it may be advantageously replaced at the end of a few months. The living machines, on the contrary, improve the more they are used and the more their skill is accumulated by transmission from generation to generation. Accordingly the *Times* thus replies to the cotton magnate:—

"Mr. Potter is so penetrated with the extraordinary and absolute importance of the cotton-masters that, in order to maintain this class and perpetuate its avocation, he wishes to confine half a million of labourers against their will in a huge moral workhouse. Is the cotton industry worth sustaining? asks Mr. Potter. Most assuredly, we reply, by all honourable means. Is the machinery worth keeping in order? again asks Mr. Potter. Here we hesitate, for Mr. Potter understands by machinery human machines, although he protests that he has no intention of treating them as actual property. We must own that we do not think it worth while, or even possible, to keep the human mechanism in order, that is to say, to shut it up and keep it well-oiled until we may have some further use for it. This mechanism has the property of rusting when disused, no matter how much it may be rubbed or oiled. It is even capable, to judge from what we see, of blowing off and exploding of its own accord, and of causing no small damage in our great towns. It may well be, as Mr. Potter says, that the reproduction of workmen is a matter of time, but with mechanics and money there will always be found enough hardheaded, industrious, and enterprising men to make more cotton-masters than will ever be destroyed. * * * Mr. Potter assures us that the cotton industry will be brilliantly resuscitated in one, two, or three years, and begs us not to encourage or allow the emigration of the labour-power. It is natural, he says, that the workmen should wish to emigrate, but he thinks the nation ought to confine, against their will, in the cotton districts this half-million of labourers, with the seven hundred thousand persons who are attached to them, and that it, consequently, ought to repress their discontent by force and maintain them by alms, and all in order that the masters may find them ready to hand when required. * * * The time has come when the public opinion of this country ought at length to do something to save *this working-power* from those who would deal with it as they deal with coal, cotton, and iron."

The *Times* article was only fine talk. The great "public opinion" was in reality of the same mind as Mr. Potter and held that workmen form a part of the plant of a factory. Their emigration was opposed; they were confined in the "moral workhouse" of the cotton districts, where they still enjoy the honour of being "the strength of the

Lancashire cotton-masters." Parliament voted not a penny in aid of emigration, but merely passed some laws authorizing the municipalities to keep the workmen between life and death, or to use them without paying a normal rate of wages. When, however, three years later, the cattle plague broke out, Parliament broke through all forms and voted millions in a twinkling to indemnify the millionaire landlord, whose tenants were already indemnified by the rise in the price of meat. The bestial lowing of the landed proprietors at the opening of Parliament in 1866 showed that there is no need to be a Hindoo in order to worship the cow Sabala or Jupiter in order to be transformed into a bull.

The process of capitalist production, therefore, itself reproduces the distinction between the worker and the conditions of work. It reproduces and so for ever perpetuates the conditions which oblige the workman to sell himself in order to live and enable the capitalist to buy him in order to grow rich. It is no longer chance that places them face to face in the market as seller and buyer. It is the twofold whirligig of the process itself that always forces the former into the market as the seller of his labour strength, and always converts what he produces into a means of purchase for the latter. The workman, in fact, belongs to the capitalist class before selling himself to the individual capitalist. His economic servitude is brought about, and at the same time disguised by the periodical renewal of this act of sale, by the fiction of freedom of contract, by the change of individual masters, and by the fluctuations of price in the labour market.

A striking example of this servitude exists in the county of Durham, one of the few districts in which circumstances do not give the farmers a clear right of proprietorship in their labourers. The mining industry permits the latter to exercise a choice. The farmer, contrary to what is usual, will only take lands having labourer's cottages. The rent of the cottages forms a part of the wages paid. These cottages are called "hinds' houses." They are let to the labourers subject to certain feudal obligations, and by virtue of a contract called "bondage" which, for example, compels the labourer while he is elsewhere occupied to put his daughter in his place, &c. The labourer himself is called a "bondsman" or serf. There, from an altogether new point of view, is seen how the individual consumption of the worker is at the same time consumption for capital or productive consumption. "It is curious to observe how even the excrements of the bondsman form part of the gain of his calculating master. * * * The farmer does not allow any privies in the

neighbourhood other than his own, and in this respect will not suffer the slightest infraction of his rights of suzerainty." (*Public Health Reports*, 1865, page 188.)

The process of capitalist production, considered in its continuity, or as reproduction, therefore produces not only merchandise, not only increment of value, it produces and eternalises the social relation between the capitalist and the wage-receiver.

(*To be continued.*)

The Bold Thoughts of Science.

I.—Where Stands Science?

"Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first."—*In Memoriam.*

IN Kensington Gardens there is a noble monument to a Lover of the Arts and Sciences. The high and spacious pedestal bearing the golden image of this good man is beautifully adorned with the marble effigies of many great men, who seem to cluster round the central figure in a happy fellowship. The front side of this pedestal, its chief place of honour, has been reserved for the Poets of all time. In their midst sits Homer on a kind of throne, with Shakespeare at his feet, while Virgil, Milton, Goethe, Molière and many others gather round to listen in rapt stillness to the music of his lyre, and, as it were, to catch the inspiration of his genius. On the right and left sides of the pedestal the poets mix with musicians and artists, among whom Michael Angelo occupies the Homeric chair, and the artists in turn mingle with the great architects. These fill up the back of the pedestal opposite to the poets.

A very natural question to ask on seeing this arrangement is, Where are the Men of Science? Where are Aristotle, Newton, Galileo, Pascal, Faraday? Is there no room for these great memories?

Apparently not; and it seems to have been intended that only Art and Literature should be represented on Prince Albert's Memorial. Nevertheless, he was a lover of science as well as art, and sought to foster both. The omission, then, is somewhat singular, and it is significant that architecture, the art which relies most upon science, should have a backward place.

Worse than all, there are, probably, very few people, except students of science, who would notice the deficiency.

To the popular view the figures have been ranged in their natural order, and the representatives of science are not missed. They would have excited but little interest had they been present; perhaps even less

than that Cheops who evolved the great pyramid out of his inner consciousness and left the world still wondering why.

Science is so abstract a thing, so remote from the sphere of ordinary human sympathies, that it is not strange if people in general seem to care little about its votaries. The artist and the poet appeal to the better feelings and experiences of mankind; they touch the universal heart; and it is to be expected that their memories should have a green and living interest for the world. The triumphs of science are divorced from all feelings except those of wonder and fitness, and these are neither deep nor lasting. Familiarity soon reduces even the telephone to something commonplace; and the great law of gravitation is known to most of us as a simple formula which is useful in astronomy.

There are signs, however, of a great change in this respect of late, and men of science are by no means content to linger in the shade. They do not hesitate to assert a dominant place for their favourite study. Recent scientific advances have made them bold; and there are symptoms, too, of arrogance and aggressiveness in their behaviour. The prestige of the conqueror is upon them, and neither the "ashes of our fathers nor the temples of our gods" are sacred in their sight.

Science nowadays has adopted rather a patronizing air to her sisters, art and literature. After proving to her satisfaction that we human beings are the chosen samples of the great ape family, and that even the longest pedigree includes a baboon and a whelk or two; after reducing the soul to a chemical product, and casting doubts upon its existence hereafter, the science of the time affects a tolerant but slightly superior attitude to poetry and painting. Poetry, indeed, does not meet with quite as much favour as painting. Poetry, in the eyes of science —and by the term science we are understood to mean the more advanced scientific thinkers of the day—poetry in their eyes is little better than the inarticulate howling of the dumb-ape men, who bayed their passion to the moon, what time the dragon burbled in the "filmy toves." Poetry is a "survival" of a lower stage of human development. It belongs to the childhood and juvenescence of mankind, and its counterpart may be seen in the "romancing" tendency of many individual children. But the race has now come to maturity, according to the new science, and has learned to look at things as they are, and to care only for hard facts. A table of statistics is infinitely higher than a fine poem. It is, in short, the only true poem, for it is the voice of nature, the plain, unvarnished reality, and what can be better than that?

Poets are admitted to have some skill in describing the phenomena of nature; but, in the eyes of science, it is a false and misleading description. It is not strictly accurate, and is deformed by feeling and imagination. It cannot be relied on to further the cause of research, and therefore it is meretricious. Painters, on the other hand, are more faithful, especially when they draw from the model, and therefore their work is, on the whole, to be encouraged. If they will only be true to their subject, and paint it as it really is, without embellishing or falsifying it, they may even attain the honour of proving useful to science. A life-like painting of a giraffe or gorilla, not to speak of the extinct dodo, would be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. But there must not be more than the normal number of rings on the giraffe's tail, and the thumb of the gorilla must be rendered with the utmost fidelity.

With all respect for scientific accuracy in art, when it is understood to be another name for truth in imitation, we cannot but feel that this view of painting is a very narrow one: mere exactness of pourtrayal is not the true aim of an artist. His first object is to paint things as he sees and *feels* them to be—he has to represent the sentiment and impression in his mind, not the mere external appearance which has produced it. If the scene has called forth a feeling of poetry in him, that feeling must be infused into his work, and it is that feeling which gives his work its highest value—it is that feeling which is beyond price, and which does not reside in the subject itself but in his mind. Having invested the bare subject with that feeling, and beautified it with the charm of his own poetic spirit, the picture has the power to raise a similar feeling in others; and it is this magic power which constitutes the higher element in his art. Any skilful draughtsman can depict things as they really are, but it requires an artist to depict them as they seem to a poetic soul.

A scientific habit of mind naturally blinds a person to this refined ethereal property in nature, and quenches even the poetry of a beautiful sunset, so it is no wonder that we find men of science giving the first place to scientific accuracy in artistic work. But to the artist this is only a secondary matter, though an important one. If his chief care is to be accurate from a scientific point of view, his feeling of the beautiful must suffer, for the mind must give precedence to one or the other. He must work in love and freedom, and under the influence of his feeling, which should, if possible, be a poetical and not a scientific one. We are inclined to think that the artist knows his own

business very well, and works under laws which the man of science does not quite understand, and which perhaps he had better not attempt to question.

But it is part of the attitude of science now to question everything; and we have no fault to find with the "questionable spirit" so long as it is exercised with taste and moderation. It seems to us, however, that men of science go a great deal too far in their interference with established ways and tenets. A little wholesome snubbing would not be amiss; but they occupy a position so respectable and so inaccessible to those unversed in their peculiar secrets, that few can dare attack the stronghold of their self-conceit.

We are fain to ask, however, if this new idol, science—this golden image of superior enlightenment, is not supported upon clay feet after all. Let us try to lift the veil a little and peep under its majestic hem.

To science we are certainly indebted for vaster conceptions of the universe than our fathers had. The telescope has probed the unfathomable depths of space, and has revealed to us a countless swarm of suns and systems surrounding our insignificant planet on every side. This little earth is seen to be a mere speck in the world-strewn fields of ether. Far as the lens can penetrate there are myriads of worlds in constant change, each apparently fulfilling its destiny and running its course from fiery youth to maturity of life, death and decay. This vast process appears to have been going on from all eternity. We say appears, for it is one of the limitations of science that it cannot speak as to eternity. It can only infer that the process has been going on for æons of years, and affords us no light as to the beginning or the end. Neither can it pass beyond the utmost range of the telescope, and here again it is limited to what it sees. Beyond the bounds of the visible universe we are again left in the dark.

All that we have learned, then, from the astronomer is that outside of our own little planet, with its cloudy azure curtains, there are numberless companion worlds with which we can have no connection, but which appear to obey cosmical laws similar to our own. The starry night gave us an inkling of these before, but no certain knowledge of their extent and number.

The geologist tells us that the world we live in is far more ancient than we had supposed, and that other animals and other plants once luxuriated and died on lands and in waters which have disappeared. The present aspect of the world is but the last in a long series of

shifting scenes, and we ourselves are treading on the graves of innumerable beings who preceded us. From a red-hot molten mass the earth has cooled down to its present stage, and the snows which gather round the Poles are prescient of the condition it is coming to. Like the first grey hairs they are the symptoms of advancing age and indicate the final death.

But the geologist has no authority for saying what the end of the earth will be for certain. He infers that it will end in a state of desolation such as we have described if things go on as they are going. A playful comet, however, may upset all his calculations and alter matters in a most unaccountable manner by its cosmical caprice. The prediction of physicists that the entire universe is gradually running down like a clock, and must ultimately end in universal death and stillness, is another prophecy which we cannot seriously accept without pointing out that some unexpected turn of the wheel may falsify it. If things go on as they are going it may be true enough; but, surely, we know altogether too little of the laws and structure of matter to venture upon such a sweeping theory.

Of the structure of matter, and of the true nature of the physical forces, heat, light, electricity and magnetism, we know almost nothing. We think we know something, and give that little a name, which crystallises our ignorance. We call heat "a mode of motion," for example, and light a wave movement in ether. But what kind of *mode* it is, and what is ether, what is matter, we are absolutely at a loss to tell. Nay, we may go further and own at once that science can never tell us. Science can only enlighten us as the *form* and *movement* of things. She may demonstrate, perhaps, that matter is made up of atoms, that ether is made up of atoms too, and show us how these atoms interact; but there still remains the question what is an atom, and if science should even solve this great problem and tell us that an atom is a peculiar *shape* of some ultimate substance, we have still to ask what is that substance, and here our quest must end for the ultimate *stuff* out of which matter is made is beyond our knowing. We may conceive of something like it, and have an ideal of it in the mind, but this is all.

Even in the study of the minute, then, science is again checked on the confines of the unknown, and, if tangible matter remain a mystery, what can we expect to learn about impalpable thought?

The feet of the idol are indeed of clay, and the knowledge that forms the boasted standpoint of science is but a seeing through the glass more

or less darkly. Yet may there be a head of gold towering aloft and resplendent in the sunshine of eternal truth. At times it would seem that some great investigator is conscious of having risen to this higher level where he communes with more than that which he can weigh and measure, and analyse and dissect. To a Newton or a Darwin the great theories of gravitation or evolution were informed with naught of the positive all-sufficient infallibility claimed for them by smaller minds, and by so much as they fall short of this popedom they the more shed a light of revelation upon the truths of the universe.

It is in this direction that the gaze of science may most nobly be bent. Material philosophers have well-nigh succeeded in endowing Matter and Motion with divine attributes; and the time has now come for a breaking of the bonds that thus tie down research and thought. Science must step forth into the glad light and look around at the world of feeling and imagination. She must dare to think boldly; she must dare even to consort with Fancy. Let her remember that the bounds of the imaginable are conterminous with those of the possible, and that it is only the inconceivable which cannot be. Who, for example, can maintain that there does not exist some vast region of space utterly void of matter? This may well be, and the question then arises whether this material vacuum is also a vacuum from an immaterial point of view. We may concede the absence of atoms, ether, and the physical forces, and yet hold that a Something is still there, that life and feeling and thought are not absent, that joy and beauty and truth may gladden that unfathomable universe of souls. And this very exercise of the imagination is not without a practical bearing upon the everyday work of science. It teaches us that immaterial existences and influences may be amongst us in this grosser region of space, and that possibly they to some extent control the working of the material phenomena to which we consider our experience to be limited. A Tyndall or a Huxley may refuse to indulge in such speculations, and may insist upon adhering to the Baconian maxim *de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio;* but it is equally philosophical to refuse to accept the bounds of their experience as the confines of the universe. Nay, it is surely more truly scientific to hold that the generation of to-day is like past generations in knowing but a portion of the forces and influences that exist, than to assert the impossibility of there being anything in existence dissimilar to what we have already experienced.

We are not concerned to deny that the senses are the gateways of

knowledge, but we do maintain that science may be more fitly employed than in acting as doorkeeper. Let her challenge the incomers if she please and watchfully distinguish between friend and foe, between true and false, but let her also take her seat in the council-chamber and be present in the banqueting-hall. She is knowledge and her place is with the highest. But if she wilfully refuse to look upwards men will assuredly not place the crown of sovereignty upon her brow.

It is not in papers on the spectrum of a comet, or the chemical analysis of a new mineral that the soul can find its proper pabulum. It is on the treasure of art and literature, on the beauty of pictures, the sentiment of music, the wisdom of books, that the mind is properly nourished. These things soften and refine as well as strengthen, whereas mere science is apt to harden while it strengthens.

Art, in brief, gives a charm and grace to life which science can never give. To the man of science nature is a mechanism which it is his duty to study. He seeks to know the fit and useful. To the artist nature is a splendid pageant; he seeks to multiply the beautiful and tender. This gift to men is something rarer, and, to our thinking, higher than the gifts of science. And then comes the poet, who combines a love of truth and beauty in himself and seeks to realize the ideal. We place him first of all, for his gift is the rarest and most precious.

The man of science tells us *how* the world is made, and how we are to keep our material comforts. The poet teaches us why the world was made, and how we are to keep our peace of mind. He shows us the ideal life, the world not as it is but as it was meant to be, and the vision lifts us out of ourselves to something higher.

The ideal which art of all kinds concerns itself with, and especially poetry, is but the Divine idea of the world and men, the goal which nature is constantly making for but does not reach. Surely, then, the art which presents this to us and shows us what we might become is far more valuable to us than the learning which merely shows us what we are. It is the cultivation of the ideal in its widest sense (and this of course includes religion, which, however, is without our scope) that elevates and beautifies our life.

On the whole, then, we have come to the conclusion that the popular sense of the precedence given to poets and artists over men of science in the matter of hero-worship is not erroneous. It requires a rare and fine combination of gifts to make a man a poet, an intimate union of invention, fine feelings, and exquisite taste, together with a sense of

music and a special power of language. His invention, too, must be of the highest order, and deal with a variety of beautiful and amusing images. His feelings must be deep as well as fine, and his observation accurate and searching. The mind of the poet is something superlatively rich, as has been recognised in all past ages.

Though science has undoubtedly a greater claim upon our attention than ever, partly because of its wondrous triumphs, which in themselves rival the pre-conceptions of the poets, still we cannot give it the foremost place in the band of intellectual graces. We should prefer to speak of these as three in one, without instituting any invidious comparisons between them; but, if it come to be a question of precedence, then we must own that of the three sublime sisters, Art, Science, and Literature, the greatest of these is Literature.

II.—A Vision of Space.

Few incidents in the history of mankind are more worthy of thought than the study of the stars by the Chaldean sages. For long centuries the mystic towers of Nineveh and Babylon served to connect the fate of empire on the Mesopotamian plains with the glittering skies above; and bold is he who would say that the marvellous greatness and riches and civilisation of Assyria were independent of the lore and influences that descended with the star-beams to inform the watchers of the night. Amid the crumbling mounds that are now the sole monuments of so much whilom wisdom and splendour, modern researches have brought to light a series of records, in the shape of graven cylinders and tiles, which, within the last few years, have yielded an abundant store of materials for the historian who, it is to be hoped, will one day take up the task of depicting Assyrian life. Foremost in his wondrous tale will stand the story of the towers from whence the glorious signals of the heavens were observed; and, we venture to add, the blue space of the empyrean will be found to have arrested the attention of those Eastern mind-compellers as much as, if not more than, the bright stars themselves.

We are led to these reflections by the course of astronomical science at the present day. A reaction against the ultra-materialism of the last decade has set in concurrently with what may perhaps be regarded as a further development of materialistic views. While, on the one hand, each newly observed phenomenon is sought by some to be

regarded but as an additional link in the chain of mechanical causation by which the events of the universe are held to be confined within the limits of necessity; so, on the other hand, a growing number of observers are learning to regard the self-same facts as indicating the area of life and soul and free-will to be omnipresent. The late Professor Jevons, for example, not long ago tried to prove some relation of independence between sunspots and famines; and Herbert Spencer is virtually (by his deliverances on sociology) endeavouring to prove that famines have a necessary influence upon the minds and actions of men. The phenomenon upon which these philosophers rely may be admitted to exist in the manner and to the extent claimed; and yet the only legitimate inference to be drawn from them is that the relations and means of communication between mind and matter are found to be more numerous and subtle than was before imagined. If, therefore, mind be a conscious something capable of acting upon matter, all that Jevons and Spencer prove is the extended potential area of mind; and in no respect do they help forward the determination of whether the assumption that mind so exists is correct or not. The Evolutionists, again, have very successfully shown how surrounding physical circumstances are attended by corresponding states of vital, and even moral, existence. The butterfly's adornment, the speed of the gazelle, and the nudity of mankind are proved to be but the results of certain material influences operating by insensible degrees through slow ages; while the fox's cunning, the ant's intelligence, the bravery of man, and the tender love of woman are traced to similar sources. All this may be most freely admitted, and may savour of the most thorough-going materialism: yet it may equally lead us to conclude that where such unsuspected hands have been found busily shaping the course of destiny, other and still more lissom fingers may have worked unseen. We maintain that true logic forbids us to accept the limits of human experiment and observation as the confines of the universe.

Confines! We live in space—illimitable, infinite space! Stars there are so distant that their rays, travelling at the rate of 185,000 miles per second, take centuries to reach our eyes; and yet, vast as their distance from us may seem, it ceases to exist when compared with the space beyond them. The whole solar system to which we belong is rushing through space at an enormous velocity. It has done so for countless ages, and the distance traversed is, and ever

will be, for all eternity, not a hair's breadth when compared with the vast regions ahead. Do not suns, planets, satellites, comets, meteors, nebulæ, and all the heavenly host fade from our minds as we contemplate the space which they inhabit? It is the inscrutable, the unfathomable, that fascinates; and to the Chaldean standing at midnight on the topmost terrace of his lofty tower, space must have been at once the mystery of mysteries and the ever faithful mother of revelations. Animated, doubtless, by the reactive tendency of which we have spoken, natural philosophers have of late displayed a disposition to enquire into the possibilities of the universe instead of confining themselves to the consideration of the facts observed by means of their instrumental antennæ. Analogy and hypothesis are once more made use of, and imagination herself is no longer condemned to an indignant silence. This unshackling of the mind is more perceptible in astronomical circles than in any other division of science; and though we are far from predicting any revival of astrology in a serious form, yet we cannot but anticipate that the study of the extra-mundane influences at work upon mankind will ere long draw to itself the earnest attention of many of our ablest thinkers. Many deeply interesting problems of this nature already await solution, and the surprising phenomena already observed afford a foretaste of the new world of knowledge that lies before us in this direction.

The popular, and virtually the scientific, notion of cosmical space hitherto prevailing is that of certain solar, planetary, stellar, nebulous, and other masses scattered at intervals, and moving in various systems through a boundless expanse of a subtle gaseous body termed ether. Probably no scientist will care to admit the accuracy of this statement, but the majority would be sorely puzzled to give any other account of what they hold the universe to be. Refinements of detail might, indeed, be introduced here and there; but in its main features the description we have given corresponds to the imagining of the average scientific mind of the present day. The conception, though not quite so gross a realism, is of a similar nature to the vulgar idea of the Deity as an old man with white hair and beard, sitting on a throne somewhere above the clouds—an idea which youthful associations tend to fix so firmly in our mind that we doubt if any person of the present generation has succeeded in completely eradicating it, even whilst fully convinced of its absurdity. Against this notion of space some facts have lately been observed, and many more are to be discerned for the

seeking; while iconoclastic remarks, mostly of an indirect character, have begun to make their appearance in scientific literature.

We ourselves are inclined to blame the modern doctrine of the conservation of force for much of the crude thinking that prevails. This doctrine, with its twin, continuity, forms a veritable fetish, occupying a place of worship surrounded by a rank swamp of superstition, wherein its votaries are stuck fast in all directions. That we are not overstating the case let the following passage from Professor Tait's "Recent Advances in Physical Science" attest:—"The energy of the universe is, on the whole, constantly passing from higher to lower forms, and therefore the possibility of transformation is becoming smaller and smaller, so that in the lapse of sufficient time all higher forms of energy must have passed from the physical universe, and we can imagine nothing as remaining except those lower forms which are incapable, so far as we yet know, of any further transformation. The low form to which all transformations with which we are at present acquainted seem inevitably to tend is that of uniformly diffused heat. We know, in fact, that in order to make any use of heat—to transform it into mechanical power or into any other form of energy—it is absolutely necessary that we should have bodies of different temperatures. We must, as it were, have a source and a condenser. Now, when all the energy of the universe has taken the final form of uniformly diffused heat, it will be obviously impossible to make any use of this heat for further transformation. Thus, so far as we can as yet determine, in the far distant future of the universe the quantities of matter and energy will remain absolutely as they are now—the matter unchanged alike in quantity and quality, but collected together under the influence of its mutual gravitation, so that there remains no potential energy of detached portions of matter; the energy also unchanged in quantity, but entirely transformed in quality to the low form of uniformly diffused heat."

Let it be granted that a prodigious lapse of time would be required for this result to be produced. Still, the period would be finite; whereas time already past is infinite. If, then, conservation of force and continuity be true doctrines, the following dilemma arises: either the existing order of things had a beginning, in which case continuity must be given up; or the universe would now consist of uniformly distributed matter at an uniform temperature, which is not the case. Accordingly we are forced to conclude that the fetish is but a fetish, and that the doctrines composing it are true only within narrow limits.

Gravitation is another scale that must be removed from our eyes before we can hope for a true vision of space. Newton's perception of gravity as the force that regulates the motion of the heavenly bodies must, indeed, remain unquestioned as a discovery of scientific truth. And yet we are satisfied that he himself would never have demanded for gravity the attribute of necessary or even perpetual existence. He would have pointed out that the word "gravity" simply signifies a phenomenon, without throwing any light upon its real nature or even upon its manner of action; and, therefore, that it would be unphilosophical to predicate anything concerning it beyond the limits of observation and moderate analogy. Our modern scientists, however, will have none of this caution. The eternal and omnipresent action of gravity, under the laws by which it works within the range of their telescopes, is essential to their theory of a mechanical universe, and accordingly they insist upon such action.

Worse, though, than the attribution of exaggerated properties to a mode of energy is the pure invention of a substance. This has taken place by the introduction of the fetish ether. Our Obi-men laugh at the exploded notions of the philosopher's stone, the *elixir vitæ*, the *perpetuum mobile*, the universal solvent, caloric, and the like; but they gravely teach the existence of ether with no better grounds than could have been urged by every mediæval alchemist for the truth of his imagined *idolæ*. In a mechanical universe force, it is urged, cannot be transmitted save by physical contact and the intervention of a physical vibratory medium. "Nature abhors a vacuum," is still a scientific canon; and lest some new Galileo should be tempted to exclaim "*E pur si muove*," an abundant supply of ether has been kindly provided with which to avoid the violence that would be done to poor nature by the occurrence of a material void. Of the marvellous properties so liberally assigned to this ether, we have not room to speak at any length; but it would be possible to show that they far transcend all that any alchemist ever claimed for the choicest figment of his fancy. According to Sir John Herschel, for example, it is endowed with inertia, and yet does not gravitate! Clearly, then, we must look elsewhere than at the shrine of ether if we would see space as it really exists.

Let us ascend into the blue night, and traverse its mighty abyss. Look where yonder globe sweeps majestically onwards, wrapped in a soft covering of ambient light. And yet how that covering sparkles and scintillates with multitudinous flames! Flash succeeds flash with

such rapidity that the coruscations merge into a tremulous sheen. Let us try, nevertheless, to count these outbursts of light. In an hour we have numbered some twenty millions of distinct flashes and are conscious of innumerable others.

That globe is the earth, and the atmosphere is its covering. Each flame that we have seen is the cremation of a meteor. Not a day passes without the earth being bombarded by some 500,000,000 masses of metallic and other matter, varying in weight from about a ton to less than an ounce. They enter the atmosphere at speeds varying from thirty to fifty miles per second, and the resistance of the air generates an amount of heat sufficient to disperse them into thin vapour. Occasionally a fragment may escape complete combustion, and reaches the ground in a still solid state; or, more often, a shower of meteoric dust falls invisible and impalpable save where it is caught to the bosom of the virgin snows on the mountain summit, or amidst the lone regions of arctic glaciers. Such snows, when carefully examined, are found to yield an appreciable quantity of meteoric iron particles.

A sudden gleam makes us look in the direction of the sun. Ah! that was a transcendently gorgeous spectacle! How swiftly that column of many-coloured flame shot up full two hundred thousand miles high above the seething furnace that surrounds the vast orb! And, as we gaze, one of the fiery tongues leaps forth, clear of all entanglement, and darts into space. It is a glowing streak of incandescent hydrogen and other gases, some of which are metallic vapours. These, as they cool, form solid masses with interstices in which many volumes of the surrounding hydrogen are occluded. Millions of meteorites are encountered by the comet thus formed. Some are dissipated into vapour; others cleave their way through the gaseous cloud; and others again are arrested in their career. A planet is passed by, and such of the meteoric constituents of the comet as are nearest experience a retardation of speed which causes them to become slightly separated from their companions. Thus the cluster is lengthened out, and the comet sweeps through space, its head blazing with the frequent impact of meteors, and attended by an ever-increasing train of bodies that from time to time encounter the earth's atmosphere, and reveal themselves to mankind as a shower of shooting-stars.

Look more closely at the garment of air surrounding the earth. Do we trace any zone of demarcation at 150 miles from the terrestrial

surface? We do not. We see the constituent atoms darting forth into space, there to mingle with the atoms that break loose from suns and comets, stars and meteors, in countless millions. These cosmical motes, with their eternal clash, are fully capable of transmitting the vibratory motions that are thought to constitute light, heat, electricity, and the like, without the assistance of a pervading ether. But, inasmuch as each radiant body propagates vibrations through illimitable spheres, and as such bodies at greater or less distances occupy the whole periphery of vision, it follows that every atom must be the centre of innumerable converging impulses. So far then from interstellar space being quiescent, it is the scene of eternal strife and activity, beyond the power of any imagination to conceive. It is a vast nebula of material masses varying in size from suns to atoms, and seethes throughout its whole extent with the interchange of equally diversified degrees of motion. The static attributes of matter we know to change with its modes of aggregation: its dynamic properties depend upon its modes of motion. Our vision of space therefore teaches us that the number of material properties and physical forces are infinite as compared with the few already known to us by means of experimental investigation.

And what of life itself? Think of the infinitesimal speck of protoplasmic matter which our philosophers hold to be sufficient as the origin of all that lives and moves upon the earth. A few particles of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen grouped together in a particular form, and set a-vibrating in certain modes—such is protoplasm! The association and dissociation of vibrating molecules and compounds—such is life! If, then, we gaze with unfettered vision into stellar space, and mark its infinitely more varied groupings and movements of atoms and molecules and masses, is there not unfolded before us a panorama of life and vital activity compared with which the organic phenomena of the earth fades into the extremest insignificance? Beings of vast size, of prodigious power and of awful wisdom, move hither and thither through the thin air. Scenes of beauty that delight a million senses are there to greet us. Joys far greater than the heart of any earthly poet ever conceived accompany existence in those realms; and the shafts of supernal woe there transfix many a mighty form with unutterable agony. With such materials, what scope for evolution!

Communion with the inhabitants of space grows possible, nay, probable, as we watch. Birth and death—what are they? Does consciousness begin with the one or end with the other? Do we not rather

discern an interchange of radiant vital energy between the earth and the surrounding regions of active life? Generation must be numbered with the fetishes, and the upholders of spontaneity and heterogeneity with the big and little-enders of Lilliput. If, as is the case, the total quantity of life upon the earth be capable of increase or decrease, we can only refer such augmentation or diminution to some outer source or recipient. Matter comes and goes perpetually between the earth and space. The vibratory motions that constitute physical force do the same. Life is in nowise different. But the concomitants of life are reason, emotion, and free-will, varying in power and extent with the limits of the physical mechanism to which they may be for the time attached. Genius, therefore, may claim space as its inheritance, and inspiration is whispered by the powers of the air.

These are no wild fancies. They are but the first dim glimpses of what must exist around us if we are to accept the teaching of modern philosophy whilst rejecting its obvious superstitions. Once more we dwellers on the plain look up with awe and reverence to the weird figure that peers out into space from the summit of the mystic tower, and our hearts silently whisper: "Watchman, what of the night?"

The Book-World of To-Day.

MOUNT IDA, *April* 1, 1883.

THERE is little doing up here just at present. I have no new arrivals to report, and though from this serene height we have noticed a numerous multitude of climbers painfully picking their way over the rough slopes below, none have yet succeeded in making much real progress. A few laughable incidents have, nevertheless, happened. Poor Robert Browning, for example, who long ago grew tired of the soft air, blue skies, glad sunshine and sweet sounds of this place, has, it seems, made up his mind to come back; some kind friend having told him that the English Laureateship is likely soon to become vacant, and that the Queen-Empress has already confided to Mr. Gladstone "her intention to bestow the appointment upon Mr. Browning, if he would but begin to write some poetry so as to qualify himself for the post." Accordingly, a few days ago, we saw our friend making signs from the far-off thicket of prickly pears in which he has of late resided. Presently, up rose a *ballon d'essai*, which, being skilfully prepared and cast off by Smith, Elder & Co., came straight towards us and was easily caught. It held, not only an application for a safe pass hither, but also a sample of fruit from the thicket in the shape of a book called *Jocoseria*. A cry of "Tennyson!" arose; and the bard at once took the book to the usual place of proclamation and read it aloud to the eager crowd. It told of Adam and his two wives—parson-married!—and how, being frightened by a thunderstorm, the jades made him their father-confessor till the storm was over, and then, plucking up courage once more, treated all they had said as a joke; of one Donald, a sorry rogue, who foully killed a stag that had spared his life; of Jochanan Hakkadosh, who borrowed a year from the lives of his friends and paid them with a full tale of the purest maundering; of the Swedish Queen Cristina and her last love-talk with her secretary, who probably welcomed the daggers of his murderers as a means of

escape; of Solomon saying anything but soft nothings to the Queen of Sheba—

> The building must be my temple, my person stand forth the statue,
> The picture my portrait prove, and the poem my praise—you cat, you!

and of Ixion fairly broken at last upon a wheel of disjointed verse. Thus far the contents were clear enough. Nay, more: a quick-flashing word, a living phrase, now and again smote our ears and drove some rare thought deep into our souls. At times our hearts beat faster, our breath came and went hastily, our eyes sparkled; and then—harsh grating would set our teeth on edge, and our minds would painfully endeavour to emerge from chaos. The reading came to an end. Who would pose the question? Light as a fleck of sea-foam, Swinburne sprang forward to the mossy rock, and with a wild glance around him at the investment of green trees and laughing waters, said, thickly enough, "Is't prose or poetry?" Our custom is for the reader to reply. Tennyson was observed biting his thumb-nail, and earnestly studying the little well-worn, brown-covered dictionary of rhymes he carries about with him at Freshwater. Ere long, he looked up, tossed back his lank locks, and said in melancholy tones—

> Poems in *Jocoseria?* Or charms in bosh?
> As well deem sane Jochanan Hakkadosh,
> Or Donald manful. What a dismal crew
> Of jangling thoughts and words! How much ado
> About what's *nihil* rather than a *vox!*
> The very seagulls, screaming to the rocks,
> Sing sweetest music if these slipshod lines
> Be poetry, and if the witless whines
> Of Adam's wives be keenly felt remorse.
> Nor time, nor loveliness, nor wit, nor force,
> Can I here trace. No pure celestial fire
> Has ever nerved the hand that swept *this* lyre!

The ripple of laughter that succeeded was accepted as the wave of public opinion, and poor Browning is still left to his prickly pears.

Another amusing episode was a reading with which Lady Florence Dixie lately favoured us. It consisted of selections from her forthcoming work and was excellently well received. The following passage, however, was nearly productive of serious results:—

"I have learnt to esteem him a charlatan who achieves success in literature by the dexterity with which he nurses and rears a feeble bantling rather than by the inherent vigour of his conceptions. There be some who would go boldly forth into the market with wines pressed from the sour grapes of a Kensington vineyard, and would sell largely, while others might proffer in vain the true nectar of high Olympus."

Charles Reade, from the Kensington house he has dubbed "Naboth's Vineyard," happened to be listening to our proceedings by means of the telephone that constitutes his only connection with this place. At the word "dexterity," we could hear him begin to mutter something about "Jacky," and "dam ridiklus;" but when Lady Florence spoke of sour grapes from a Kensington vineyard, a torrent of invectives leapt forth from the receiver. It was characterised by much finish, and forcibly reminded us of the speaker's letter to the Yankee, who hinted a doubt respecting the alleged worth of left-handed compliments. How long the reprobation of Lady Florence and her hearers would have continued I know not; but, taking advantage of an emphatic interval between two incisive remarks, one of us approached the transmitter, and asked, in contrite tones, "Is it never too late to mend, dear boy?" The reply came back, clearly and sternly, "Never!" "What! *Never?*" we all simultaneously exclaimed. "Well, hardly"—— None of us quite heard the conclusion, for a universal shriek of laughter rent the welkin, and well nigh split our sides.

We all think Lady Florence's book will be a success big enough for Patagonia. The which reminds me of some Homeric laughter that lately vibrated its way hither from a London club. It was caused by the story of a manuscript which, when first submitted to the publishers, contained a startling account of how an adventurous lady had once upon a time defended a camp against the attack of a whole tribe of Indians, and had, thanks to the aid of two faithful dogs, driven off the foe prior to the return of her husband and friends, who had gone away on a hunting expedition. There was some discrepancy in the narrative, and, on the MS. being returned for correction, it found its way into the husband's hands, who, seeing that he then for the first time became acquainted with his wife's exploit, deemed it better to allow the episode to remain in modest obscurity, and forthwith expunged it from the records.

Why do not our poets more often try their hands at prose? Some of them, to be sure, with the happy unconsciousness of true genius as to its own merits, have, like M. Jourdain in the play, been writing prose all their lives without suspecting it. And, in many people's eyes, their only claim to the possession of any imagination whatever is the "true poetic frenzy" which, to their own vision at least, can transform the draggled feathers of their farmyard geese into the white-plumaged swans of fancy. But the prose of a real poet would be something very different from this. Rumours reach us that Matthew Arnold and Walt Whitman are conjointly engaged upon a novel, having for its subject the development of character, arising from a philosopher being so impressed with his ideal of woman that he falls desperately in love with some half

a dozen at once, each of whom corresponds to some part of the ideal. Many of the situations are said to be very striking, and the subscribers to the libraries have a rare treat in store.

London is so foggy that we cannot see very clearly what is taking place down there. One of us yesterday would have it that the English public were about to greet another literary baronet, in the person of Sir James A. Froude, Bart., D.C.L., who would then be entrusted with the editorship of the new journal about to arise from the amalgamation of the *Athenæum* and *Spectator*, and to be called the *Ayenbite of Inwyt*. If Sir Charles Dilke had the *entrée* here we could soon ascertain the truth; but, unfortunately, he is so busy with his forthcoming *Sultan Sonnets; or the Golden Horn*, that he has no time for climbing.

The mention of Froude reminds me of the hoax played upon those dull celebrities, the *Contemporary Review* and *Nineteenth Century* some time ago. It was at the close of the quarrel between Froude and Freeman, and one of the magazines—I forget which—gravely published an article entitled *Last Words on Mr. Froude*. That something was wrong was clear enough to all who read the article; but it was only a few days ago that the truth leaked out. It came to our knowledge that the real "Last Words" prepared by the Norman historian for the tombstone of his brother chronicler formed a fitting epitaph, and we were all anxious to hear how the strife had ended. Will Morris was unanimously appointed reporter, and when a sufficient audience had gathered together, he read the following:—

Here, underneath this marble shroud,
Rests one who's won his rest indeed;
For when alive, as J. A. Froude,
He laboured with more haste than speed.

He picked up stones and thought them gems:
He heard a blare and deemed it fame:
His jewels deck no diadems,
No tongues his genius shall proclaim.

His craft was writing; and he wrote,
It must be owned, with no small craft,
Which yet was such a cockle-boat,
That all who saw it stood and laughed.

He penned a history, and hoped
The world would surely think it true,
Although he never had soft-soaped
The lynx-eyed *Saturday Review*.

Too late he saw the coming death,
And plied his *Nineteenth* pen in vain;
He fell; and cried with latest breath,
"I'm surely by the doctor slain."

Morris's voice nearly failed him as he proceeded, and when he came to the last line we saw a big round tear slowly coursing down his cheek. Lord Houghton rushed forward, similarly affected, and silently pressed Will's hand, while their two tears fell and mingled on the green sward. 'Twas a touching spectacle; but ere we all made up our minds to follow their example, we asked them why they wept. "It m—made us th—think of K—K—Keats!" was the united reply. We respected their emotion and softly retired.

Vale et valete! I must hurry away to hear the conclusion of that charming book, *The Lady Maud*, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have sent us, a little late in the day, perhaps, and in which Mr. Clark Russell once more holds us fast by the very strings of our hearts.

Grim Tales.

I.—Red-Mayne.

I HAVE hitherto kept a profound silence as to my horrible experience of the mysteries that lurk behind the veil of Nature, and if I now break this silence it is only because my friend, the Editor of To-Day, assures me that I shall remain anonymous, and that no one will, therefore, be able to dub me in my own proper person as either a liar or a lunatic.

In the year 1845, I was staying in a northern town, amid hills and moors. At a distance of some ten miles was a village called Redmayne, near which was the manor house of the old Red-Mayne family, and the church where the members of this family had been buried from time immemorial. The village was happy: it had no history.

One fine summer's day I drove over to Redmayne and dutifully "did" the archæology of the place. I even ascended to the belfry of the old church, and visited the crypt beneath. To this latter the sexton did not accompany me, and I enjoyed a grisly quarter-of-an-hour all by myself in the dim sepulchral light of the ancient vaults, made more weird by the flickering of the taper I carried. I was young and buoyant and not easily taken aback, and I remember I succeeded in forcing back the lock of the iron gate that closed the niche in which the last of the Red-Maynes had been bestowed some hundred years previously. Not that I found anything to reward my exertions, and indeed the air was so utterly chill that I was glad enough to reach the comparatively cheerful chancel once again.

The next day, as I was sitting at a rather late breakfast, I heard a great hubbub in the usually quiet street outside the inn window. The little town was quite in an uproar, and, on my inquiring the cause, I

found there was reason enough. A messenger had come in from Redmayne to tell of a terrible tragedy that had taken place during the night. A man and his wife, who lived in a lonely cottage on the outskirts of the village, had been attacked by some midnight assassin. The man was found lying in his bed fairly strangled to death, as was evident from the livid marks on his throat, while the wife was cowering in her nightdress in a corner of the room, a raving maniac. No one lived in the cottage save the unhappy couple, and no clue to the murderer could be traced. All that could be ascertained was that a belated villager declared he had heard, soon after midnight, a most unearthly scream proceeding from the direction of the cottage, and had been too scared to endeavour to ascertain its cause.

For a week the awful occurrence was the talk of the district. The excitement then abated, and matters were resuming their wonted aspect, when suddenly the minds of all were horrified and convulsed by a repetition of the crime. This time the house attacked was in the very centre of the village, and, within a few minutes from the dreadful scream being heard, the neighbours had rushed to the scene, where, as in the former case, they found the husband lying dead with the print of the murderer's hand upon his throat, and the wife bereft of reason.

I cannot depict the extravagant terror that prevailed. Men, women and children for many miles around thought of nothing, spoke of nothing else than this visit of Death in his most frightful form. Each one believed himself to be marked out as the next victim. Neighbouring families sat up at night with each other, and well-armed patrols scoured the roads and lanes from dusk to dawn. The local authorities strained every nerve, and the most famous of the London detectives was brought down to no purpose. Not a trace could be found of the assassin or assassins, and not a surmise could be formed as to the motive of the double crime. No attempt at robbery had taken place, and the victims in both cases were quiet people in comparatively easy circumstances, and on friendly terms with all their acquaintances.

I need hardly say that I shared in the general excitement. I have no wish to boast, but I can truthfully assert that no sentiment of fear mingled with my anxiety. I accompanied many of the night patrols, and on several occasions I volunteered to watch a suspected point quite alone, save for the presence of my faithful Ajax, a useful blood-hound, who was always at my side I was, however, no more fortunate

than the rest of the searchers and watchers, although Ajax betrayed decided symptoms of uneasiness when I took him to the scenes of the murders. He seemed, if I may so express myself, to be as much puzzled as the rest of us, and he certainly showed some signs of actual affright, much to my surprise.

I was a medical student in those days and had long surmounted the shudder-feeling produced by a corpse. I accordingly examined the bodies of the murdered men with interest, and satisfied myself that the cause of death had been correctly described. I, however, tested the marks of strangulation with my own hand, and found that it was owing to the pressure of a single thumb. This was opposed to the theory of the throat having been seized in the ordinary fashion by both the hands of the murderer; but I was unable to think that any one could possibly possess sufficient strength and address to strangle a person with one hand. I therefore kept my observation to myself.

Presently all were tired. Night-watching was discontinued; the patrols no longer went their rounds; timid folk dared once more to sleep; the local authorities relapsed into their old ways of doing nothing with much fuss and pother; and the famous London detective, having discovered the body of a tramp drowned in a stream on the moors, propounded the convenient story of this being the last of the assassin, whereupon he retired with a heavy fee and much additional fame. I made a point of viewing the dead tramp, and was far from being equally satisfied. The poor half-starved wretch would have required more than both his hands for the fell work.

My time was my own. My means were fairly abundant. My curiosity and determination were alike aroused. I resolved to devote myself to the elucidation of the mystery.

One afternoon I visited Redmayne for the purpose of taking up my abode there until I should accomplish my design. The time was the early autumn, and the village, with its green and its quaint red-tiled houses, looked the last place in the world for the home of tragedy. I stopped at the inn, and, having had my portmanteau carried within doors, I dismissed the vehicle that had brought me, and then went for a stroll on the neighbouring moor, accompanied, as usual, by Ajax. On my way thither and back again I had to cross the churchyard, and as I did so I was struck by the exceptionally picturesque appearance of a house, the back windows of which looked out on a garden bounded by the low churchyard wall. This made me determine to look more closely

than I had hitherto done at the front of the house, situated in a turning off the village green. I walked round to this turning and found the house to be the very picture of peaceful beauty, so much so that I felt I must endeavour to make it my home while I stayed at Redmayne.

On inquiry I found it was inhabited by a retired sea captain and his wife, the latter of whom had been vastly frightened by the murders, while the former had maintained his composure and had roundly sworn to make "short work of the lubbers if they would only try a bit of boarding and close quarters." To such an extent had he carried this spirit that he had insisted on sending the servant girl home at night, in order to entice the enemy, as he said. I was told, however, that he would probably be pleased enough to give me lodging in his house, as he was by no means averse to "a crack and a glass of grog" before going to bed.

This opinion proved true, and that evening I found myself snugly ensconced in Captain Dunstan's parlour, warmly discussing the details of the murders, while Mrs. Dunstan sat listening in ill-concealed agitation, and Ajax lay at my feet, in all the content of a replenished stomach and easy conscience.

"Well, boy," said the old captain as he showed me to my bedroom soon after eleven had struck, "I warrant ee'll sleep none the worse for our bit crack, and, come morning, we's bound to run out our bow-chasers, and set every stitch a-drawing till we overhaul the villain."

The window of my room looked out on the garden I have before mentioned. It was an old-fashioned diamond-paned casement, and, when I threw it open to breathe the fresh night air before going to bed, I saw that it was situated high up in the back wall of the house, and quite out of reach for anybody approaching through the garden. The moon was shining brightly, but there was a quick breeze blowing and rustling among the tall trees at the side of the house. Looking down the long garden and across the churchyard, I could see the old church with its ivy-clad tower standing out sharply and darkly against the sky, with its mullioned windows obscured by the deep shadows of the massive buttresses, save where the moonbeams, or what I took to be the moonbeams, glinted at times from the glass with a quite unearthly brilliancy. On either hand was a kind of orchard which closed the prospect, and the view down the garden had thus the aspect of a weird picture, weirdly framed. Even after this lapse of time I can vividly

reproduce it in my imagination, and can see its most minute details, such as the strangely-white tombstone that seemed to peer just over the garden wall, and the dovecote on a post in the garden, which Captain Dunstan had stayed with ropes in the most approved nautical fashion.

Ajax was with me and quietly settled himself on the hearthrug for a night's sleep, while I, having closed the window and looked carefully round the room, undressed myself and got into bed. There was no feature of any exceptional character about the room, which was a large apartment, with a spacious hearth, a huge cupboard—quite empty, as I took pains to ascertain—and a door opening on the corridor, at the end of which the room of Captain Dunstan and his wife was situated. My bed was an ancient four-poster and the other furniture consisted of a few heavy chairs, a washstand, a toilet table and a massive chest of drawers. All was sombre enough, and I felt no inclination to draw down the window-blind and shut out the rays of the moon when I extinguished the candle.

My walk, or, perhaps, Captain Dunstan s grog, had made me sleepy, and I soon forgot all about my self-imposed mission. I suppose I must have been slumbering for about an hour when a sudden growl from Ajax made me start up. The moon had travelled onward across the sky, and her light now slanted in through the window, brightly illuminating one corner of the room and leaving the rest in shade. My eyes instinctively turned to the light, and as they did so I heard a sound at the casement, where I perceived something moving. In a second I had sprung out of bed and had reached the window. In the clear moonlight I could see a hand striving to open the casement as though some one were reaching up from the ground below. A moment's reflection convinced me that the intruder must have procured a ladder or some other means of scaling the wall, and must be standing in a position which would enable me to cope with him, however strong he might be. I accordingly threw the casement wide open with the view of suddenly seizing the man's arm; but as I did so a chill blast of air seemed to numb all my faculties, and I staggered back with a feeling of such horror that I was altogether unnerved and speechless. The hand followed me, shining white and cold in the moonlight, but without arm or body. Oh! the terror of it! Its cruel fingers were bent as in the act of grasping, and I marked the unusual size and power of its thumb, across which I could plainly see a broad glistening scar. It moved through the air

quickly and silently to the door which it opened, and then vanished into the corridor outside. I had shrunk back close against one of the bed-posts to which I clung half-unconsciously while the cold sweat started from every pore; but, when the hand had quitted the room, I felt as though relieved from some devilish presence, and my courage began to revive.

I turned to where Ajax had been. The poor animal who stood just within the space lighted by the moon was petrified by fear. His eyes were protruding, his lower jaw had fallen, his tail was thrust fast between his legs, and his whole attitude was cowed. He trembled violently in every limb, and although his ears slightly moved when he caught my glance he was obviously incapable of approaching me.

My first impulse on regaining a little self-possession was to go to the window. I looked out expecting to see the ladder by which the invisible body had descended: but no ladder was there. The wall stood as sheer and bare as when I had examined it before going to bed. The garden was as undisturbed and peaceful as before, and the old church, still weirdly framed, filled up the same moonlit picture. Nothing was stirring save the perpetual rustling and sighing of the nightwind amid the trees.

I felt sick at heart and oppressed with a nameless sense of danger, when the very current of my blood was suddenly stayed by the most awful scream that ever was heard by the ear of man. It rang down the corridor and in through the open door of my room with such piercing, throbbing accents, that I shook with the anguish of the sound. Again, again, the horrible cry tore through the stillness of the night. It broke the spell that had held me. I turned and rushed towards the corridor, when something white flashed in front of me. I had barely time to cal "Ajax!" and then I felt such a deadly, icy grip upon my throat that for a moment I lost all sense save of a blind, desperate struggling with suffocation. I clutched wildly at whatever was before me, but, beyond a sensation as though my hands were being plunged into frozen air, I could grasp nothing. I snatched furiously, despairingly at the thing that was about my throat, and I felt a hand of flesh and bone, indeed, but rigid and cold as a vice of steel. For a moment the shade of death was on my eyes, and my nerveless arms fell helplessly down, when a low, angry, sound was heard—a rush, the blow of some heavy body that sent me staggering backwards, a sudden relaxing of the death-grip at my throat—and I was free! I fell half-fainting on the bed, and as I fell I

saw the hand tear itself from the mouth of Ajax and disappear through the window.

It was some minutes before I could recover sufficient strength to stand upright, and when I had regained my feet a loud noise as of knocking was heard in the lower part of the house. In another moment the street door was burst open, and a crowd of people rushed upstairs just as I left my room. They were but partially dressed, and were armed with sticks, pokers, and other rough weapons, seized in a hurry.

"There he is! Down with him!" cried one, aiming a violent blow at me, which I with difficulty avoided.

"Hold hard! It's the young doctor!" cried another, holding aloft a lighted lantern.

There was that in my pale face which stilled them all.

"Come!" said I, taking the light from the man who had recognised me.

I led the way into Captain Dunstan's room. He lay upon his bed, with the clothes disordered, and with his limbs still in the distortion of their death agony. His head was thrust deep down into the pillow, from the hollow of which his rugged features looked forth, agonised by fury and horror; and, underneath his upturned grizzly chin, the finely modelled muscular neck bore the terrible livid imprint we all knew but too well.

The first glance showed us this. The second revealed Mrs. Dunstan standing gaunt and white in the corner of the room, her long grey hair falling over her shoulders, her eyes wildly glaring, and her hands drawn up as though to thrust away some terrible object. She saw us, and her glance passed affrightedly upon each of us in turn until it reached the bed.

I hastily moved forward to hide the form of her dead husband, but it was too late. She sprang forward, uttered a terrible scream, flung up her arms wildly, and fell violently on the floor.

We attempted to raise her. She was dead.

How the rest of that night passed I hardly know. I remember being taken back to my room, and finding Ajax there, crouching in a watchful attitude before the window. I also remember going to bed with two men watching by my side.

When I woke the sun was shining brightly, and, though I heard voices in the corridor, there was no one in the room. Ajax, however, was still

near the window; and, when I looked at him, I saw something on his mouth which made me glance down upon the floor, where similar marks were observable.

They were blood-stains.

(To be continued.)

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TO-DAY:

A MONTHLY GATHERING OF BOLD THOUGHTS.

No. 2.—JUNE, 1883.

"And though all the windes of doctrin were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously by licencing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falshood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the wors in a free and open encounter? . . . . . For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty?"—MILTON. "Areopagitica." 1644.

"Ainsi me suis-je accoutré, non pas me gorgiaser et pomper, mais pour le gré du malade lequel je visite auquel seul je veux entièrement complaire, en rien ne l'offenser ni fâcher. . . . . A bien sûrement et plaisamment parfaire le chemin de la connaissance divine et chasse de sapience deux choses sont nécessaires: guide de Dieu et compagnie d'homme."—RABELAIS.

"Our interest lies so much with the past as may serve to guide our actions in the present, and with so much of the future as we may hope will be affected by our actions now."—CLIFFORD.

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A JUNE SONG:

A DAY IN A DAISY'S LIFE.

I doubt not but each wind may break
In waves of music on thine ear,
Nor that each dew-brimmed cloud may shake
Soft shadow down from noon-tide clear,

Nor that a thousand finer notes,
Unnumbered calls of bird and bee,
Come crowding out of tiny throats,
And flooding up the happy lea.

Till all thy soul is drunk with light
Beyond the reach of words to tell,
Thy full heart bursting with delight
Of gleaming sound and shadowy spell:

While that vast cope of blue around,
That azure bell in space that's hung,
Filled through and through with golden sound
And ringing, as our earth is swung,

Takes up in one each tiniest call
Of rustling leaf and insect's glee,
The trumpet of the water-fall,
The harpstring of the minstrel bee.

To make one song of words divine,
Known only unto God and thee,
Set to strange harmonies and fine
Of gleam and gloom and mystery.

Till, tired out in this storm of bliss,
That breaks and foams from every side,
And wearying for heaven's mother-kiss,
That falls, with dews, at eventide,

As each sense settles into calm,
But knows no touch of want or wrong,
That full, tumultuous thunder-psalm
Tones to the softer undersong,

The dear earth, labouring on through space,
Sings nightly to her sleeping sons:
Ungrudging mother to each race,
But tenderest to the tender ones.

TO-DAY.

No. 2.—JUNE, 1883.

A Story of To-Day.

CHAPTER IV.

A Dark Deed in Smith Street.

SMITH STREET, in the neighbourhood of Euston Square, is one of those localities with which London abounds, and yet which few people ever see. Of the millions that daily throng the ways of the great city, nearly all confine themselves to the main routes and the main centres of business; although these places of concourse and passage to and fro form but a small portion of the vast metropolitan area. Often within a stone's-throw of the busiest thoroughfares lies a district as utterly unknown to the public at large as though it were some unexplored part of the Dark Continent itself. Streets you shall there find leading from nowhere to nowhere, mews approached through mysterious archways, alleys suddenly revealing themselves in apparently impossible positions, courts dimly visible at the end of passages that seem to have been surreptitiously cut through the houses of the street—houses that give no signs of life, and melancholy shops that look as though the entrance of a customer would be the very irony of Fate. The chance wayfarer instinctively hurries his steps as he enters one of these districts, and breathes a sigh of relief as he emerges into the busy world beyond.

In such a district is Smith Street. It is composed of houses dating from the middle of the last century, and now grimy with long accumulations of fog and smoke. It has been paved, and even provided with gas-lamps; and its windows have been enlarged and fitted with modern sashes; but it still retains a quaint appearance, owing to the gable ends, the dormer windows, and the tiled roofs that constitute its sky-lines, too often but dimly visible against the murky gloom overhead. There is

an area, protected by clumsy iron palisading, in front of each house, and a shallow portico before each door ; but the only flowers or creepers that blossom and twine are an occasional milk or beercan, hung upon the spikes of the palisades, and seeming to be true perennials—no persons having yet been discovered who can depose to actually seeing them placed or removed. Vegetation, however, is not entirely absent, for midway along the street stands a house, having on each side a high blank wall, above which can be discerned the black branches, and—in summer—the dingy leaves of a few trees, struggling to exist in the close clammy air, laden with their death by slow poison.

In spite of all that chance wayfarers assert, the fact remains that Smith Street is really inhabited. It even yields a quota to the local rates, and is not altogether unknown to the collector of the Queen's taxes. Of its *flora* we have already spoken ; and its *fauna* is equally remarkable, consisting of the London cat and sparrow in all conceivable and some quite unimaginable varieties. Its native industry seems to consist mainly in the exhibition of cards bearing the wonder-hiding word "Apartments" in the parlour windows. Its most abundant natural product is children, who appear to possess the gifts of perpetual youth and eternal dirt. Its pastime is to parley with the "milk," the "water," and the "gas." Its prevailing philosophy must be that of the Porch, to judge from the earnest interchange of afternoon views between the occupants of the porticoes and those of the neighbouring areas. Its poetry has of late disappeared ; but there was a time when Smith Street could boast of a poet who—not more mad than his fellow-poets—devoted his life to the pursuit of such sunbeams as might from time to time take a daring header through the foggy fuliginous canopy forming the ever-outspread London sunshade. He at length solved the problem of their boldness, and declared this to be the result of some strange tales circulating up aloft in the serene azure—tales which he averred had in many cases taken the shape of songs set to the music of the spheres, and accompanied on the Zauberflöte by the shade of Mozart. One of them, he said, ran thus :—

Go find your fashions in the flow'rs,
  And bid them circulate the myth
That wiles away the long-drawn hours—
  The strange, yet sober, tale of Smith!

In odorous accents they'll express
  More than was ever limned by Frith ;
Although *he* paints, as all confess,
  Most cleverly the tribe of Smith.

And all their ancient, fragrant words
  To Cleopatra's monolith,
Will be repeated by the birds
  Who love to chirrup songs of Smith.

But what the tale is none can know,
Until each sprite shall find his kith ;
Where sunbeams rede in golden glow,
The mystic mystery of Smith.

Whence it came about, so he held, that all localities and persons bearing the name of Smith were objects of absorbing curiosity and tantalising hopes on the part of the sunbeams. Having thus solved the problem, he took the solution with him to the next world, and Smith Street thereafter was poetless.

One almost sunny summer afternoon, some three years before the meeting of Rosamond and Violet in Trafalgar Square, a cab entered the street and stopped at the house between the two blank walls. Smith Street rose to the level of the occasion. Whether its inhabitants are endowed with some marvellous development of antennæ, or whether they have brought the telephone and microphone to some hitherto unheard-of pitch of perfection, we know not. Certain it is, though, that within thirty seconds of the cab coming to a halt, there appeared under every portico, on both sides of the street, a solemn inquisitorial figure; a frowsy head peered through the palisades of every area, and youthful noses, of all sizes and shapes, were vigorously flattened against most of the window-panes.

"I always heard as how nobody never called on him, Mrs. Timkins," said a gaunt Philosopher of the Porch to her next-door neighbour.

"I'm obleeged to you, ma'am, for remembering my remarks," replied Mrs. Timkins, a little old lady primly attired in the dress of a by-gone generation.

"Oh! yes. Now I come to think of it, it *was* you as told me," said the Philosopher.

"It's very handsome indeed of you to bear in mind any little remark of mine," continued Mrs. Timkins; "and, as I said, I am obleeged to you, Mrs. Nobbs. Perhaps you will remember how I told you about my going inside the house, that dreadful morning?"

"Yes, yes. It quite gives me the shivers to think of it."

"I'm obleeged to you, ma'am, for being so handsome as to shiver at any little facts I have seen. Well, when I saw poor Clara Lucinda in a deathly swound on the floor, and the corpse——"

"Mummy, Mrs. Timkins," interrupted the Philosopher.

"Which he *called* it a mummy, I will not deny ma'am," continued Mrs. Timkins, with a tone of superior meekness; "but how he could expect the street to believe that any real mummy could have the face of a corpse, and how poor Clara Lucinda, in the innocent curiosity of her heart, a-desiring to know what was in the box, after looking at the picture in the case on his table, and I have the lovely feeturs in my eye as I saw them——Lor!"

The cabman had knocked at the door of the house, and on this being opened, he had assisted the occupant of the cab to alight—a girl whose appearance hushed all the conversation of the street. Tall and graceful, her figure was yet sufficiently slender to invest her every movement with an airy lightness. Her countenance, of a pure oval, charmed with the softness of its expression, while it was rendered striking by large, dark, lustrous eyes, glancing from beneath strongly marked brows. Her complexion was slightly olive; but her tresses were golden in their wealth, and formed a beautiful contrast to her eyes. Her whole being partook of an ideal character, and had the bard of the sunbeams been still alive he would have described her as an exquisite picture of Poetry adorned by Art.

"The pretty dear!" said Mrs. Timkins, and such indeed was the verdict of all Smith Street, though Mrs. Nobbs and one or two other gaunt members of the sister-hood tossed their heads with a snort of something like dissatisfaction.

Rosamond Grey, for so was the girl named, passed onward into the house, quite unconscious of the excitement her beauty had caused. The cabman began to take down the luggage from the roof of the cab, and was about to shoulder a large box, when a loud shriek of horror and distress resounded from within the house, and in another moment a servant rushed forth screaming frantically.

"Murder! Police! Fire!" she exclaimed, and then, casting a wild glance at the observant faces of the sisterhood around, she threw herself despairingly into the arms of the cabman, and developed a very genuine and successful fit of hysterics.

Policemen are seldom plentiful in districts where landladies and cats abound. Smith Street, in particular, had been regarded as so hopeless by every "intelligent officer," that its inhabitants had come to consider the very existence of the "force" in the light of a more or less probable myth. Yet, on the present occasion, they were so overcome by the scream they had heard, and by the sudden apparition of the terrified servant, that without stirring from their posts of observation, they one and all screamed "Police! Police!" in the shrillest and most energetic accents of the profoundest faith.

They were not without their reward. No deity could have more quickly answered the prayers of his devotees than did the London policeman in responding to the call of Smith Street. By some mysterious coincidence a member of the force entered the street just at the very moment the universal cry arose, and startled by the suddenness and wild frenzy of the invocation, he lost for a moment the self-consciousness of his dignity. A hasty glance showed him what he took to be the struggling forms of the cabman and the servant-girl, and darting to the spot with a rapidity that no inspector would ever have imagined, he

grasped the cabman by the collar, while the unfortunate girl sank fainting to the ground.

"It's no use a-resistin'," said he, as the cabman strove to release his neck from what felt very much like strangulation. "Yer'd better be as quiet as yer victim, there."

"Here, I say, stow that!" gasped the cabman. "The only murdered person's likely to be him as you're a-choking of! Let go, I say."

"That's pretty likely, that is!" rejoined the policeman. "Here!" he continued, looking round, and appealing to the Philosophers and others who were beginning to approach the scene, "Can't some o' you women pick up this dead gal an' do somethin' to bring her to, while I puts the darbies on this gallus-bird here?"

The more adventurous spirits responded to his appeal: the less daring drew back, loth though they were to miss the opportunity of becoming *partes magnæ* in a drama of transcendent interest.

"Ain't you frightened out of your life?" asked Mrs. Nobbs of her neighbour. "There's something in them screeches as'll give pictures to the *Police News* for the next six months."

"It's very handsome of you, ma'am," returned Mrs. Timkins, "to care for my being inteemidated: and I must say as how my nerves is that unstrung, as they surely won't let me go to sleep to-night, except I take some kind of stimyulant. I always did turn queer-like at screams."

Meanwhile the servant-girl, finding herself the centre of sufficiently numerous attentions, had thought proper to recover in some degree.

"Oh! Miss Johnson," said she, with due faintness of utterance, to a lady who was holding forth a smelling-bottle, "I'm sure I shall never get over it. It's a real murder, this time."

"Here, let 'er swear to him before she dies," interrupted the policeman, thrusting Miss Johnson aside. "Do yer rekkernise the prisoner, my gal?"

"Yes: tell 'im what a fool he's making of hisself," added the cabman, who had by this time recovered his breath and equanimity together.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Policeman," said the girl.

"Wy e's the man as murdered yer, ain't he? I see'd him a-doin' it, as sure as my name's Geordie Mogram; an' seein's believin', ses I."

"Oh! no," answered the girl. "He didn't do nothing. He only caught me when I fainted."

A dim suspicion of having made something like a blunder crossed the policeman's mind, and relaxing his hold of the cabman's collar, he asked—

"Well, who was it as murdered yer, then?"

"Gracious! it isnt *me* as they've murdered," replied the girl; and then, espying her opportunity of securing an attentive audience, and

of becoming famous for ever in the annals of Smith Street, she continued—

"I'm goin' to speak the truth, an' the whole truth, an' nothin' but the truth. Cook an' I had just done a-cleanin' of ourselves, and I was a-sittin down to read the *London Journal*, when this cab drives up. 'Cook,' says I, 'I'll be bound as it's Miss Rosamond back from France. I wonder what she'll be like.' 'Ellen,' says cook, 'you'll soon see.' 'Yes,' says I, 'and if she's like the picture of her mother as master keeps in his study, she'll be the prettiest mistress I've ever had.' Just then there comes a knock at the front door, and I hurries down and opens it. Sure enough there was a beautiful young lady getting out of the cab. She comes up to me and says 'I am Mr. Grey's daughter, Rosamond. Show me to my father.' 'Come this way, Miss' says I; and I takes her to the study. I knocks at the door, but master says nothing. Miss Rosamond at once opens the door, and then—Gracious!—there's master lying on the floor, and his white hair all red with blood. Oh! it turns me that faint—oh!"

And the girl fell back into the sympathetic arms of some of the by-standers.

Geordie Mogram had listened as intently as anyone, and had gradually awakened to the real facts of the case.

"There," said he, freeing the cabman, "I'll let yer go this time, but don't yer do it again. And now what yer'd better do is to drive round to the station and bring the inspector and some of 'em here. 'Sharp's the word and quick's the action' ses I, and so, look slippy, while I commence a perfesshunal investigation on the spot. Wait a bit, though, till I take yer perticklers."

He drew a note-book from his pocket, and carefully wetted the point of a pencil in his mouth.

"Now, cabman, what's yer number?" he asked.

"No. 2275."

"Yer full name, and address, and yer title, rank, occupation, business, or calling?"

"Don't you think, policeman, you had better be looking after the murderer instead of wasting time over this cabman?" said a bystander. It was the philosopher, Mrs. Nobbs herself, who had summoned up courage to draw near.

"Oh! so yer want to obstruct the public authorities in the execution of their duties, do yer?" rejoined Mr. Mogram, in accents of lofty scorn. "Well, I should 'ave thought a woman of your years 'd 'ave known better. 'A shut mouth's good for a long tongue' ses I."

What retort would have issued from the trembling lips of Mrs. Nobbs will never be known, for at that moment a new comer appeared on the scene, and attracted the attention of all.

It was Rosamond Grey. Her travelling mantle and hat had been

cast aside, and her hair had fallen in disordered tresses upon her shoulders. Her beautiful face was pale with anguish, and in her lustrous eyes there dwelt such a look of mingled horror, grief, and rage, that she seemed the embodiment of some avenging angel sent down from heaven. She stood in the open doorway for a moment quite still, save for the agitated heaving of her finely-moulded bosom, and the convulsive working of her delicate hands, which were stained here and there with a crimson mark. The westering sun was no longer obscured by clouds, and now cast athwart the street a broad flood of warm light, which made the pavement at Rosamond's feet, and the red brick front of the old house glow again, while it intensified the darkness of the shadow cast by the doorway in which she was standing, and thus enabled the outline of her matchless figure to be distinctly seen. All was outwardly peaceful. Even that dingy London street grew lovelier in the sad stillness of the summer evening, and the crowd was silent, and the warm air was as a soft caress.

For a moment the spell lasted and then, thrusting aside as it were the embrace of pitying Nature, Rosamond advanced to Geordie Mogram, and laying her hand upon his arm said in a low stern voice,

"Come! There is a need for your services."

Mogram followed her into the house, bringing the servant-girl with him, and closing the outer door on the crowd, who were left to speculate as best they might on what had occurred, while the cabman drove off to the nearest police station for the requisite assistance.

The house was far more spacious than, from the street, it appeared to be. A large entrance hall, adorned with statuary and flowers, gave access to the various apartments on the ground floor, and to a quaintly-fashioned staircase, which terminated in a gallery extending round the hall and leading to the upper rooms. At the back of the hall, opposite the street door, was a short passage leading to Mr. Grey's study, and thither Rosamond conducted the policeman. The room was of considerable size, and was lighted by a window in the ceiling, while on either side a door communicated with a conservatory, and these in their turn with the garden that surrounded the house. Many pictures and book-cases occupied the walls of the room, which was otherwise furnished with writing-tables, reading-chairs, and the usual fittings of a library, to an extent that betokened luxurious tastes; but a large narrow table or bench, and a set of shelves supporting a collection of curious instruments and vessels, at the end of the room, seemed to show that philosophical studies were not unknown amid the pleasures of learned ease. Two long boxes supported on trestles stood in one corner, and a large iron safe, with the door thrown wide open, occupied another.

Such were the matters noted by Geordie Mogram on first entering the room, and bestowing a general glance upon its contents. But a second glance revealed objects of more terrible interest. On a couch lay

the body of Mr. Grey, and on a chair beside it sat the cook weeping bitterly, with her head buried in her hands, as though to shut out the sight of the corpse. A cambric handkerchief trimmed with lace had been reverently spread over the dead man's face, and a rose had been placed upon his breast.

"See," whispered Rosamond, leading Mogram to the couch, and quietly lifting a corner of the handkerchief. A frightful wound caused by some blow that had shattered the crown of the skull was visible.

"'Tisn't no fall; and 'tisn't no suercide" responded the policeman in the same low tone. "It may be murder and it may be manslaughter. Per-raps its homercide, and per-raps it's death by misserventur."

Rosamond looked keenly at Mogram.

"Yes," continued the latter, interpreting the look as a tribute to his judicial learning and sagacity—"I know what yer a-thinking of. 'Detectives,' ses I. Well, detectives is good enough for some things, for spoons at a public dinner, and pockets at the Crystal Palace, and a get-up of a divorce case, and such like; but give 'em a missin' Gannesburrer or a Thames mystery, or any other good murder, and they aint in it."

This was said with such an air of experience and superiority that Rosamond was impressed.

"What do you advise?" she asked.

Mogram was not slow to perceive the effect he had produced. "What do I advise?" said he, "Well, this here's a job for a reg'lar, this is; and 'mum's the word,' ses I. When the inspector comes he's bound to put a detective on; but lor' that won't do no good. I shan't say nothing and don't you say nothing neither, Miss; and then on the quiet I can take the job up myself; and if you keeps me goin' in my off-time with expenses, if I don't find out all about it, my name aint Geordie Mogram."

Rosamond had but time to signify her assent to this proposition when a knock was heard at the front door of the house, and immediately afterwards the servant-girl ushered in an inspector of police and a detective officer.

The inspector having uttered a few kind words of sympathy then proceeded to enquire minutely into the whole affair. He elicited from Rosamond that she had found her father lying on the floor of the room, and that, aided by the cook, she had moved the body to the couch. The wound, it was clear, had been produced by a blow from some weapon in the hand of a second person, as its character and position were such as to exclude all possibility of self-infliction, even if a weapon had been found in the hand of, or near the corpse, which, however, was not the case. Nor was it possible for death to have been the result of a fall against some article of furniture, or of a blow from a picture frame or other body accidentally falling; for the corpse had been found lying

away from any such object, and there were no traces of blood anywhere else than in the immediate proximity of the head.

Mr. Grey, it seemed, had lunched in the dining-room as usual, and at about two o'clock had retired to his study where, an hour afterwards, the housemaid had seen him when she entered the room to ask at what time he expected his daughter to arrive from France. He was then engaged in looking at some papers and other articles, which he had apparently taken from the safe, and the housemaid said she was struck by the appearance of a singularly shaped black box bound with brass, in which, as the lid was raised, she could see two bottles containing respectively a red and a blue liquid. No visitor had called, she was sure, between the time of her thus seeing her master, and the hour of his discovery, when she had accompanied Miss Rosamond to the fatal room; and she felt equally certain that Mr. Grey had not during this interval quitted the study, as from the door of her bedroom having been open, and communicating direct with the gallery in the entrance-hall, she would have heard any such movement. This account was fully confirmed by the cook.

A minute search throughout the study revealed no trace of any second person having been there. There was no evidence of any struggle, and the doors leading to the conservatories were found locked inside. The window in the ceiling had clearly been unopened, for the last coat of paint, covering the divison between the moveable parts of the framework, was found unbroken. The inspector even sounded the walls and wainscoting and floor to ascertain if there existed any secret means of ingress and egress, but nothing of the kind could be discovered. There was a spacious hearth, it was true, and a wide chimney; but the latter was thickly encrusted with soot, and no portion of this had been displaced.

An examination of the open safe showed that ordinary robbery had not been the motive of the crime; for not only was there a jewel-case quite intact containing many valuable gems, but in the drawers of the safe were discovered a number of Russian and Egyptian bonds to bearer, together with railway stock and debentures, and many Bank of England notes, the value of the whole amounting to more than £100,000. Yet no trace whatever could be discovered of the black box bound with brass which the housemaid declared she had seen.

During the whole of this inquisition Rosamond had borne herself like a true heroine. She stifled her tears; she mastered the yearning of her heart, that bade her cast herself down in some remote corner and there sob out her very soul; she steeled her nerves to endure the heart-breaking ordeal of looking at and recognising the various objects in the study, each of which dumbly spoke of her loved father; she replied quietly and firmly to questions that branded themselves in her brain; she accompanied the police officers from place to place with unfaltering footstep though with fast-ebbing strength; and she even brought her distressed mind to

bear upon the elucidation of the various facts observed. Far otherwise was the conduct of Geordie Mogram. Fired with the profoundest contempt for his detective brethren he accompanied them indeed and failed not to observe the successive points of their examination; but he maintained a surly silence and carefully eschewed every movement or glance that could possibly be understood as a suggestion for the prosecution of further enquiries. Only once did he forget himself; and this was when the searchers paused near the two long boxes on trestles. He proposed to examine them, and on removing the lid of one was not a little startled to find himself face to face with a mummy, an experience which effectually put a stop to any further suggestion or examination on his part.

On the conclusion of the search the party adjourned to another room at the request of the inspector.

"I did not wish your servants to hear our views, Miss Grey," he explained.

"Why?" asked Rosamond.

"Because I think it is in their direction that we must now look."

"You see, Miss" interposed the detective, observing Rosamond's glance of incredulity, "we have reduced the case to very narrow limits. Your father went alone to his study, and no one else could have entered there except through the door leading from the hall. The servants deny that anyone so entered, and yet it is clear that Mr. Grey was killed by somebody. This somebody must therefore be one of the servants or a person who entered and left with their knowledge."

"But I can't believe such a thing for a moment," replied Rosamond. "I know from my father's letters that he had been very kind to both of the women, and their behaviour when I arrived and when we made the dreadful discovery, was such as to convince me of their innocence. Besides, what object could they have?"

"Oh! the object's clear enough," answered the inspector. "They no doubt knew of the £100,000, and the only reason it wasn't taken was that your arrival must have interrupted them."

"But," urged Rosamond, "why should they wait for the day of my arrival, when it would have been so much easier to have effected the robbery before I came home?"

"We don't profess, Miss Grey," said the inspector, very gravely," to explain all the details of every crime. If criminals were to commit no blunders we should never detect them. Rest assured that in this case our view is right. We have a clue and we shall follow it up. Only take every care that your servants know nothing of our suspicions. We will keep a watch on their movements and associates, and it will not be long before we secure the murderer. This detective officer and I will now leave you, but Mogram here may remain for the evening, in charge, until we send to relieve him."

When they had gone Rosamond turned to Geordie Mogram and said,

"What is your opinion of the theory they have formed?"

"Theory! 'Umbug,' ses I," replied the policeman, assuming an attitude of much majesty and intelligence. "Servants is always their game. I've known many a servant get a six months, or a five years, or a twenty years, or even a lifer, on the suspishins of a detective. They can't rise above spoons, and spoons is low work."

"Then *you* don't think the servants are implicated in this case?" asked Rosamond.

"Not I: but I knows who," replied Mogram with a mysterious air.

"Who? Who?"

Mogram looked round cautiously, and then putting his finger to his lips he leant forward and said in a hoarse whisper.

"It's the Finyuns!"

"The Fenians?" echoed Rosamond in surprise.

"Yes, the Finyuns!" replied Mogram, "They're the only gang as can do such a neat bit of work. I seem to rekkernise their style about the whole job. And they didn't come for swag, neither. Was your father, Miss, ever mixed up in polittics?"

"Oh! no," said Rosamond with a trembling voice, as she thought of her father's loved pursuits, "He never cared for politics. He was always busy either with literature or scientific experiments."

"Ah! per-raps he didn't tell you all. 'It's a wise father as knows his own child,' ses I; and the more I think of this here crime the more I'm bound to bring it in Finyuns. They're in a precious sight more jobs than people think for, and one o' these days everybody 'll find out Geordie Mogram's right again, and don't you forget it."

Rosamond was not quite satisfied. She thought Mogram's theory more probable than that of the detectives, but still she could not reconcile it with what she had known of her father's life. She saw, however, that it was hopeless to endeavour to shake the opinions so pertinaciously held, and she resolved she would once more examine into the case for herself before assenting to either of the views advanced. Accordingly, having sent Mogram into the kitchen to have some tea with the servants, she proceeded to the study, where, having lighted the gas, for it was now dark, she again carefully searched through the whole room, from which Mr. Grey's body had been removed on the conclusion of the first examination. Nothing, however, rewarded her search, except, indeed, a circumstance that puzzled her exceedingly. This was the fact that she found one of the conservatory doors unlocked, although she remembered distinctly that the detectives had re-locked them on returning from a search through the conservatories and garden. Moreover, she found, on turning the key, that it stuck to her fingers, and on looking to ascertain the cause, she perceived the key to be smeared with some black substance, having a peculiar pitchy odour. This convinced her

that the door was not in the same condition as when the detectives had quitted the apartment bearing with them the body of her father; but she determined to say nothing of her discovery to anyone at present.

Meanwhile the agitation in Smith Street had exceeded anything of the kind within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The *symposia* of the Porches continued without intermission until the final departure of the inspector and detective from Mr. Grey's house.

Mrs. Nobbs lived in the very next house, and therefore from her vantage position under her portico had been well able to see and hear all that had passed outside.

"Well! Did you ever?" she exclaimed, as the two officers disappeared round the corner of the street. And, saying this, she turned with pale features and widely-opened eyes to her neighbour, who was equally pale and trembling very much.

"I'm obleeged to you, ma'am, for reminding me of what I *have* seen. Yes: it's three mortial years since I passed through anything like what I've seen to-day. I'm that agitated—similar to when I saw poor Clara Lucinda in a deathly swound on the floor, and the corpse——"

"Come in and have a cup of tea," said Mrs. Nobbs.

All Smith Street had been similarly affected and sought a like consolation.

CHAPTER V.

The Rabelais Club.

The first floor of the house of Master Francis was unlike anything Violet had yet seen or dreamed of. It consisted of rooms, it was true, but these rooms were arranged and adorned in a fashion that made them a part of some strange world. The chief room was called the Hall of Propos, and was a large chamber extending along the whole front of the house. Its walls were of polished marble, divided by richly carved pilasters and mouldings into panels, where alternately appeared pictures and traceries wrought in many-coloured porcelain, glass, and enamel. A massive cornice ran round the room, and was surmounted by a deep cove, from which sprang the ceiling, arched and gilded, and set with stars of ivory. The floor was thickly carpeted; luxurious divans were placed against the wall; chairs of unusual form, but of unquestionable ease, stood here and there; small tables upon wheels bore crystal flasks and goblets; and in each corner was a group of statuary rising from a bank of flowers. In the centre of the room was a low tomb bearing a recumbent effigy, sculptured with marvellous skill. It represented a dead monk, but the face, though still and silent, and with closed eyelids, was yet pervaded in every feature by a smile that seemed

the lifeless form of gone laughter, while the arms folded across the breast were emblematic of the brave heart that had beat within. On the four sides of the tomb were respectively engraved the following sentences :—

Beati qui moriuntur in Domino.

Je n'ai rien vaillant, je dois beaucoup : je donne le reste aux pauvres.

Dis à monseigneur en quelle galante humeur tu me vois : je vais quèrir un grand Peut-être.

Tirez le rideau : la farce est jouée.

"That is to remind us of worthy Messer François Rabelais" said Bangles, as she showed the club rooms to Violet the morning after the meeting in Trafalgar Square.

"Who was he?" asked Violet.

"Do you really mean to tell me you have never heard or read of Rabelais?" returned Bangles in a tone of surprise.

"Ah! I know I am very ignorant," replied Violet smiling: "but, stay, I think I have met with the name Rabelais, and the term "Rabelaisian" sometimes when reading. But I never quite understood what they meant."

"And, therefore, of course you have never read the books written by Rabelais?"

"No: I don't even know their names. What are they?"

"*Comment ha nom*, as the master would have said," rejoined Bangles, with an arch smile; "and, indeed, the books are not known very well by their names. They are generally spoken of as 'Rabelais,' and to have read Rabelais is regarded as being quite a polite education in itself."

"What are the books about? Do you think I could understand and should like them?" asked Violet.

Bangles stood for a moment looking very gravely and earnestly at the beautiful girl. Then, again smiling, she said in low musical tones and speaking, as it were, half to herself.

"No, my dear little wood-flower, you would not understand Rabelais, and, if you could, I hardly think you would deem him a very Titan in the world of wisdom and literature. Between ourselves, his professed admirers mostly swell the chorus without having learnt the song—a ribald song at the best. To hear them talk you would think Rabelais could teach Shakspeare his letters and St. Paul his prayers. Yet, truth to say, his writings are but sorry stuff, and oh! *so* tedious."

"Then, why do you honour him so, in this beautiful house of yours?"

"And why is there a Rabelais Club, you would also ask. Well, the fact is we live in an age of all the virtues, and we don't find them very much to our taste. Everybody minds everybody else's business and gets his own affairs minded in turn. Nobody dares to think or to act for the sake of the thought or the deed in itself; and "what will people say?"

has become the touchstone of right and wrong. Our stomachs rise at what we thus swallow day by day, and we must find a tonic of some sort. So, as we dare not ourselves think and speak boldly, we turn to the bold minds of the past, and by overdoing our hero-worship we try to make up for our lackey-begetting. Rabelais was a hero. He dared to teach the religion of Joy and Laughter and Goodfellowship; and the Rabelais Club is formed to put this religion into practice. Our articles are brief and to the point, as you may see over the dais there."

Bangles moved as she spoke towards a raised platform in the centre of that side of the room nearest the street. A gilded throne was on the dais, with a canopy of velvet of a pale rose-colour, and on the nearest panel of the wall on each side of the throne was a tablet inscribed with the following laws:—

I. LEARN, LAUGH, LOVE, AND LIVE.

II. THINK WISELY: SPEAK BOLDLY.

III. DO AS YOU WILL, BUT SO THAT OTHERS MAY DO LIKEWISE.

IV. A JEST WITHOUT OFFENCE, AND A KISS WITHOUT DESIGN, ARE THE FRUITS OF WISDOM.

"If that's the religion of the Rabelais Club," said Violet, enthusiastically, "there will be no need for you to convert me, as I already adopt its tenets very gladly. I never could understand why people insist upon being so disagreeable to each other; when they might all live together so happily. But there's one thing in the articles that puzzles me a little. What is a 'kiss without design'?"

Bangles once more scrutinized Violet's face just as she had done under the gas-lamp in Trafalgar Square.

"Have you ever been kissed by a gentleman?" she asked.

"No," replied Violet, wondering a little at her friend's question.

"Would you like to be?"

"Yes; of course."

This was said with such simple gravity that Bangles could not restrain her laughter. Her merriment, however, was so good-humoured that Violet felt in nowise mortified, and even joined in the laugh.

"I suppose I have said something very ridiculous, Rosamond, dear?" she observed.

"No: not ridiculous; but very odd. Whatever made you say 'of course'?"

"Because it is so. It is true I have never met any gentleman who was young and good-looking and nice, and of whom I was not afraid; but if I were to do so of course I should like him to kiss me."

"And would you tell him so."

"Yes, of course, if he were a friend."

"And after the kiss?" asked Bangles, still laughing.

"I should say 'thank you.' Wouldn't you?" replied Violet, looking much bewildered.

"Oh! don't, dear.—You'll really kill me.—This is *too* utter," ejaculated Bangles; and then mastering her mirth with some difficulty, she added—"You are a good brave girl, after all, Violet; and I really don't see why you should not remain natural as long as you can. Artificiality and affectation will come soon enough. But now, I must show you the rest of the rooms."

The Hall of Propos was entered from a landing of the grand staircase, which occupied the centre of the house. At each end of the hall was a room at right angles leading back to another hall, from which a balcony and a broad flight of stone steps gave access to a garden surrounded with high walls. This second hall was known as The Dulcimery, and was fitted up in a quaint and delightful style as a theatre and concert-room. The side-rooms were separated from the halls by arched openings draped with velvet curtains, and were of a character to appeal vividly to Violet's imagination. The Joyeux, as the one on the right was called, had its walls and ceiling adorned with a golden trellis-work, whereon were depicted vines and fruits and flowers in glowing colours and endless variety, with openings here and there through which could be seen laughing landscapes and sunny skies. Pedestals in the form of slender columns were ranged at intervals around the room, and each was crowned by a tall transparent cup filled with amber or ruby wine. Between the columns were sideboards of carved oak laden with rich plate, and in the centre of the room was a large round table, on which appeared an ornament consisting of a circle of girls' heads sculptured in white marble, and surmounted by a wreath of natural flowers, the table itself being covered by a cloth of soft and lustrous white silk, on which were set many-hued plates and glasses from Venice, and wondrously-wrought spoons and forks and knives from the spoils of the middle ages.

"The Lily-lunchers would be very woful in our Joyeux, here," said Bangles.

"Who are the Lily-lunchers?" asked Violet.

"People, dear, that like to consider themselves as so many gossamer-forms, floating high up above the level of dull earth, and fed on thin air and ambrosial dew. They would gladly disown their bodies; and the only incarnation they believe in is that of their verses, which are fleshlier even than the flesh-pots of Egypt."

"What curious people! I never heard of them before."

"Well, the tinkling of their lutes does not quite wake the echoes of the wide world, I admit; and the wide world has a perverse knack of paying very little heed to the passing follies of society and social eccentrics. But we Rabelaisians sing a louder song. We consider our bodies as accomplished facts, and the great bread-and-cheese question as the very foundation of all effort and statecraft. We think it should be studied, and that eating and drinking should be brought into the circle of

the fine arts. The grossness of the function exists only for those who grossly gaze and grossly think. But I daresay you consider it strange for *me*—for the Bangles whose portrait, ankles and all, is in every shop-window—to talk to you in this strain?"

"Strange?" echoed Violet, looking with profound admiration at her friend, who was now dressed in a morning costume of the most elegant simplicity, and seemed the very embodiment of all that was pure and graceful—"Not at all. A beautiful woman may surely have a beautiful mind, and need not always be talking of dresses and servants, like the ladies that used to visit my poor aunt. And I suppose it is because you have written some famous book, or done some great deed, that your portrait is sold everywhere?"

A shade of sorrow flitted across Rosamond's face, and the fire of her dark eyes was softened by a momentary tear as she replied

"Would that it were! Would that it were!"

They passed on into the room on the left of the Hall of Propos. This, Bangles explained, was the Symposium. It was a magnificent specimen of Moorish architecture, with a domed roof and canopied alcoves glowing and glistening with red and gold in the soft light that flowed in through a myriad of small panes of coloured glass set in the hollows of the arabesque tracery. A perfumed fountain springing from a vase upheld by three alabaster nymphs, played in the midst of delicate ferns, and a group of jewelled butterflies suspended from the centre of the dome seemed to flutter in the gently-agitated air. Piles of soft cushions and crimson carpets were on the raised floor of each alcove, while the apartment itself was paved with squares of black and yellow marble.

"How peaceful and beautiful!" exclaimed Violet, as the curtains that separated the Symposium from the Hall of Propos were drawn aside and allowed her to enter the charmed precincts.

"Wisdom and Love are truly the presiding deities of this spot," returned Bangles; "and they will claim a steadfast allegiance from Violet Churchill, just as much as from the veriest Rabelaisian of us all."

"Wisdom already may reckon me a votary," said Violet, looking round her with delight; "though I am as yet but a far-off seeker."

"And Love?"

"Ah! Rosamond, who and what and where is he? I have read some poetry, and I have sometimes heard my aunt's friends speak of their young days; and above all, I have at times fancied that my heart was whispering to me of beautiful dreams. But the dreams have never come."

"Have you read many novels?"

"No: my aunt never would allow any novels to be brought to Kesterton Manor."

"And when you were at school?"

"I never went to school, and never had a governess. My aunt educated me entirely."

"Then, when we were talking just now about my photograph, you really did not know why they should be sold, except on account of my having done something wise or great?"

"No, indeed."

"And suppose it is simply because men choose to consider me a little more good-looking than usual?"

Bangles was leaning against one of the light gilded shafts that supported the arched entrance of an alcove. Her white flowing dress enveloped her figure in graceful folds, and her glorious hair wreathed in thick masses round her head, shone with a thousand subtle gleams of gilded light as it caught the reflections from the pillar. The intense life that so characterised her at every instant, animated her classic features with a glow of passionate beauty; her dainty lips parting as she smiled, revealed a glimpse of the glistening teeth within; her throat beamed fair and white from amongst the soft lace that encompassed it; and from the arm uplifted against the column, the sleeve of her dress had fallen back, showing a matchless perfection of curve and form.

"Then they are right!" answered Violet. "Beauty such as yours is a great and glorious gift, and it may well be celebrated."

"Celebrated or a by-word—what matters it?" rejoined Bangles, gently kissing Violet's forehead.

CHAPTER VI.

Professor Hoaxley is Clubbable.

That evening at ten o'clock, the Hall of Propos echoed the laughter and conversation of a merry gathering. It was brilliantly lighted by a row of electric lamps fixed out of sight within the cove above the cornice, the rays from which were diffused through the room by reflection from the arched ceiling; in addition to which other similar lamps were placed behind the transparent pictures and traceries occupying the panels of the marble walls, and thus mingled a lustre of many delicate hues with the clear white light.

"How late Pantagruel is to-night!" said a tall, stout, jovial-looking gentleman, dressed, like all the company, in mediæval costume, to a little man who, with folded arms, and chin sunk on chest, was intently regarding the tomb of Rabelais.

"Eh! Pantagruel?" replied the little man, starting—"Better late than never—considerably. Don't you think so, my good Panurge?"

"Panurge is very far gone in that quarter," remarked a third member who stood near.

"Even to the refutation of the canonical Cocker," added a fourth.

"How so?"

"Because he reckons that 'quarter' as more than his better half."

"Joke on; joke on, Brother John," said he who had been called Panurge, and whose melancholy tones were in strange contrast with his appearance: "I warrant our Epistemon here is not insensible to the spell; nor for the matter of that is any one of you."

At this moment the door opened and a gentleman entered whose appearance at once attracted the attention of all in the room. A whisper of "Hoaxley," circulated, and several of the company advanced to greet the new-comer. He was of middle height, slimly built, and with a face of less than ordinary regularity, but redeemed from positive ugliness by quick-glancing expressive eyes, and a high intellectual forehead. He was evidently on excellent terms with himself, and carried his head at an angle which might have been envied but could not have been surpassed by the Duke of Argyll.

"Good evening, Hoaxley" said Brother John, shaking hands with the professor; "I had almost given you up."

"Like the readers of *Punch* with his own jokes," interposed the little man.

"Yes, yes;" said the professor "it really would be better, Burnand—"

"Hush! I am 'Brother John' here" said his friend.

"Well, be it 'Brother John,' then. I was saying it would be better for the jokes in *Punch* to be more clearly explained. I myself very often can't see them, and therefore *a fortiori* our friend Gilbert, here—"

"'Epistemon,' if you please," said the little man.

"Granted; but don't interrupt. It is self-evident that Epistemon can't hope to carry out any process of cerebration better than us of the Royal Institution. But where are the dualities, Brother John?"

"The what?" asked his friend in surprise.

"The du— No, no; pardon a little unconscious cerebration. I mean where is she?" explained the professor, looking round the hall in a searching manner.

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of that splendid creature, of that marvellous development of natural selection, of that fittest to survive, of the original of the photograph you showed me!"

"But I supposed you were coming here to detect the tricks of the thought-reader," urged brother John.

"Silence! Silence! Pantagruel! Pantagruel!" exclaimed a chorus of voices, as the strains of a gay triumphal march resounded from the Dulcimery.

The curtains that closed the Symposium were drawn aside and two pages entered clad in white satin, and clearing the way with silver wands. They were followed by Bangles and Violet. Bangles wore the

robes of a Roman emperor, in form if not in colour; for the satin of which they were composed was of a pale rose tint, corresponding with that of the canopy over the throne; and beneath these robes occasional glimpses could be had of a highly decorated doublet and hose, and of the famous gold rings above each ankle. Violet, on the contrary, wore a simple dress of white muslin, relieved by a bunch of violets at her bosom, and a pale blue sash. A group of some six ladies, richly dressed in court costumes closed the procession, and nodded gaily to friends on all sides as they advanced to the dais.

A joyous "hurrah!" resounded through the hall when Bangles took her seat upon the throne, and many an enquiring glance was directed at Violet, whose soft and tender beauty became more striking under the influence of the wonder and excitement that she experienced amid so strange and brilliant an assembly.

"Worthy subjects, good companions, wise thinkers, joyous livers, in a word Rabelaisians," said Bangles in tones of clearest music, "I am about to exercise the prerogative of the high dignity to which your good will has advanced me. I name Violet Churchill as a member of this Club. Master Carpalim, we call upon you to proceed."

The members were by this time all seated on the divans and chairs placed about the Hall, and in front of each group was one of the wheeled tables bearing a flagon and goblets.

Carpalim, an old gentleman, grey-haired and of reverend appearance, rose from his seat and, filling a goblet with wine, stepped forward to the dais where Violet was now standing, a little in front of the throne.

"Violet Churchill," said he, handing the goblet to the blushing girl, "in the name of the Rabelais Club, I welcome you as a duly admitted member. The pledge that you drink from this cup shall be a sacred pledge of good-fellowship, honest living, true speaking, and the laughter of loving mirth. You shall aid every Rabelaisian even to the giving of your life and the exhaustion of your purse. In nought shall you offend or vex; and whoso sits upon the throne of Pantagruel shall be entitled to your allegiance. Thus may you learn, laugh, love, and live, ever remembering the Master's teaching that *à bien sûrement et plaisamment parfaire le chemin de la connaissance divine et chasse de sapience deux choses sont nécessaires: guide de Dieu et compagnie d'homme.*"

Violet raised the cup to her lips, drank the pledge, and then bowed gracefully to Pantagruel and the company.

"Most noble Pantagruel, good companions, wise thinkers, joyous livers, Rabelaisians, one and all," cried Carpalim, I summon you to drink the pledge to Violet Churchill. You shall to her be true and just. You shall aid her in danger and adversity to the giving of your lives and the exhaustion of your purses, and in nought shall you offend or vex her."

Bangles had taken the cup from Violet, and now rose from her seat and quaffed the pledge, an example which was followed by every

member amid a storm of joyous cheering, intensified by the triumphal strains of the band in the Dulcimery.

The whole of these proceedings were watched by Professor Hoaxley with an ever-increasing wonder. Listeners to his lectures at the Royal Institution would hardly have recognised his animated features and beaming glances. From Bangles to Violet, from Violet to Bangles, his eyes travelled with a pertinacious admiration that he took no pains to conceal; and his were the deepest draught and loudest shout of welcome.

"Come, come, Hoaxley, you're not one of us yet" said Brother John.

"But I must be, I must be," replied the professor excitedly, without removing his gaze from the throne.

"In spite of our belief in souls and a God?"

Hoaxley started. A hard expression passed over his face, and turning sharply to his friend he said— "God! An association of ideas A mere phenomenon of unconscious cerebration!" Then pausing, and passing his hand over his forehead, he smiled and added, "But we won't discuss metaphysics now. Tell me rather who and what that wonderful woman is whom you call Pantagruel."

"Ah!" replied Brother John, "you are putting on me a harder task than the making head or tail of one of Gil— I mean Epistemon's—comic operas. Pantagruel, alias Bangles, is a mystery. She suddenly appeared in the London world some three years ago: but whether she fell blazing from Heaven, like Lucifer, or rose, naked and not ashamed, from the sea, like Aphrodite, or stepped out, armed at all points, from the brain of the Age, like Minerva, no one well knows. Society proper never sees her: society improper hails her as a leader: yet in all the ranks of all the mashers—and a knowledge of mashfulness is one of my strong points—I doubt if a Paris for this Helen is to be found. The public that buys photographs and reads divorce-court and demi-monde gossip in *Truth* and the *World*, speaks freely and lightly enough of Bangles the –the anything,—the Anonyma if you like—and debits both her ponies in the park, and her Chelsea-house to the caprice of one exalted and sundry noble personages: but as a good Rabelaisian I remember what is written of the Master—"*Toutes choses prenoyt en bonne partie, tout acte interpretoyt a bien. Iamais ne se tormentoyt, iamais ne se scandalizoyt.*"

The professor listened to this account with very visible satisfaction. "Then you really think," said he, "that Bangles is not quite like —like the company she keeps?"

"Sometimes I think so, and sometimes I do not," replied Brother John, sighing. "She evidently has the command of plenty of money, and is as little averse to being photographed—or 'limb-ed' as I once rather neatly said in *Punch*—as any professional beauty *de par le monde*. Still, I have been at one or two 'little suppers' where she was present, and though there was good fun enough, I was struck with the veneer of

polite manners that she brought to the surface of the other pretty frailties of the company. Whoever she may be she's well-bred."

"And how comes she to be the president of this Club?"

"Nobody seems to know. Most of the members have joined quite recently, and the few old members, like Carpalim there, won't tell anything. There's a kind of tradition that the Club once used to meet in secret somewhere on the other side of Oxford Street, and from the stress laid on mutual help it may perhaps have had some political meaning. Anyhow, we're all pleased enough and proud enough to be members, and as for our Pantagruel—well, she simply holds us body and soul. Even the other ladies you see there—the wives, by the bye, of some of our members, and belonging to the aristocracy, too—can't manage to be jealous of her. She's a little daring, though, to have introduced that deliciously charming girl to us to-night. I wonder who she is. Violet Churchill—she can't surely be one of the Blenheim people?"

"Churchill?" exclaimed Hoaxley: "that name seems strangely familiar to me. Yes, yes: of course: Verjuice mentioned it in his letter to me."

"Who's Verjuice, and what letter are you talking about?"

"He's a lawyer, and wrote to me to explain a trifling scientific matter for him, which I did by a very simple application of my doctrine of unconscious cerebration; and in his letter he mentioned the death of a client named Churchill."

"Look out! You're wanted," interrupted Brother John.

While the two friends had thus been conversing, the members had flocked round the dais, and were chatting and laughing with Bangles and Violet and the other ladies. Presently Carpalim reported that two strangers were in the Hall, as invited guests.

"Bring them to us," said Bangles, motioning to the crowd to stand aside.

Brother John rose, and, followed by Professor Hoaxley, approached the dais. Simultaneously another member from the opposite side of the hall led forward the guest he had introduced—a very short and very stout gentleman, whose fair round face, pale blue eyes, huge spectacles, huger moustaches, and long yellow hair brushed carefully back from his forehead, were significant enough of his Germanic origin. Both the professor and the German had their eyes so firmly fixed on Bangles, that they were quite unconscious of each other's presence, until on reaching the dais they suddenly recognised each other.

"Von Rösslein! What brings that idiot here I wonder?" muttered Hoaxley to Brother John.

"Der Teufel! De Herr Professor!" whispered the German to his guide.

"Gentlemen," said Bangles, with an arch glance that set the hearts of both her hearers throbbing, "We are delighted to see you here; but inasmuch as no stranger is admitted without having given hostages to Fame, we must ask you to be good enough to cast aside all false modesty

and declare what you consider your respective claims upon mankind at large. Brother John, let your friend speak first."

The professor threw back his head even more proudly than usual, and said in a tone of lofty superiority.

"My name, madam, is Herbert Hoaxley."

"Yes?" replied Bangles, enquiringly.

"I said that my name is Herbert Hoaxley," madam, rejoined the professor, growing ill at ease.

"Yes: and then?"

"Then, madam! Is that not enough?" said Hoaxley; and perceiving Bangles to still look puzzled, he continued, "Does not my name carry with it the remembrance of the doctrine by which I have solved so many mental problems, and have finally dismissed the soul and all that is called 'supernatural' to the limbo of exploded superstitions?"

"Indeed!" said Bangles; "you have acquitted yourself famously. I am ashamed to say I was quite unaware of supernatural phenomena having ceased. By what name is your doctrine known?"

"Unconscious Cerebration, madam," replied the professor, in his most majestic manner.

"Vill you allow me, matam, tdat I brotest?" interrupted the German, extending his arms and glaring at Hoaxley over his spectacles. "I cannot hear such dings widout brotest. De Herr Professor ist mein freund and ist a great vorld-philosophe; but ven he of dese cerebrations talks, den he ist mat, yes, shtark mat!"

The professor tossed back his head a little further.

"A poet!" he sneered.

"Yes: a boet!" repeated the German smiting his chest very fiercely, and glancing upwards with his fullest powers of rapture, "Friedrich Von Rösslein ist a boet, and more dan a boet! He hast de brofount harmony of de life-music discovert. As de blau ist to de himmel, as de stars ist to de tark night, as de sunbeam ist to de flower, and as de soft breeze ist to de waves of de sea, so mein discovery to de songs of all de boets ist."

"I congratulate you, Eusthenes," said Bangles to the introducer of the poet, "for having so honoured us." And then, addressing Von Rösslein, she added,

"May we know in what this profound harmony consists?"

"Yes, matam," returned the poet, clasping his hands together and assuming a general air of deep melancholy; "it ist de spirit-whisper of love and of life, de refrain of de laugh, de pouring-out of de wine-cup, and de tream-chilt of le blau shmoke dat curls upward from de pipe. It ist de high Brerogative of Suffering."

Bangles, upon whose face a smile had hovered, became suddenly grave. Ere, however, she could reply, the door of the Hall was thrown open, and Carpalim announced that the thought-reader had arrived.

(To be continued.)

Lord Byron on Ireland.

IN the article on "Lord Byron as a Politician" in the first number of To-Day, it was not possible to give very full extracts from his speech on the motion of the Earl of Donoughmore for a Committee on the Roman Catholic claims. In the present article, therefore, a few more extracts will be given, which will form a fair sample of the opinion of an advanced Liberal on Irish politics seventy years ago.

Dealing with the question of trial by jury, Lord Byron asks: "Have the Irish Catholics the full benefit of trial by jury? They have not; they never can have until they are permitted to share the privilege of serving as sheriffs and under-sheriffs. Of this a striking example occurred at the last Enniskillen assizes. A yeoman was arraigned for the murder of a Catholic named Macvouragh; three respectable uncontradicted witnesses deposed that they saw the prisoner load, take aim, fire at, and kill the said Macvouragh. This was properly commented on by the Judge, but to the astonishment of the Bar and indignation of the Court, the Protestant jury acquitted the accused. So glaring was the partiality, that Mr. Justice Osborne felt it his duty to bind over the acquitted, but not absolved, assassin in large recognisances; thus, for a time, taking away his licence to kill Catholics.

Are the very laws passed in their favour observed? They are rendered nugatory in trivial as in serious cases. By a late Act Catholic chaplains are permitted in jails, but in Fermanagh county the grand jury lately persisted in presentiug a suspended clergyman for the office, thereby evading the statute, notwithstanding the most pressing remonstrances of a most respectable magistrate, named Fletcher, to the contrary. Such is law, such is justice, for the happy, free, contented Catholic!

"It has been asked in another place: Why do not the rich Catholics endow foundations for the education of the priesthood? Why do you not permit them to do so? Why are all such bequests subject to the interference, the vexatious, arbitrary, peculating interference of the Orange Commissioners for Charitable Donations? As to Maynooth College, in no instance, except at the time of its foundation, when a noble Lord (Camden) at the head of the Irish administration did appear to interest himself in its advancement, and during the government of a noble Duke (Bedford), who, like his ancestors, has ever been the friend

of freedom and mankind, and who has not so far adopted the selfish policy of the day as to exclude the Catholics from the number of his fellow creatures—with these exceptions, in no instance has that institution been properly encouraged. There was indeed a time when the Catholic clergy were conciliated, while the Union was pending—that Union which could not be carried without them—while their assistance was requisite in procuring addresses from the Catholic counties; then they were cajoled and caressed, and given to understand that 'the Union would do everything;' but the moment it was passed, they were driven back with contempt into their former obscurity. In the conduct pursued towards Maynooth College everything is done to irritate and perplex—everything is done to efface the slightest impression of gratitude from the Catholic mind: the very hay made upon the lawn, the fat and tallow of the beef and mutton allowed, must be paid for and accounted upon oath. It is true this economy in miniature cannot sufficiently be commended, particularly at a time when only the insect defaulters of the Treasury, your Hunts and your Chinnerys, when only those "gilded bugs" can escape the microscopic eyes of ministers. But when you come forward, session after session, as your paltry pittance is wrung from you, with wrangling and reluctance, to boast of your liberality, well might the Catholic exclaim in the words of Prior,

> "To John I owe some obligation,
> But John unluckily thinks fit
> To publish it to all the nation;—
> So John and I are more than quit! ..."

Some have compared the Catholics to the beggar in "Gil Blas." Who made them beggars? Who are enriched with the spoils of their ancestors—and cannot relieve the beggar when your fathers have made him such? If you are disposed to relieve him at all, cannot you do so without flinging your farthings in his face? As a contrast, however, to this beggarly benevolence, let us look at the Protestant Charter Schools; to them you have lately granted £40,000; thus are they supported, and how are they recruited? Montesquieu observes on the English constitution that the model may be found in Tacitus, where the historian describes the policy of the Germans, and adds, "this beautiful system was taken from the woods;" so in speaking of the Charter Schools, it may be observed, that this beautiful system was taken from the Gypsies. These schools are recruited in the same manner as the Janissaries in the time of their enrolment under Amurath, and the Gypsies of the present day—with stolen children, with children decoyed and kidnapped from their Catholic connections by their rich and powerful Protestant neighbours; this is notorious, and one instance may suffice to show in what manner. The sister of a Mr M'Carthy (a Catholic gentleman of very considerable property) died, leaving two girls, who were immediately

marked out as proselytes, and conveyed to the Charter School of Coolgreny; their uncle, on being apprised of the fact, which took place during his absence, applied for the restitution of his nieces, offering to settle an independence on these his relations; his request was refused, and not till after five years' struggle, and the interference of very high authority, could this Catholic gentleman obtain back his nearest of kindred from a charity charter school. In this manner are proselytes obtained and mingled with the offspring of such Protestants as may avail themselves of the institution. And how are they taught? A catechism is put into their hands, consisting of, I believe, forty-five pages, in which are three questions relative to the Protestant religion, one of these queries is, 'Where was the Protestant religion before Luther?' Answer—'In the Gospel.' The remaining forty-four pages and half regard the damnable idolatry of Papists.

"Allow me to ask our spiritual pastors and masters, is this training up a child in the way which he should go? Is this the religion of the Gospel before the time of Luther—that religion which preaches 'Peace on earth, and glory to God?' Is it bringing up infants to be men or devils? Better would it be to send them anywhere than to teach them such doctrines; better send them to those islands in the South Seas, where they might more humanely learn to become cannibals; it would be less disgusting that they were brought up to devour the dead than persecute the living. Schools do you call them? Call them rather dunghills, where the viper of intolerance deposits her young; that when their teeth are cut, and their poison is mature, they may issue forth, filthy and venomous, to sting the Catholic."

Later on he proceeds: "I shall not dwell upon the grievance of tithes, so severely felt by the peasantry, but it may be proper to observe that there is an addition to the burden, a percentage to the gatherer, whose interest it thus becomes to rate them as highly as possible; and we know that in many large livings in Ireland the only resident Protestants are the tithe proctor and his family.

"Amongst many causes of irritation, too numerous for recapitulation, there is one in the Militia not to be passed over. I mean the existence of Orange lodges amongst the privates Can the officers deny this? And if such lodges do exist, do they, can they tend to promote harmony amongst the men who are thus individually separated in society, although mingled in the ranks? And is this general system of persecution to be permitted, or is it to be believed that with such a system the Catholics can or ought to be contented? If they are, they belie human nature; they are then indeed unworthy to be anything but the slaves you have made them. The facts stated are from most respectable authority, or I should not have dared in this place, or any place, to hazard this avowal. If exaggerated, there are plenty, as willing as I believe them to be unable, to disprove them. Should it be objected that I never was

in Ireland, I beg leave to observe that it is as easy to know something of Ireland without having been there, as it appears with some to have been born, bred and cherished there, and yet remain ignorant of its best interests."

Later on he says: "To return to the Catholics. Suppose the Irish were actually contented under their disabilities, suppose them capable of such a hull as not to desire deliverance, ought we not to wish it for ourselves? Have we nothing to gain by their emancipation? What resources have been wasted—what talents have been lost by the selfish system of exclusion! You already know the value of Irish aid; at this moment the defence of England is entrusted to the Irish Militia; at this moment, while the starving people are rising in the fierceness of despair, the Irish are faithful to their trust. But till equal energy is imparted throughout by the extension of freedom, you cannot enjoy the full benefit of the strength which you are glad to interpose between you and destruction.

"Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment the only triumph obtained through long years of continental disaster, has been achieved by an Irish general; it is true he is not a Catholic, had he been so, we should have been deprived of his exertions; but I presume no one will assert that his religion would have impaired his talents, or diminished his patriotism, though in that case he must have conquered in the ranks, for he never could have commanded an army. But he is fighting the battles of the Catholics abroad; his noble brother has this night advocated their cause with an eloquence which I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my panegyric; while a third of his kindred, as unlike as unequal, has been combining against his Catholic brethren in Dublin with circular letters, edicts, proclamations, arrests, and dispersions—all the vexatious implements of petty warfare that could be wielded by the mercenary guerillas of Government, clad in the rusty armour of their obsolete statutes. Your lordships will doubtless divide new honours between the Saviour of Portugal and the Disperser of Delegates. It is singular indeed to observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy; if Catholic Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less Catholic and faithful King of the one Sicily (of which, by the bye, you have lately deprived him) stand in need of succour, away goes a fleet and an army, an ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to negociate very badly, and always to pay very dearly for our Popish allies. But let four millions of fellow subjects pray for relief, who fight and pay and labour in your behalf, they must be treated as aliens, and although 'their Father's house has many mansions,' there is no resting-place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the emancipation of Ferdinand VII., who certainly is a fool, and consequently in all probability a bigot; and have you more regard for a foreign sovereign than your own fellow subjects, who are not fools,

for they know your interest better than you know your own ; who are not bigots, for they return you good for evil, but who are in worse durance than the prison of an usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are more galling than those of the body.

"Upon the consequences of not acceding to the claims of the Petitioners, I shall not expatiate, you know them, you will feel them, and your chidren's children when you are passed away. Adieu to that Union, so called, as *Lucus a non lucendo*, an Union from never uniting, which at its first operation gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from this country. If it must be called an Union, it is the union of the shark with his prey ; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and they become one and indivisible. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland, and refuses to disgorge even a single privilege, although for the relief of her swollen and distempered body politic."

No apology is needed at the present moment, for dwelling upon Irish politics ; and this speech of Lord Byron, himself a great representative Englishman, delivered in the heyday of his youth and enthusiasm, is well worth a careful study, if only for the sympathy with the Irish national character which it displays ; a sympathy which, unfortunately, is very rarely found either in the books of English writers, or in the speeches of English statesmen, and which at that period, was even more rarely to be found than it is at present. We must remember, of course, that Lord Byron pictured a state of things which has happily passed away for ever.

The long series of reforms and concessions, which, commencing with the Catholic Emancipation Act, have transformed Ireland, has had greater effects than were probably ever dreamt of by the authors. England, although perpetually growing stronger relatively to Ireland, in population and resources, has never ceased during the last half century to grant concessions which a violent revolution would not wring from the Government of any other country. Had he lived no one would have rejoiced more than the great poet at this change of sentiment which has come over English society ; and at the prospect of a brighter future for the emancipated people of Ireland.

Some Poetry of To-Day.

III.—ULYSSES.

So was I driven about of wind and wave—
And, though methought I sailed a shoreless sea,
And though it seemed all hope of life was gone,
Still, with faint hope, unto the mast I clave
Four days, and, with the fifth returning sun,
Surprise was only that I still could be.

And then despair grew deeper; and above
Still thicker waxed the tempest, while within
My inmost heart a strange misgiving crept
That I was dead to all of life and love—
All that was good and fair within me slept,
And life was but for sorrow and for sin.

All day I raged, and yet another night
Beheld me tossing on the boundless deep,
When, in the hour of midnight, suddenly
There fell upon me, first, a mighty sleep;
And then it seemed my spirit took its flight
Beyond the confines of the restless sea.

But where I know not: only that I strayed
Far from each human haunt, all desolate,
Tracked by the fates, cursed to eternity.
Till in my anguish unto Zeus I prayed
To smite me with his thunderbolt, that I
At last might ease me of life's weary weight.

And then peace came; and as the morning broke
The air grew quick with notes of singing birds.
When, as deep golden in his youngest dawn,
The sun burst forth, I too in quiet woke
And saw, all glowing now its grassy swards,
An island in the portals of the morn.

And, as I gazed, within me thoughts of home
Rose with each wave that cast me nearer land.
And soon in front of me, I saw the beach
Far crowned by groves of song; upon the strand
Each ripple cast its burden of white foam,
A line of silver far as the eye could reach.

And then methought a fairer kingdom far
Than that wild rock, beat by the stormy main,
Did beckon me from travail and rough war.
And, as a breaker threw me on the shore,
A deeper slumber seized my wearied frame,
Exhausted with the toil long time I bore.

When next I woke, adown the western skies
The sun stood trembling on the ocean rim.
Against my feet the billows one by one
Were plashing, as I first essayed to rise,
And saw half stooping sadly o'er my dim
And spray-dashed eyes, a daughter of the Sun:

So seemed she, to my wonder-stricken gaze,
Clothed with the tenderness of more than God.
I could do nought but look in deep amaze
At those still eyes, on me so fondly cast.
Long time I lay, ere, from the grassy sod
Uprising, I found tongue to speak at last.

And asked if of her courtesy she could
Tell of some dwelling that was nigh at hand.
For I, a shipwrecked mariner, was cast
By tempest on this strange untravelled land,
And, save in front of me the darkening wood,
I knew no shelter, now the day was past.

And she, her eyes half drooping to the ground,
Made answer slowly: that until this morn
Save hers, no foot the ocean isle had prest,
Which free from every human care and sound
Had ever been; yet unto me, forlorn,
All things should be for comfort and for rest.

So she led on; I followed through the grove,
Where under foot the fragrant meadow-grass
Gave odours in our passing lightly prest.
Above our heads the thickening palm-trees wove
A canopy o'er which the stars would pass
While the young birds sang from their wooded nests.

So we fared on in silence, till we came
Where into thicker shade the leaves were drawn,
Where, springing at our feet, the grass lay green,
Where we could hear the murmur of the main
At distance; and now quitting me, by dawn
Again she promised she would here be seen.

She left me, as a sunbeam leaves the world.
And, though I strove to rest it might not be.
I longed for morn, and still the laggard sun
Sped not his rise above the eastern sea,
The slow moon hasted not her course to run;
Still on the beach the distant ocean purled.

All else was silent, till the rising sun
Restored her to me whom my soul desired.
So through the livelong day we wandered on
Along the beach, or in the shade retired
We held sweet converse till the light was gone
Almost before we deemed the day begun.

Each eve we watched along the ocean-breast
The colours shifting to the orb of day;
Or under foot we saw the violet
Droop down its head in everlasting rest,
Or, strolling on, perchance the swallow met,
Towards the calm sea wending her airy way.

Each morn above us from the depths of blue
The lark poured down his flood of ceaseless song,
And at our feet the ocean ripples too
For ever, plashing to the shore, would sing;
While through the honied air, the flowers among,
All day the purple bee shot murmuring.

Yet oft across my maddest hours would dart
A memory of times that were no more,
And, though I lingered on in bowers of ease,
Peace was not wholly mine; there still would start
Fierce weariness; remorse my bosom tore;
Joys such as those could not for ever please.

Why should I tarry here, while far away
The noisy world was toiling evermore?
Oh! I could not eternally forego
All thoughts of home, here on this foreign shore
Long idling; ever backwards they would flow
To days long past, that now seemed fled for aye.

And, as I doubted, through the sunny sky
Sped Hermes down, from high Olympus sent,
Who chided me for this untimely stay
In the charmed isle; and, ere the sun was high
In heaven next day, if to the shore I went
I should see where the fated vessel lay.

And then I went to bid farewell to her
Who seemed still lovelier, the parting near.
As I drew nigh, she heard my footsteps sound
Upon the beach, and springing forth to cheer,
My loneliness, she came and threw around
My neck her arms, that white as lilies were.

'Twas then I saw her eyes all tearful were,
Like the pale moon half-shining through white cloud;
And, as she said that I must stay with her,
Felt all the floodgates of my heart unbarred
And wept hot tears; for, in such anguish bowed,
My will, unarmed, lay sleeping at his guard.

"O tarry here, and I will love thee more
"Than Psyche loved her Cupid; deeper far
"Is my heart's passion; thou shalt reign with me;
"Upon our heads shall Zeus his blessing pour.
"Here will we dwell, where rumours of wild war
"Come not, to break our peace, perpetually.

"Or, if so soon awearied of this isle,
"Then will I build a fairer paradise
"In a far distant sea; for ever there,
"There will we dwell, and I will learn to prize
"All that thou lovest for thy sake, and bear
"Lightly all ills to be with thee the while."

So she moaned on; I wist not what to say:
For, though I strove to speak, the strength was gone.
The Powers above were battling 'gainst my will.
High in the midst of heaven the pale moon shone,
When, breaking from her arms, I forced my way,
To the great ocean that lay stretched out still

And soundless: from the shore I could descry
The white sails glimmer spectral through the dark.
All things seemed sorrowful and ill at ease
As through the waves I struggled to the mark,
Till, the ship almost gained, I could espy
Some my late comrades, 'scaped the stormy seas.

And we sailed off: yet, as I watched o'erhead
The pale moon striving through white clouds to break,
On a tall rock, that darkens all the main
Beneath, I saw one standing desolate,
Forlorn of comfort, as for ever dead,
To aught but sad despair and gnawing pain.

So stood she: and I saw the wan flame then
Light up her features but to shew where grief
Had graved unearthly sadness on her face.
I could not gaze, but turned to find relief
In other sights, as from that lonely place
We steered towards the haunts of living men.

The Bold Thoughts of Science.

III.—The Modes and Might of Electricity.

THE exhaustion of our coal-fields, whether more or less remote, matters little. By the end of the present century we shall look upon coal and coal-gas and steam with the ingratitude that is born of no favours to come. Smoke will have blown its final cloud, suffocation will have drawn its last breath, and the Genius will have returned to its casket at the bidding of a more mighty wonder-worker. Even now the trembling of wings is in the air and there is the throbbing as of new life in the veins of the world. Electricity is among and of us; almost unknown as yet, but already quickening our thoughts with the glamour of its presence.

What I have to say of Electricity may be read by the poet, the man of business and the peasant, with as much ease as by the professor of physical science. I write 'physical science' and not 'popular science.' Mr. Proctor and others may rank the latter very highly; and somewhere between the unknown depth and inaccessible height of their self-consciousness there may exist a criterion of value which is of the soundest; but, to plain men, science should need no gilding and painting. Truth looks most beautiful when naked; which is probably why a gentle journalist of the period jealously shrouds her from public gaze by a garment of his own weaving. If, then, I pluck away some gauds and prettinesses which even Royal Institution lecturers have begun to mistake for the beauty below, let me not be thought an outer-barbarian; and if I undrape the beauty in good earnest, let not our Poet Laureate banish me to Coventry, there to keep company with that

> "One low churl, compact of thankless earth,
> The fatal bye-word of all years to come."

who,

> "Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
> Peeped—But his eyes before they had their will
> Were shrivelled into darkness in his head.
> * * * So the powers who wait
> On noble deeds cancelled a sense misused."

The earth is a ball so big and spinning so fast that the paper I am now writing on is going its round at the rate of more than sixteen miles per minute. The table is accompanying it, and I, too, and the room in which I am sitting, and the house, and the street, and London itself, and the air. Stay! Is the air so fixed to the earth that it spins round with the globe? The ocean, we know, is not; for the attraction of the sun and moon hold back a part of the water and hinder it from moving as fast as the earth. Much less, then, can the still more unattached companion of the solid ground be expected to faithfully cling to the latter's skirts; supposing, of course, that the sun and moon attract the particles of the atmosphere in the same manner as they do the particles of the ocean. The tides of the air have been too little investigated. A glorious field of observation and renown is here open to the enterprising young scientists of to-day.

But a great difference exists between the physical surroundings of the ocean of water and those of the mantle of air. The seas lie fast in huge hollows on the earth's surface, and are thus comfortably carried along without encountering any direct obstacle, save, perhaps, the friction of the atmosphere at their surface. The air, on the contrary, meets with the same kind of resistance, that it, in its turn, opposes to the passage of the smoke puffed from the mouth of Bangles, that very agreeable young lady, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making in the pages of To-Day last month. Interplanetary space is not void: it is, so far as we can judge, chock-full of ether, a substance, which, if it be not ordinary matter, is, at least, composed of impenetrable particles. These particles are small, much smaller than those of ordinary matter, but they must be displaced before their room can be occupied by any other substance. The terrestrial atmosphere, therefore, when spun round has to force its way through the rarer, but still tangible, atmosphere of space. This must retard the air and disturb the ether.

But ordinary matter and ether are alike in another respect. They both consist of particles in a state of rapid motion. At first it is difficult to realise that the Great Pyramid is but a pile of shot, each grain of which is maintained at an average distance from its fellows by dint of darting backwards and forwards, and by innumerable kicks and pushes keeping elbow-room for itself. We are accustomed to think of the Great Pyramid and Mont Blanc and other material objects as the very embodiments of eternal rest. Yet all the masses of the solar system, from the Sun down to the latest Grand Old Post Card, are careering madly, if methodically, through space; and, look where we will among visible things, peace is never to be found at any price whatsoever. Dame Nature will have none of it. Ought it then to be *surprising* to discover that "pushing young particles" fare no better *than the magnates of the universe?*

What is sauce for the common material goose is sauce for the ethereal gander. And, although we cannot prove the case in the gross eyeworthy manner that is possible with solids and liquids and gases, we have yet very good grounds for believing that ether is, in its turn, a collection of minute particles darting hither and thither, and kicking up the dust of eternal vibration. The *serene* azure! As well may we deem an Archbishop of Canterbury profoundly impressed with the right of a crossing-sweeper to live in comfort and happiness. The atoms of the azure are in a state of far greater pudder than are those of ordinary matter. Like most little people, they make up for their minuteness by their activity. A particle of ether is so small that it would take some 6,000,000 of similar particles to make up the mass of a single particle of air; but then the ether-particle darts about at the speed of some 200,000 miles per second, whereas the grosser air-particle moves at the rate of little more than a quarter of a mile per second. There is no such thing as rest in the universe observed by us. Motion is as self-existing and as eternal as matter; and the limitation of our senses alone causes us to overlook the fact. We see and feel and can fully appreciate the motion of masses, and when a mass ceases to move, we deem it at rest; ignoring the circumstance of its motion having been taken up by the molecules of its own and surrounding substances. A sledge-hammer brought heavily down upon a nail flattens the nail and is still—still, that is to say, as regards its translation as a whole through space; but if we touch it and the nail we find them to be hotter than before, and this tells us that their particles are vibrating with increased energy. Here we have begun with the movement of masses, and have ended with the movement of molecules. But we may reverse the process. We may put some black grains of matter into a steel tube, and may ram down an iron ball on top of them. We may then, by the application of a little heat, cause the atoms of the black grains to vibrate with increased energy, and, hey, presto! off bounds our ball through space, to the mischief, it may be, of sundry epigastria.

Politics are everywhere alike, whether practised by pismires, people, or particles. Agitation is their mode. To produce any desired effect—that is, to bring about any change in existing conditions, we must agitate and disturb. Does a pretty maiden wish to say "Yes" to the question of questions, she administers a vigorous shake to the air that is kissing her lips, and the agitated particles "pass it on," until, with a shower of postman's knocks on the lover's tympanum, the message is delivered. Does a goldsmith wish to fabricate the wedding-ring, he so shakes the atoms of the guinea that they fall asunder and submissively re-group themselves in the shape of the mould he employs to receive them. Do the happy pair—— but, stay! I have, I think, sufficiently proved my case without, as the lawyers say, condescending to further particulars.

There is another shell to break before we come quite at the kernel of my argument. Agitation and disturbance may be all very well in their way, but what is this way? It is twofold. First, we must remember that a substance consisting of a vast number of particles, darting about and colliding in every conceivable direction, forms one trembling, quivering whole, of which each atom has an equal range and velocity of vibration. If, then, the vibration of one or more atoms at any given spot be disturbed by an increase of range or velocity, the disturbance is at once propagated onwards, and the disturbed particles resume their condition of normal equilibrium. Secondly, we must reflect that inasmuch as each atom moves in straight lines, any acceleration or retardation of its motion means a closer aggregation in its front, and a more extended order behind; so that the surrounding particles are, on the one hand, thrust aside, and on the other, are free to rush in upon the path of the receding molecule. Hence, each disturbed vibration in any direction gives rise to a corresponding wave of disturbance at right angles. These various phenomena of molecular motion are known to us as physical forces, in contradistinction to mechanical force, or the movement of masses.

The principal physical forces as yet recognized are sound, heat, chemical action, light, and electricity of all kinds, whether static, dynamic, or magnetic. Sound and heat are vibrations of ordinary material atoms; light and electricity are disturbances in the movements of ethereal particles; and chemical action appears to be a resultant of agitation in both media. In this paper I am concerned more particularly with electricity; and in the light of what I have already postulated, I shall proceed to some conclusions, which are startling enough, I admit, but are none the less of a very high degree of probability.

The occlusion of gases in the pores of solids, the diffusion of gases *inter se* and the absorption of solids into the interstices of liquids, are all well-known examples of vibrating atoms being as it were imprisoned and made to hold modified communications with their fellows outside. I recognise the same thing as occurring with the ether. Certain forms of matter, such as glass, for example, apparently have their atoms vibrating in parallel planes and are thus unfitted to arrest the passage of parallel vibrations in the ether that surrounds them, while on the other hand they offer the most absolute resistance to transverse vibrations. Glass, therefore, may be expected to be transparent to light, insulating as regards electricity, and extremely brittle. Metals, on the contrary are opaque, good conductors, and very tough; while intermediate bodies present characters much less marked in these respects. It is clear then that the varying optical, electrical and physical properties of material bodies coincide with varying conditions of the ether present, or, as I prefer to say, occluded within their pores; and this fact may be availed *of for the production of* electricity. Thus, in the most recent form of

statical electric machines, two discs of glass are revolved in opposite directions on the same axis at the distance of about half-an-inch. Here we have a stratum of air-occluded ether in a state of comparative rest between two rapidly moving strata of glass-occluded ether. The conditions are eminently favourable for disturbing the vibrations of the ether particles, and by means of metallic conductors fixed to the glass plates and touched by metallic brushes at each revolution, a conduit for the propagation of the disturbance is provided, and we accordingly obtain an abundant supply of the mode of motion which we call electricity.

So too with a dynamo-machine. We create a "magnetic field," that is, a region of intense ethereal disturbance, and we cause a series of conductors charged with ether to pass through this region. The result is, as might have been expected, a constant propagation of the disturbance through the whole extent of the conductors. Even such a simple operation as moving a body of silk-occluded ether over a stratum of air-occluded ether supported by a body of sealing-wax-occluded ether is sufficient to cause an appreciable disturbance of vibrations and thus to produce electricity. The last sentence is, I know, most uncouth; but I will leave it in all its rough-diamondness for the good of my critics, who will thus have my style at least to fall foul of, if they cannot find fault with my logic.

Now, let us go back to our airy mantle. Here we have a prodigious bulk of air-occluded ether stationed between the ether-saturated earth and the ether-filled space. The earth is revolving with tremendous velocity, dragging the atmosphere with it to some extent, in opposition to the pull of sun and moon, and in spite of the resistance of the surrounding ether. And all this friction and hustling takes place in that region of intens ethereal disturbance which we know as a "magnetic field;" for observation has long proved the earth itself to be a vast magnet. What are all these but the conditions of electrical production on a gigantic scale? Is it a matter of any wonder that we ourselves and everything about us is charged with electricity? Nay, if electricity be life—which I do *not* believe—there would here seem to be a perpetual source of vitality at work, and the story of Antæus receives a wider signification. The earth, in fact, when taken in conjunction with its accompanying atmosphere and with the outer plenitude of ether, may be looked upon as a vast dynamo-machine; and, when regarded in itself, it may be said to play the part of a colossal secondary battery, or "accumulator." The former of these illustrations is not quite new, as an American author lately spoke of the earth in somewhat similar terms; but his way of regarding the matter was, in its essence, very different to that here adopted, for he had in view the circling of the world round the sun rather than its rotation on its own axis. No doubt my argument will apply to the case of such circumsolar revolution, and also to the move-

ment of the whole solar system through space; but it seems to me more proportionate to allow the earth to mind its own business, and to grow its own crop of electricity. In passing, however, and quite by way of parenthesis, I will make the 'be-knighted Sir Siemens," as he is now known to his foreign friends, a present of the suggestion that the maintenance of the sun's heat is due to the great Fire-God being in the very centre of an ether-vortex.

I don't want to boast,
But, by Siemens, if I do,
I'll show the world what rules its roast,
And give the Knight his cue.

This is not good poetry, and I am even doubtful as to its being very good fun; but I am really anxious for my critics, and will cheerfully immolate myself with the immortal Dogberry in order to do them a good turn.

Let us be serious once again. If I be right in my views as to the mode of electricity, and as to its main source, it follows that we have all within reach "the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice." The earth and the atmosphere may be tapped for electricity to an extent that shall supply all our wants, and exhaustion will never supervene. *How* to do this, what appliances to use, where to erect our apparatus, and all other technical questions, must remain unanswered for the present. I am not writing an article for electrical engineers. I am but directing attention to one of the virgin peaks of science. I may, however, to show that practicable paths to the hitherto untrodden snow do exist, mention the observations that have already been made upon terrestrial and aerial electricity. It has been found that what is called the "difference of potential" between separate points at the earth's surface sometimes amounts to hundreds of volts; and Sir William Thomson has shown that the electrical pressure between the earth and the air may easily vary to the extent of more than 400 volts. To give lay readers a practical idea of what this means, I may explain that if a wire were laid between two points thus varying in electric potential, a current would at once flow through the wire at a rate sufficient to keep some 500 incandescent lamps brightly illuminated I don't mean to imply that anything like this has been actually accomplished, or that our present technical apparatus would allow of its being done. All I would urge is that the day is fast approaching when we shall look upon dynamos, batteries, and other similar devices, as rude expedients, and when in all parts of the world, from the North Pole to the Sahara, from Mount Erebus to Tahiti, electricity will be obtainable as easily and as abundantly as the very air itself.

And what of its Might? With the atmosphere as our slave, we *can obtain a pressure of* 15 lbs. per square inch; with steam we can

possibly work up to 1,000 lbs.; but with electricity we have *five hundred tons* per square inch to make use of! And there is reason to suppose that this figure is much below the mark. It is highly probable that the attenuated atoms of ether are so numerous and so swift in their movements as to press in every direction with the force of 1,000 tons per square inch. If we could exhaust a vessel of ether in the same way that we can empty one of air, we could perhaps accurately measure this astounding pressure; but there is no substance known to us which is impervious to ether, and, therefore, the construction of the requisite vessel is at present impossible.

All we can now do is to produce a greater or less degree of rarefaction in the ether-containing pores of ordinary matter, and thus to utilize a minute fraction of the force that is stored in the magazines of Nature. The day, however, is not far distant when our control of this force will be largely augmented, and then will ensue such a revolution as our wildest dreams have never imagined. Light, heat, mechanical power, and the means of producing any desired chemical changes, will be at the disposal of everyone, free of cost for aught save the mere mechanism employed. The drudgery of labour will give place to the easier task of superintendence, and capital will be the appanage of the entire human race. Every hand will be armed with the thunderbolts of Jove. Despots and democracies will alike be powerless to subdue their fellows; and the disbanded British army will once more exist in the literal fulfilment of the tradition of being able to go anywhere and do anything. Disorder will be heaven's first law—the disarrangement of atoms its command to the mountain. The troubling of the pool of Bethesda is at hand. Who shall say whether it is to bring healing or perdition?

Grim Tales.

I.—Red-Mayne. *(Concluded.)*

BLOOD-STAINS!

Then the horrible apparition that had worked such fell mischief in the village was mortal! I had stood in the presence of a living murderer: I had felt the grip of an animated hand tightening about my neck: I had done battle with an earthly dæmon rather than with the powers of the air. Yet, how was it that a hand alone had been visible, that neither look nor voice had proceeded from the chill Thing that had passed through the room, that no ladder or means of access had been availed of in order to reach the window of my room?

Such were my thoughts as I looked at the stains; and the horror of the scenes I had witnessed fairly gave way to the bewilderment that now possessed me. I was perhaps impressed by the blood in a way different from that which would have been the case with most other persons. My medical training and my natural disposition to scientific investigation, alike caused me to fully appreciate its material and physiological significance, and, at the same time, to recognise its presence under such circumstances as an overwhelming proof of some natural law, far transcending all that had hitherto been known. On the one hand I felt relieved at being able to reject a belief in the supernatural, and on the other, I experienced the awe of standing face to face with a dark secret of Nature, suddenly revealed to me in all its ghastly reality, and bringing with it the possibility of still more ghastly events.

While I was thus thinking, the door opened and a gentleman entered, whom I at once recognised as the Rev. Dr. Delane, the rector of the parish. I had made his acquaintance soon after the first of the murders, and had found him a man of great learning and intelligence. He had, like myself, been educated to the medical profession, and, also like myself, he had taken a scientific interest in the terrible mystery encompassing Redmayne; and, indeed, it was partly at his suggestion that I had undertaken the task of unravelling the skein of the tangled and grisly drama.

I think I should have hesitated to tell the story of the night to anyone else. The whole matter savoured so much of a wild dream or the

imaginations of a distempered mind, that I felt it simply out of all question to make known to the villagers at large what I had seen. But with Dr. Delane the case was different.

"In Heaven's name what has happened?" said he: "you are whiter than I ever expected to have seen you."

I would have risen, but he prevented me.

"No: lie there, and talk to me as calmly as you can. I have already seen the victims of this fell night's work, and I have heard something as to your having nearly fallen a victim yourself to the assassin. I can see, though, that you have had more than an ordinary struggle for life."

"You may well say that," I rejoined: "but, before I proceed, pray shut the door, seat yourself beside me here, feel my pulse, look well at the pupils of my eyes, notice the intonation of my voice, mark all the outward working of my nervous system, and tell me if, in your opinion, I am perfectly sane."

He did as I directed, and after a minute and careful examination he said,

"You have undoubtedly received a severe nervous shock, but your mind is clearly unaffected, and however strange your story may be—for this, I suppose, is what you have in view—it will at least not be the outcome of delusion."

Thus reassured, I told all that I had seen, heard, and felt; the hand at the window, its entrance, and the chill blast that had accompanied it, its opening the door leading to the corridor, the terrible screams, the return of the hand, the death struggle, my rescue by Ajax, and the scene in Capt. Dunstan's room. When I had finished, Dr. Delane remained silent for a time, looking keenly at me, and yet with an expression of horrified belief.

"It is true, then," said he at length in a low agitated voice, "that the dwellers beyond our world have, at times, the power of moving among us!"

"No! No!" I exclaimed, pointing to the floor, "Look there; and look also at the blood around the mouth of Ajax!"

Dr. Delane sprang hastily from his seat and looked narrowly at the spots I had indicated. He then proceeded to the window, where I saw him take his pocket handkerchief and carefully press it upon the sill. He came back to me and held forth the white cambric. It was marked with a dark red stain.

"There can be no doubt as to this being blood," he said; "and blood, too, that has come from a being like ourselves."

As he spoke his eyes rested on Ajax. Suddenly he turned to me in great excitement, seized my arm hastily and exclaimed—

"Your dog! Your bloodhound! Up with you! Every moment may be of importance! We can follow the track of the murderer, and, please God, we'll run him down at last."

The suggestion swept across my mind like an invigorating breeze over the moors. My nerves recovered their tone, and the possibility of action roused all my faculties from the state of prostration into which they had been plunged by what seemed to be the hopelessness of the strife in which I was engaged. The very association of ideas roused by Dr. Delane's words was healthful and exciting. A bloodhound on the scent was a fact well within the knowledge of every-day experience, and the chase that now loomed before me was one in which our ordinary powers of mind and body might be employed with an assurance of some practical result being attained.

A very few minutes sufficed for my toilet, and while I was dressing Dr. Delane brought me a basin of bread and milk mixed with an egg and some rum—a famous recipe of his in those days. He also prepared the way for our movements by telling the crowd downstairs that he was going to take me to the parsonage, as he thought I ought to remain undisturbed for a time.

In a few minutes more we were on the track. Dr. Delane's handkerchief was shown to Ajax, who sniffed at it and looked up at us with an expression of intelligence, as though he clearly understood what we required of him. He was, however, very quiet and subdued, and followed us downstairs as silently as though he, too, was awed by the presence of death within the house. Presently, we emerged into the garden, and there the demeanour of Ajax at once changed. He darted forward, quartering the ground as he went, his head alternately bowed down and then uplifted with an angry shake, his hair bristling, and his whole being instinct with the passion of the chase. This lasted for a moment or two, and then he stopped short just under the window of the the room in which I had slept. The scent was found, but, strangely enough, he uttered no bay. He simply looked back at me with a low growl and ran slowly down the garden, nosing the ground as he went.

"Now, my friend, let us hope we have the miscreant," said Dr. Delane, as we followed Ajax.

"At last!" I replied, feeling my spirits rise in the glorious fresh air and bright sunshine of the morning.

We traversed the whole length of the garden and came to a pause just underneath the wall dividing it from the churchyard. Ajax stood looking fiercely upwards, and evidently desirous of making his way across the obstacle.

"See!" said the clergyman, pointing to a mark on a light-coloured stone, forming part of the coping of the wall.

I looked, and could plainly distinguish the mark of fingers that had been stained with blood.

The wall was a low one, and without much difficulty we lifted Ajax to its top, and then followed him as he bounded over. Once in the churchyard he soon re-discovered the scent and hurried onward across graves

and flat tombstones until he reached the church itself, where he paused and looked at the old stones with an expression of troubled yet wistful uncertainty, as though he were waiting for the wall to open and admit him within the building.

I glanced at Dr. Delane. His ruddy face was perceptibly paler.

"What are we to do now?" said he, observing my look.

"We must enter the church," I replied; "it may be that our man is in hiding there, as the place least likely to be searched. We may trust to the instinct of Ajax, that we are not on a mistaken chase.

"But, my dear M——, the church doors are all fast. How could anyone take refuge there?"

As he spoke I was curiously examining the wall before me. A mullioned window was directly in front of us, one of those windows from which the moonbeams, as I supposed, had glinted so weirdly the preceding night. I mechanically scrutinized the massive sill of this window.

"Doors or no doors, the murderer is there," I whispered, starting and pointing hastily at the stone: "See! The print of the hand again!"

The clergyman turned paler than before as he recognised the terrible stain.

"There is more in this than we have yet dared to imagine," said he, very solemnly, and with a face paler than before. "Come: we are in God's hands, and our purpose is a righteous one. Let us enter the church."

We passed round the eastern end of the building to the vestry door, which Dr. Delane opened by means of a key he took from his pocket. Passing through the vestry we entered the chancel, and there I was sensible of the same chill feeling that had oppressed me when in the presence of the Hand. My companion also experienced it, for I saw him shiver; but he said nothing as we were both eagerly absorbed in watching Ajax, who had followed us, and was now traversing the floor in all directions, in the same manner as when he entered the garden of Capt. Dunstan's house. A deep growl soon told us that the scent was found, and in another moment the dog rushed forward to the door through which access was gained to the steps that descended to the crypt. This door was half open, and Ajax passing through without difficulty ran swiftly down the steps.

Dr. Delane and I looked at each other, and then simultaneously hastened in pursuit of the dog. We had no light, and I felt the advisability of caution in thus adventuring into a darkness that was tenanted by some terrible foe; but reflecting that Ajax would give us timely warning of attack, and collecting all my energies in an impulse of stern determination, I threw the staircase door wide open and descended the winding steps as quickly as it was possible to do, feeling my way with my hands. When, however, we reached the bottom of the steps, we found the crypt illuminated by a strange phosphorescent glow that revealed the whole vault very clearly, and to our further surprise we saw —

Ajax crouching on the stone floor, trembling, and evidently afraid to proceed any further. We also noticed that the light seemed to be streaming forth from the niche where the coffins of the Red-Mayne family were bestowed.

"The gate has been opened! Look!" said Dr. Delane, grasping my wrist and speaking in a hoarse whisper.

I saw the iron gate standing open, and I suddenly remembered my former visit to the crypt, and how I had succeeded in forcing back the lock of that very gate.

"I opened it," I replied.

"You!" cried the clergyman relinquishing his hold of my wrist, and looking at me with an expression of the most profound amazement.

"Yes. I once looked over the church, and when I came down here I forced open that gate in a spirit of idle curiosity."

"How long ago did this occur?" asked my companion, still whispering, and now gazing at me with an air of painful apprehension, as though he dreaded to hear the answer he expected me to make.

"Oh! some weeks ago."

"Did it take place before—before—the first of these murders?"

"Yes. Just before the first."

A gasp of horror issued from the clergyman's throat.

"God forgive you, M——" he said in so solemn a tone that I remained silent and dismayed. Then, bracing himself as though for some superhuman effort he added—"Let us advance to our work. If we survive I will explain."

We stepped forth from the staircase into the crypt, and drew near the mysterious niche. My heart was beating fast, but I no longer felt the paralyzing terror that had assailed me when the Hand entered my bedroom, and I was ready to grapple with man or fiend. We trod lightly and silently, and the only sounds we could distinguish were the breathing of Ajax and a strange noise that proceeded from the niche. It seemed like the plash of water falling drop by drop upon the stones. We stopped for a moment to listen more intently, and as we did so we saw a red gleam on the floor near the door of the niche. It was a stream of blood flowing forth slowly and sinuously, and with a crimson glistening that made us involuntarily shudder. I noticed also that the light in the crypt was diminishing.

"We must be quick while the light lasts," I whispered, and I sprang forward to the entrance of the niche, closely followed by Delane.

The stone shelves on both sides with their mouldering burdens of mortality were in the same state as when I had before seen them. No form either of man or of spirit stood in the space between the shelves. All was cold and silent save for the plashing of the blood that continued to drip heavily down from the coffin nearest the gate; and from this *coffin too we could* see that the phosphorescent light proceeded.

"In God's name, I act," said Delane, advancing boldly to the coffin, and thrusting aside its lid which had evidently been recently moved and was lying loosely in its place.

A corpse was in the coffin. A corpse do I say? It was indeed the body of a dead man, but the eyes were open and seemed to scowl at us, while the brutal features of the pale face were set in an expression of malignant hate and pain. The right arm had been freed from the folds of the decayed winding sheet, and was bent upon the breast, where its hand lay convulsively clutching, and twitching, and bleeding fast from a torn wound that had severed the principal veins and arteries. I recognized its massive thumb and the glistening scar, and I knew that I was in the presence of the cruel foe I had encountered. All this we saw at the first glance, and then the hand lifted itself, as it were slowly and painfully, leaving the arm and body behind, but without our being able to distinguish any line or surface of separation.

Again the deadly chill pervaded the air, and Delane and I staggered backwards as the hand rose above the coffin with its threatening fingers turned in our direction. Ere, however, we could collect ourselves sufficiently to speak or act, the blood ceased suddenly to drip from the wound, and the hand, stiffening into rigidity, fell back upon the body. An instantaneous and ghastly change took place. The pallor of the face gave way to a livid hue; and then, as the light grew dimmer and dimmer, we could see the flesh gradually fall asunder into loathsome shreds and strips, while the grinning skull peered forth from the gangrened mass, and the whole skeleton grew visible amid the dust of the winding-sheet. For a few seconds the hand retained its shape and substance, and then it, too, collapsed into the corruption of the charnel house just as the last flicker of the light gave way to utter darkness.

Both Delane and I were too much horrified to move, and it was only a joyous bark from Ajax who ran up to my side and thrust his faithful muzzle into my hand that restored us our presence of mind. Arm in arm we groped our way out into the crypt and to the staircase, and, hastening up the steps, found ourselves once more in the chancel.

The morning sun was still shining in through a side window that faced the south-east, and the bright beams long lingered in my memory as messengers of gladness. I sank upon a seat and tried to arrange my thoughts in some orderly fashion. Delane followed my example.

"Well," said he at length, "what are we to make of this awful mystery?"

"I am utterly at a loss," I replied, "unless, indeed, your promised explanation as to the iron gate can throw any light upon it."

"True, true," he rejoined, and then, rising, he added, "come with me."

I followed him into the vestry, where he proceeded to an old stone chest, and, raising the lid, discovered a number of parchment rolls and

books in antique bindings. Selecting from these latter a volume fastened with strong clasps of brass, he handed it to me, saying—

"Look in the cover of that book and read what I read for the first time yesterday afternoon, when I was sitting here and amusing myself by glancing over these ancient records."

I took the volume, and as I unfastened the clasps I found the thick cover was itself capable of being opened, and contained a parchment leaf covered with minute handwriting. The whole was in excellent preservation, and I had little difficulty in deciphering the manuscript, which proved to have been written by a former rector of Redmayne, and was the record of a confession made to him by a Sir Marmion Red-Mayne. I cannot remember the precise language of the narration, but its effect was as follows:—

"I have no fear of death and damnation. I know well enough I am what yon shallow-pated leech calls mortally injured, and I know I shall in a few days be carried down into the company of the Red-Mayne bodies that lie decaying beneath the old church. But I don't intend to follow their souls to the devil just yet. I have been in Lapland, parson; I have danced in the bloody circle of the Sostok; and three drops from the heart have been absorbed into my veins. I may die to all seeming, and I may lie still in my coffin until you and your children and your children's children shall all be dead; but the life and the fury of the blood that has made me the ruthless villain I have been, will keep me from rotting in the tomb, and at times, when the midnight air stirs the doomed souls, I, too, shall ever and again wake into consciousness. I shall have no power over nature: bolts and bars will still confine me: but if I shall find the way clear from the dark vaults to the outer world, I shall know how to build up my life once more by stealing its essence little by little from the sleepers. This right hand—see where the thumb was cut open to insert the drops—will seize its prey and convey the warm ravished life to my frozen spirit. Wailing and terror will attend my resurrection, but at least I shall live again, and again taste the fierce delights of this world. Bind me fast, parson, if you care for the peace of Redmayne."

This was the only clue I ever found to the mysterious events I have narrated. No fresh murder has taken place in Redmayne from that time to the present; and neither Delane nor I cared to disclose what we had seen. His death which I saw announced in *The Times* some six months ago, brought back to my remembrance our joint adventure; and now that I have at last made my experiences public, it may be they will lead to some useful investigations and discoveries by those scientists of to-day who are bold enough to think that the secrets of physical life are not yet fully known.

Capital:

By Karl Marx.

(Translated from the French edition of 1872.)

II.*—The Lordship of Wealth,

OVERWORK was not invented by the outcome of Capital. Wherever one class of society monopolises the means of production, the workman, free or not, is forced to add to the work-time necessary for his own livelihood, a surplus destined to produce the maintenance of the monopolist. Whether this proprietor be *kalos* or *agathos* Athenian, Etruscan Theocrat, Roman citizen, Norman baron, American slave-owner, Wallachian nobleman, landed proprietor, or modern capitalist, matters little. Before proceeding farther, let us first establish one fact. When the state of society is such, from an economical point of view, that it is not exchange value, but customary value, which predominates, overwork is more or less kept within the bounds of fixed wants, and the character of production itself never gives birth to a devouring appetite. When, however, the question is to obtain exchange value in its specific form, by the production of gold or silver, we find even in olden times the most excessive and frightful work. To work until death is then the law. We have but to read Diodorus Siculus on this subject. Yet in the olden times these cases are exceptional. But as soon as nations, whose production is restricted to the inferior forms of slavery and serfdom, come into an international market, governed by the method of capitalist production, and when because of this fact the sale of their products to foreigners becomes their principal interest, from that moment the horrors of overwork, that outcome of civilization, are grafted on the barbarism of slavery and serfdom. So long as production in the Southern States of the American Union was principally directed towards the satisfaction of immediate wants, the work of the negroes was of a patriarchal and moderate character. But in proportion as the exportation of cotton became the vital interest of these States, the negro was

* This Chapter is translated from the second and third sections of chapter X. of the original. The selection published in our last issue was translated from chapter xxiii. of the original. The translations are, of course, our own, and not those of the late Karl Marx.

overdriven, and the consumption of his life in seven years of work became an integral part of a coldly calculated system. The point in question was no longer to obtain from him a certain mass of useful products. It became necessary that he should produce a surplus value at any cost. The same thing has happened with the serf, as for instance in the Danubian Principalities. Let us now compare overwork in English factories with overwork in the Danubian countries, where serfdom gives it an independent form, falling readily under the observation of the senses.

It being admitted that the working day comprises six hours of necessary work, and six hours of extra work, the free workman supplies the capitalist with 6 × 6 or 36 hours of overwork per week. It is the same thing as though he worked three days for himself and three days gratis for the capitalist. But this is not glaringly obvious; overwork and necessary labour being so confounded one with another. We might indeed express the same relation by saying for example, that the workman labours, in each minute, thirty seconds for the capitalist and thirty seconds for himself. It is very different with the *corvée*. Actual space separates the necessary work that the peasant performs for his own maintenance from the extra labour he gives to his lord. He does the one on the field belonging to himself, and the other on the manorial estate. The two parts of the work time thus exist independently side by side. In the form of a *corvée* overwork becomes rigourously distinct from necessary labour. This difference of form does not at all modify the quantitative relation of the two acts of labour. Three days overwork per week will always remain as three days labour which yield no return to the workman himself, whatever may be their name, '*corvée*' or '*profit*.' With the capitalist, however, the appetite for overwork is manifested by his greedy eagerness to prolong the day of labour beyond measure; with the Wallachian serf-owner it is simply a chase to entrap more days of forced labour.

In the Danubian Provinces the *corvée* was found side by side with rentals in kind and other dues; and it formed the essence of the tribute paid to the governing class. In like conditions a *corvée* rarely proceeds from serfdom; on the contrary, it is serfdom that commonly has the *corvée* for its origin. Thus was it in the Roumanian Provinces. Their primitive form of production was based on common property, differing, however, from that of the Slavs and Indians. One part of the land was cultivated as private property, by the independent members of the community; the other part—*the ager publicus*—was worked by them in common. The produce of this common work served in part as an assurance fund against bad harvests and other misfortunes; and in part it went to the public treasury to defray the costs of war, of religious rites and other communal expenses. In course of time the high dignitaries of the army and church usurped the common property, and *with it the payments* in kind. The labour of the peasant, the free

cultivator of the common lands, was transformed into statute labor for the benefit of these robbers of the soil. From this sprang and were developed the relations of serfdom, which, however, received no legal sanction, until the liberator of the world, Holy Russia, under the pretext of abolishing serfdom, instituted it as a law. The *Code de la Corvée*, promulgated in 1831 by the Russian General Kisselef, was dictated by the nobles. Russia thus conquered by the same stroke the Magnates of the Danubian provinces, and the praises of idiotic liberalism throughout the whole of Europe.

According tothe *Règlement Organique*—for such is the name of the Code —every Wallachian peasant owes to the self-styled landed proprietor, in addition to a very diversified mass of payments in kind: First, twelve days of ordinary work; Secondly, one day of field work, and Thirdly, one day of wood stacking. In all fourteen days a year. But, with profound economical wisdom, care was taken to signify by a work-day, not what is generally understood by the word, but a day of labour, necessary to yield an average daily product, and this daily task was fixed with such rascality, that even a Cyclops could not make an end of it in twenty-four hours. The regulation itself declares with a truly Russian pitch of irony that by twelve days of work there must be understood the product of thirty-six days of manual labour; by a field-day, three days; and by a wood-stacking day three days also. Total forty-two days of forced labour. But it is necessary to add to this what is called the *jobagie*, an assemblage of payments in kind due to the landed proprietor for extraordinary agricultural services. Each village according to its population has to supply a yearly contingent for the *jobagie*. The work of this supplementary *corvée* is estimated at fourteen days for each peasant. These fourteen days added to the forty-two above, make therefore fifty-six work-days per annum. But the agricultural year in Wallachia consists only of two hundred and ten days, on account of the climate. If we deduct forty days for Sundays and fêtes, and thirty on the average for bad weather, making together seventy days, there remains one hundred and forty. The proportion of statute work to necessary labour $\frac{56}{84}$ or $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. shows a rate of surplus value much less elevated than that which regulates the work of the manufacturing and agricultural labourers in England. But this is only the *corvée* as legally defined. The *Règlement Organique* in a spirit more "liberal" even than that of English manufacturing legislation has known how to facilitate its own violation. It was not enough to have made fifty-four days out of twelve; it was further arranged so to define the work allotted to each of the fifty-four statute days, that there should always remain a residue to be performed on the following day. On such and such a day, for instance, a certain extent of ground must be weeded, and this operation, especially in fields of maize, requires double the time allowed. For some kinds of agricultural work in particular the

legal labour of the day lends itself to so wide an interpretation, that the day often begins in May and finishes in October. In Moldavia the conditions are still harder; and a nobleman has been known to exclaim in the height of his exultation: "The twelve *corvée* days of the *Règlement Organique* stretch out to the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year."

If the *Règlement Organique* of the Danubian Provinces attests and legalises, article by article, a ferocious hunger for overwork, the factory acts of England reveal the same malady, although in a negative manner. These laws curb the rampant passion of Capital to absorb labour by imposing an official limitation to the work-day, and that too in the name of a State governed by capitalists and landlords. Without speaking of the attitude of the labouring classes, becoming day by day more menacing, the limitation of manufacturing work was dictated by necessity, by the same necessity which has caused guano to be spread on the pastures of England. The same blind cupidity which exhausts the soil, attacked the root of the national vital force. Periodical epidemics showed the falling off in as forcible a manner as it was shown in Germany and France by the diminution in the soldier's height.

The factory act of 1850, now in operation, fixes the average day at 10 hours, 12 hours per day for the first 5 days of the week, from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the evening, from which half-an-hour is legally allowed for breakfast and an hour for dinner, so that there remain 10½ hours of work, and 8 hours for Saturday, from 6 in the morning until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, from which half-an-hour is deducted for breakfast. This makes 60 hours of work, 10 hours and a half for the first 5 days of the week, and 7 hours and a half for the last. To enforce this law special officials are appointed, called Factory Inspectors, under the direct control of the Home Secretary, and their reports are published every six months by order of Parliament. These reports furnish an official current of statistics which mark the degree of the capitalist appetite.

Let us for a moment glance at the reports of these Inspectors.

"The dishonest manufacturer causes work to begin about 15 minutes more or less, before 6 o'clock in the morning, and to end about the same time after 6 o'clock in the evening. He deducts 5 minutes at the commencement and end of the half-hour allowed for breakfast and pilfers 10 minutes at the commencement and end of the dinner hour. On Saturday he continues work about a-quarter-of-an-hour after 2 o'clock. Here, then, is his gain:—

Before 6 o'clock in the morning ..	15 minutes	Total in Five days, 300 minutes.
After 6 o'clock in the evening ..	15 ,,	
From the Breakfast-time	10 ,,	
From the Dinner-hour	20 ,,	
On Saturday:—		
Before 6 o'clock in the morning ..	15 minutes	Profit during the week, 340 minutes.
At Breakfast-time	10 ,,	
After 2 in the Afternoon	15 ,,	

Or 5 hours and 40 minutes, which, multiplied by 50 weeks' work, allowing a deduction of a fortnight for holidays and accidental interruptions, give 27 days of work."

"The work-day, if it be prolonged 5 minutes beyond its normal duration, gives two-and-a-half days production per annum."

"An hour more gained by trickery in this and that way adds a thirteenth month to the twelve which make up each year."

The crises when labour is suspended or when factories are on short time and open for only a few days in the week, naturally make no change in the inclination of the Capitalist to prolong the day of labour. The less business he does, the greater must be the profit on each transaction; the less time the work lasts, the more it must be made up of overtime. This is proved by the reports of the Inspectors during the crisis of 1857-58.

"It seems inconsistent that there should be so much over-work when business is so bad; but it is precisely this depressed condition of commerce which makes unscrupulous people infringe the laws: they thus assure to themselves an extra profit." "At the very time," says Leonard Horner, "that one hundred and twenty-two factories in my district are altogether abandoned, when one hundred and forty-three stand still for want of work and when others are working on short time, work is prolonged beyond the limits prescribed by law." Mr. Howell expresses himself in the same manner:—"Although the majority of the factories are only working on half-time, because of the bad state of business, I receive no fewer complaints than in the past that sometimes half-an-hour, sometimes three-quarters-of-an-hour are daily snatched from the moments of rest which are accorded to the work-people by law for their meals and relaxation."

The same phenomenon was reproduced on a smaller scale during the terrible Cotton crisis of 1861-65.

"When we find the hands at work during meal-times or at any other illegal period, we are told by way of excuse that the labourers would not on any account quit the factory, and actual compulsion has to be used in order to stop work (for the purpose of cleaning the machinery, etc.) particularly on Saturday afternoons." To show with what fanaticism, according to the evidence of the masters in Courts of Law, the "hands" oppose every interruption of work in the factories, the following curious case may be cited:—In the beginning of June, 1836, information was laid before the magistrates of Dewsbury, to the effect that the owners of eight large mills in the neighbourhood of Batley had contravened the regulations of the Factory Act. Some of these gentlemen were accused of having overworked five boys, from twelve to fifteen years of age, by keeping them continuously employed from Friday morning at 6 o'clock until 4 on Saturday afternoon without allowing any rest except for meals and one hour's sleep at midnight. And these

children had been forced to perform this incessant labour of thirty hours in the "shoddy hole," a name given to the place where the woollen rags are torn up and where the atmosphere is so thickly charged with dust that the adult workman has to keep his mouth constantly covered with a handkerchief in order to protect his lungs. The defendants affirmed—being quakers they were too scrupulously religious to take an oath—that, in their great compassion for these poor children four hours' sleep had been allowed, but that the obstinate boys had been positively unwilling to go to bed. The quaker gentlemen were fined £20. Dryden foretold them when he wrote:—

> A fox, full-fraught with seeming sanctity,
> That feared an oath, but, like the devil would lie;
> Who looked like Lent, and had the holy leer,
> And durst not sin before he said his prayer.

"The extra profit,' says another Inspector, "which is realised by work being prolonged beyond the time fixed by law, seems to be, for many of the manufacturers, too great a temptation to be resisted. They count on the chance of not being surprised in the very act, and calculate that even in the event of their being discovered the insignificance of the fines and costs will still leave a balance in their favour." "When the additional time is obtained during the day by a multiplication of small thefts, the Inspectors find that the difficulties in proving the offences and obtaining clear evidence, become almost insurmountable." They also describe these small thefts by Capital from the meal-times and moments of relaxation of the workmen under the name of "*petty pilfering of minutes*," "*snatching a few minutes*," or, they even employ the technical terms of the workmen, "*nibbling and cribbling at meal-times*."

One sees that in this way the creation of surplus value by overtime or extra work is no secret. "If you will allow me," said an honourable manufacturer to me, "to work ten minutes each day longer than the legal time, you will every year put £1,000 sterling in my pocket." "*Atoms of time are the elements of gain.*"

Nothing is more characteristic than the distinction between "*full-timers*"—the hands who work all day—and the "*half-timers*"—the children under 13 years of age, who ought not to work more than six hours. The workman here is no more than the worktime personified. All individual differences have become merged into one—into the sole distinction of "whole time" and "half-time."

The Vision of Saint Helena:

A MODERN PILGRIM'S TALE.

"O! breeze of the morning, blow me a memory of the ancient time
If after a thousand years thy odours should float o'er my dust,
My bones, full of gladness, uprising, would dance in the sepulchre."

HAFIZ.

CHAPTER I.

"A MEMORY OF THE ANCIENT TIME."

AT club, or theatre, or friend's house, and strolling about the streets and parks, without an occupation or anything my fellow-men would call an object to live for, this, week after week, year after year, without ever shifting the scene from London, is my manner of life. For were I to leave London, even for a single day, I might miss a chance of meeting the one being I still love in this earth; the one link that connects me with it, and makes me of it, saving me on the one hand from the brutish life of the utterly selfish man, and on the other, from the loneliness and deep despair that leads to death. The undying affection I cherish for that lost being, the hope of a reunion with her on this side the grave, is now the only brightness in a life in all other repects so grey and monotonous that I am tempted often enough to say of it that it is not a life worth living.

There are frequent moments in this aimless, vacant life when, musing on its utter worthlessness, my thoughts revert to the high ideal of the past, and I am overwhelmed with the remembrance of a sorrow that cannot be outlived. During these melancholy seasons I love best to visit the National Gallery; not because I can throw off depression of spirits and find comfort in gazing at beautiful pictures, but with a feeling akin to that which compels afflicted people to haunt the graves of their beloved dead. Surely the hearts of these are sore and sad enough already, yet they cannot turn their eyes from the contemplation of an eternal loss—a grief without a remedy!

I can remember when a boy, shortly after I had first been allowed to carry a gun, how I once shot a wild fowl, beside a reedy pool about a mile from home; and how its mate, circling through the air and uttering all the while loud distressful cries, followed me when I retraced my

steps; and how for several days afterwards, whenever I woke at night, the shrill sad cries of that lonely seeker came floating in at the open window of my bedroom. Even now, at this distance of time, I can vividly recall the sorrow I felt, lying awake, listening, thinking of the quiet, reedy pool and the solitary bird hurrying in wide circles through the dusky air above it, calling all night long, and revisiting it a hundred times only to see on its still surface the reflections of her own lovely wings and of the reeds and the stars! And I too now experience that morbid feeling the wild bird had; the still, star-lit pool, the shelter of the flowery rushes, the sweet freshness of the desert air, now only serve to remind me of something absent—something that once gave to life so sweet a savour, so inexpressible a charm, that when I remember it, I am amazed that I can still find it in me to love this earth, and wish for length of days.

Since my childhood I have loved beauty with a passionate love; I have given to nature a devotion which, even in the days when religion was more to me than the breath of life, I knew was not idolatry; for even while I murmured my hymns of praise, the rainbow, the cloud itself dissolved, the wild flower withered in the wind, and the light went out from over the sea. In all these things there was a touch as of a far-off, unearthly glory, a sudden revelation of Divinity: even while dying they spoke to my soul a message of infinite peace, unspeakable joy, eternal hope. Now they no longer speak these things to me. Nature's beauty is everlasting, and at times the sudden splendour, the evanescent grace is there, as of old, but the mystic significance has vanished; the dead lips smile cold and irresponsive; the divine eyes return my look, but the soul I fondly worshipped has gone out of them; they are for ever unconscious of the love and the despair that are in mine. Nature, music, poetry, painting, these were once to me like the wafer and the chalice to the Christian, and could lift my spirit into a celestial region, where it existed in harmony with other souls, and with the Divine Author of its being. Now they are no longer what they were, and the more deeply they move me, the greater is my pain. The painter's art has always the greater power over me; possibly because the spiritual character of very nearly all good art is here more clearly apparent to the mind. The pictures, for instance, of such a painter as Frith, who is a good exponent of the earthy modern school, could never affect me in the way I mention. The art which moves me is that which portrays exalted emotion, and invests man with the dignity of his spiritual nature. In youth or age, and whether the emotion be glad or sorrowful; in the wonder of the open-eyed infant looking up into its mother's fond face; in the divine hope that glorifies the meek worshipper; in the martyr's agony, the warrior's barbarous rage in the battle, the bitter repentance of Magdalen, the lonely old age of St. *Jerome in the wilderness*—man ever appears in his relations with the

Unseen, and in the character of an actor in that great tragedy which has for witnesses the powers of light and of darkness. When I look at modern paintings, English or French, or at those of the old Dutch and Flemish *genre* schools, they please me certainly; I appreciate their excellence, and admire them just as I admire the goods sold by a Morris or a Mortlock in Oxford Street, only with a greater admiration; but they fail to touch that secret spring in my heart.

When the shadow of my sorrow is on me I pass these works by, feeling that my mind is not in accord with them, to seat myself before some canvas centuries old; for something more is here—something that disturbs and fascinates, that flings the spell of the past like a sudden flood of sunshine around me, making the world for a moment beautiful as Paradise. To-day, however, on entering the gallery, I was powerfully affected by the work of an English artist—Wright, of Derby. It is called "An Experiment with an Air-pump," and it was, perhaps, the subject rather than the intrinsic merit of the work that first drew my attention to it. Standing before it, I could almost believe that the painter, with a prophetic spirit, of which he was probably unconscious, had represented, by means of a pretty parable, the tragedy of the human soul born to the heritage of faith in an Age of Reason. There, with the lurid firelight on his face, stands the philosopher—the Spirit of Inquiry personified. His pitiless eyes are full of keen interest in the struggles of his gasping victim—the Soul. His audience—the world—look on wondering, admiring, blessing their destiny, in that they are born in times that can show them such marvels. All admire, all are delighted, save the poor child, crying inconsolably for the death of her mystic white bird. O unhappy child! that bird was love, hope, devotion, holiness of life, charities and divine contemplations, and its warm life was infinitely dearer to thy unenlightened mind than this grey, inanimate tablet, inscribed with "Physical Laws," that they will give thee in exchange for it. I can see thy misery; but he, the great Modern Teacher, sees it not. What to him are the death-throes of his pretty, petty victim; what even thy individual existence? He looks beyond these things to the far grand results of science. Or, if he ever takes note of thy tears, he will inform thee that he has given thee more than he has taken away; that, if he has cast out thy shadowy God from the system of nature, he has abundantly compensated thee by adding to thy material comforts and, perchance, to the number of years thou hast to live.

Turning from this picture, to which my morbid fancy had given so sad a meaning, I walked on, pausing occasionally to glance at some old favourite—Sassoferato's "Madonna in Prayer," or Guercini's "Dead Christ, with Angels," or Guido's "Magdalen," or his "Coronation of the Virgin," that brightest sunbeam that ever fell on canvas from the Heavenly Throne the old masters worshipped—until, coming to the "Vision of St. Helena" of Paul Veronese, I sat myself down before it.

How often, in other days, before I left my early home in Africa, had I reclined like that, my head supported on my hand, a pensive quiet stealing over my spirit, until, like the Saint in the picture, I slept. And to dream what dreams; to see what sweet and sacred visions! To have them again—those dreams and visions of other years, what sufferings that men have endured would I not joyfully embrace! I consider the greatest calamities that afflict man—loss of fortune, friends, position, health, sight, liberty—and believe my loss exceeds theirs who suffer these things, since I can despairingly say of myself that "the immortal part has gone out of me, and the part that remains is bestial." I think of that old man of Greek tradition who, wounded by a poisoned arrow in the foot, was cruelly abandoned by his companions on a rocky desert island. There, exposed to savage beasts and inclement seasons, he passes long years, unblessed by sight of man; there, bitterly remembering the great wrong done to him, he drags himself every day, with infinite pain and groaning aloud, in quest of medicinal herbs, to soothe the agony of his ever-festering wound; and I think that even such a fate as that would be welcome, so that, in the intervals of relief from cruel daily-recurring torments, I might feel that I still had in me that immortal part, and that in my sleep I might dream those dreams again, and see those visions that come no more to cheer me!

Sitting before this picture, that, for some occult reason, has more power over me than many another unquestionably nobler work, my thoughts revert to the past. I live the eventful years over again; I lament my loss with a pain that often sleeps, but never dies; and here, to-day, I have resolved to write the sad history of my life. This shall be my one completed work; though doubtless some will blame me for not holding my peace. But it is not that I am unable to keep silence—that pain wrings this confession from me. I could die silently, as many die, only there is a hope in my heart, a wild, vain hope, perhaps, but a hope nevertheless, that the writing of this history may be the means of that reunion for which I live, and for which I yearn day and night with ever-greater strength and ever-increasing anxiety.

CHAPTER II.

Early Life in Africa.

Charles Deane, my father, was an only child, and lost his parents when still a very young man. He was left, however, well provided for, and held, moreover, from the age of seventeen, a permanent clerkship under the Colonial Government in Cape Town, the place of his birth. When left his own master he had certainly entered on no 'heritage of *woe,' since he* had been from his earliest boyhood of a religious turn of

mind and, apparently, quite beyond the reach of temptation. I remember him only as a pale, grey-haired man, prematurely old, with a sad stoop and an absent look in his dim blue eyes. I have heard him say that all his life long he had abhorred wine, cards, and tobacco, and that he had never, without a shudder of horror, listened to an impure or profane expression. When about twenty-eight years old he availed himself of a twelve months' holiday to make a first and only visit to England. His time in this country was chiefly occupied in visiting religious and benevolent institutions, hearing the celebrated preachers of the day, and in collecting theological books to carry back to Africa with him. Unfortunately for his reputation for consistency, and I may add, for his happiness in after life, he met in London the daughter of an Irish Solicitor, named Passenger, a Roman Catholic, and fell helplessly in love with her. The Passengers were poor people, and though the girl was both beautiful and accomplished, and besides all was not the least bit in love with my father, they thought an offer from Charles Deane too good from a worldly point of view to be passed over. The daughter proved obedient to her parents' wishes and, after a brief courtship, the marriage took place, the question of the difference of religion having been left aside by mutual consent. On their voyage to Africa they were accompanied by a brother of my mother, and he eventually settled at the Cape, and for many years continued to reside with my parents.

For some years the marriage proved as happy, or, at least, as little unhappy as could have been expected in the circumstances, but, when there were children to be instructed in religious doctrine, then it began to be embittered by dissentions that only ended with my poor mother's life. I have already spoken of my father's piety. In doctrine he belonged to the extreme Low or Evangelical division of the Church. The Romish religion was to him an idolatrous superstition; and when he was carried so far by his sudden passions as to marry a Catholic he had flattered himself that with all the historical knowledge his brain was stored with, together with his argumentative and persuasive powers, he would find it easy to win over to his own more reasonable faith the clever, quick-witted daughter of people who thought little about spiritual matters. On the other hand. she had thought that so devoted a lover and sweet-tempered a husband as my father had proved, might easily be prevailed on to give up the children to their mother's religious instruction. Both were doomed to disappointment. All his arguments were powerless to shake his wife's faith; but when children were born to them, then it was his turn to be firm; and the right which, in the absence of an explicit agreement, he undoubtedly possessed to bring up the children in his own way of thinking he was determined to exercise. This was all, of course, very painful to him, for he loved his wife most tenderly; but his convictions were too strong to allow of any wavering. For years my poor mother wept and

pleaded in vain; not one of her lambs was she permitted to rear in her own beloved faith. He was frequently told that he was doing a grievous injustice to the woman he had married, knowing her to be a Catholic; that her faith was as dear to her as his Protestantism was to himself; and that the children belonged to both, and not to one alone. Unfortunately, these remonstrances always came from those who were, in belief, on his wife's side. His invariable reply was, that it was better to be unjust to man than disobedient to God: better that his wife should suffer than that the children should imbibe the pernicious heresies of Rome. The anguish of mind he himself suffered would, he said, be borne with Christian fortitude, since he regarded it as a just punishment from God for having unequally yoked himself with a Roman Catholic.

When I—the last fruit of their unhappy union—came into the world, the feud between husband and wife reached its culminating point. The babe was no sooner known to be a boy than my father announced his intention to bestow on it the Christian-name of Latimer. My uncle, as was natural, had all along warmly sided with his sister in the quarrel; but up to this point he had confined himself to argument and persuasion, fondly hoping to win over his mild-tempered relation to do justice to his wife. Now, however, when he heard that the child was to be called Latimer—a name selected, no doubt, by my father to warn the enemies of his household that their hopes were vain, and to testify his lasting hatred of their religion—his long-suppressed anger blazed out. Rushing in to his brother-in-law, he poured upon him a torrent of the bitterest abuse calling him a cruel, systematic torturer of the woman he had falsely sworn to cherish; nay, more, he called him a wife-murderer, since this last diabolical insult to her faith would have the effect of sending her broken-hearted to the grave. But neither this tempest of wrath nor the piteous pleadings of my mother later on could serve to turn my father from his purpose. He believed that in naming me Latimer he was doing something of which God approved, and that was sufficient for him. This last disappointment did indeed break my mother's heart, though her declining life did not end till four years later.

About a year after she died my father resigned his clerkship, and went to reside on an estate he had purchased in a very beautiful part of the country, seventy-six miles from Cape Town, taking three of his children with him. He had always been an indolent man, fond of a sedentary life, and, being a great sufferer from dyspepsia, his doctors had advised him that a country life, with gentle exercise on horseback every day, would be the most suitable for his complaint. But in his distant retreat he became even more inactive than he had been at Cape Town spending almost all his time in his study, reading. He took charge of my education, and though this was literally the only thing he did, I remember that I had a very easy time of it. My two brothers were at *Cape Town, one* still at school, the other in the Post Office there, and my

youngest sister eventually went also to keep house for them. The other sister had married a man much older than herself, a person brought up to a farming life, and they lived with us, taking on themselves the entire management of the estate. Reading was my father's great delight; newspapers or periodicals were seldom seen in the house, novels never; but there was a vast store of theological books he had been collecting for many years, and to this store he was continually adding, so that a month seldom went by without bringing a fresh packet from England or Cape Town. He rarely stirred from the house, and could be found at all hours seated at the open window of his study, a volume spread out before him, and in his thin white fingers the pencil with which he was perpetually making his useless marginal notes. When spoken to, he would turn his dim eyes with that far-off look on the intruder, and mechanically repeat the words he had heard over and over again, apparently striving to catch their meaning without taking his thoughts off the subject that engaged them. I remember one morning the ploughman came in to say that the plough—and there was only one—had been carried by the bullocks against a tree and smashed in pieces. My brother-in-law being absent, we all went in to consult my father, the ploughman with us. My father seemed even more preoccupied than usual; he stared into the poor man's face with disconcerting earnestness while the story of the disaster was gone through again. When the man finished, he began:—

"The plough has been smashed—the plough has been smashed. The Divine intelligence forms and knows all things. Granted. Does this then necessarily imply an exercise of the Divine will? Surely not! That is, I should say, perhaps not. For here steps in the difficulty. Can we hold the exercise of the Divine faculties to be involuntary? That would be to degrade our conception to the level of the heathen's, who hold destiny to be the supreme power. Are we not then driven to this—to fore-know is to preordain? But then—but then—the plough has been smashed against a tree!"

I stood listening open-mouthed to all this, but my sister, who happened to be in a merry mood, now burst out laughing. My father, recalled to himself, sharply rebuked her levity, and requested us to leave the room.

His care for my education, in which he had never appeared to take a very lively interest, ceased altogether when I was about twelve. He did not, however, cease giving me occasional advice. It was usual for him to say to me whenever I chanced to enter his room;—"By-the-bye, Latimer, I have put aside something here for you to read." Then he would give me a book, making a few remarks on its contents and the author's merits. Before long, forgetting all about the first book, he would give me a second one in the same way, then another, until there would be a dozen or twenty volumes collected in my room. These, after

glancing hastily over a few pages of each, I would carry back and re-arrange on his shelves.

I did discover at last that not all the books in his library were of the same dry nature as those my father lent me to read. I discovered that there were also books capable of giving me the keenest delight. There were the histories and biographies—ecclesiastical histories and lives of men eminent for holiness and zeal in the advancement of religion. These books contained enough of human interest and passion to satisfy me for a season. Tennyson, Bulwer, George Eliot, were names I had never heard, and the literature they represent was utterly unknown to me: when, therefore, it was my fortune to light on a work with more of earth and less of the cloudland of speculation—more about the incidents of a man's life and less about his theological opinions, it was to me like sweets to the savage boy accustomed to feed on flesh only, and acrid-tasting forest fruits. With the keenest pleasure I perused the lives of Fathers, Popes, Reformers; and, strange to say, the books I delighted most in reading were invariably discovered by me on lower shelves and in dusty, neglected corners of the library. I seldom spoke to my father about these works, for I had somehow got to believe that whatever pleased me most was, for some reason I could not comprehend, distasteful to him. I one day found in a volume of a many-tomed work, entitled "History of the Church of Christ," the greater part of the Confessions of St. Augustine. When I had finished reading this fragment, I ran full of exitement to ask my father to tell me something more about this noble saint, who was, without doubt, the holiest, wisest, greatest man the world had ever seen. He rebuked my extravagance, and coldly replied that Augustine had, no doubt, been a good man, holding truly that we are saved by faith and not by works: but he at the same time cautioned me against the danger of allowing myself to be carried away by too great an admiration for him, since, in his veneration for relics and also in other matters, he had shown a tendency to fall into those gross superstitions so abhorrent to our minds in the Romish Church of to-day. My father's words filled my mind with sorrow, and I could only lament in secret that my saintly hero had ever thought or said anything worthy of reprobation. This incident strongly affected my sensitive nature, making me exceedingly shy of betraying enthusiasm in my father's presence.

Just about the time he gave up instructing me he had, perhaps as a kind of compensation, presented me with a very pretty fowling-piece, ordered expressly for me from Cape Town. In making me this present he was not, I believe, quite disinterested, for he was extremely fond of game, caring little for any other kind of food at table, and I had often said that if I were only allowed to have a gun he should never want a bird for his dinner.

I found the greatest delight in my new pastime. Every morning, gun in hand, a few hard biscuits and a volume containing the biography of some

saintly personage in my pockets, I would go forth to spend the entire day in long rambles over the surrounding country. Occasionally my father appeared to wake up to the fact that my time was being sadly wasted, and these awakenings, always brief in duration, usually took place at the breakfast-table. "My son," he would say, "I can't quite make out what you are doing with yourself day after day; but it seems to me that if you go on spending your time in this idle, vagrant manner much longer you will be unfitted for anything in life. I really wish you would come into my study after breakfast to have an hour's serious conversation with me about your future. Probably your best plan would be to begin a systematic course of reading on some specific subject—the fulfilment of prophesy, for example, or the evidences of Christianity, or salvation by faith. We can, at any rate, select a dozen works giving an insight into one or other of these subjects, and then wait and see how the plan works."

A few minutes later, forgetting all about these lofty matters, he would perhaps remark, pushing his plate away: "Latimer, if you intend going out with that gun of yours to-day I hope you will not forget to bring in a quail or something for my supper. I really believe our mutton is getting tougher and skinnier every day. One would require the gastric juices of an ostrich to assimilate these pieces of fried deal, for I can compare them to nothing more succulent."

His wish for a quail always agreed so well with my own inclination that I never failed to obey it, and for some time nothing more would be said about my future and the course of reading that had been suggested.

Let it not be supposed, however, that I had degenerated into a mere sportsman incapable of taking pleasure in aught but the killing of wild animals. I never fired a shot that had not for its object the securing of something for the table; this end accomplished, I would think little more about sport for that day. To search for wild flowers, only to admire them blooming ungathered in their wild beauty: to steal through the ancient gray-foliaged woods, listening to the murmuring wind in the far-up leaves, or to the various notes of the feathered people, these were the pleasures I sought in my lonely wanderings and which never failed to fill my young heart with delight. When tired of rambling I would lie down on the dry grass in the shade and read my book, often till sleep overcame me. At other times I would find myself a shady spot on the outskirts of the forrest—some eminence commanding a view of the wild broken country for many a league, and here I would dream my day-dreams, and, though always shy and reticent in the presence of others, here I could imagine myself an actor on the stage of life, with no mean part to play before my fellow men. All these dreams of the future borrowed their colour from the religious histories and biographies I was incessantly reading. Applause, riches, the love of women, the soldier's renown, were less than nothing to me. The future I pictured for myself.

and that had an indescribable fascination for my mind, was a life of heroic effort and self-sacrifice. My years would be spent in converting heathen nations to Christ; in stirring the souls of men in vast cities with an eloquence like that of St. Chrysostom of old; in world-wide wanderings and perilous adventures by land and sea—shipwrecks, imprisonments, scourgings, hunger, thirst, fatigue—endured for the glory of God. And at last, perhaps, worn with age and unintermitted toil, I would withdraw to some peaceful solitude to spend my remaining years in writing some great book to keep alive the faith and cheer the souls of countless generations of Christians—a new immortal "City of God"—only without the blemishes that had been pointed out to me in the work of my beloved St. Augustine.

(To be continued.)

Old England and Old Russia:

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF RUSSIAN LIFE AND A RUSSIAN CORONATION THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ON the 27th of February, in the year of grace 1557, England being then once more happily restored to communion with the Church of Rome, there was a great stir in the City of London and its neighbouring parts; for on that day the first ambassador from "the high and mightie Evan Vasslivich, Emperor of all Russia, Great Duke of Volidemer, Moscovia and Novogrode, Emperour of Cassan and of Astrachan, &c.," after an unfortunate voyage that had lasted for nearly twelve months, made his state entry into the capital city of England. For nearly five hundred years all communications between the two countries had ceased. Lying as it were at the two extremities of the civilized world, each had been developing on its own lines uninfluenced by the other, from the days when Gytha, the daughter of our English Harold, had married the Russian Prince Vladimir. In the intervening centuries the two kingdoms had gradually been forgetting the very existence of each other, the only tie between them being that the German merchants of the Hanseatic League had houses both at Novgorod and London. It must have been this association that principally supplied our nobles and prelates with their ermines and sables, and it was mainly by its agents that the "budge doctors of the stoic fur" and other philosophies could strut in their petty hoods at our universities during the long years in which there was no direct communication between eastern and western Europe.

Let us now hurriedly glance at the circumstances which led to the opening of direct trade between the two.

During the whole of the Middle Ages the commerce with the East had been chiefly in the hands of the Venetians, until in 1497 the Portuguese discovered the path to India by the Cape of Good Hope. Five years before this Christopher Columbus had sighted the shores of the New World, to whose trade the Spaniards at once began to lay exclusive claim, no part of which they would forego. To the minds of both nations the new discoveries originally had but one value, viz., as opening out the road to those strange and golden regions of romance—Cathay and the kingdom of Prester John. Whatever nation first set foot on these distant shores might claim the sole right of supplying Europe with the gifts of the East—silk, spice, incense, gold and precious stones.

When in the year 1484 the King of Portugal, wishing to conquer distant lands to his own sway and that of Christ, sent a circular demanding help from all the great princes of Christendom, and was refused by all, he appealed to the Pope to confirm his sole right in whatever lands he should discover; and in the words of Master Robert Thorne to Doctor Ley, "Lord Ambassadour from King Henry VIII. to Charles the Emperour:" "The Pope said not as Christ saith, '*Quis me constituit judicem inter vos*,' but, making himself as lord and judge of all, not only granted that all that should be discovered from Orient to Occident should be the Kings of Portugal, but also that upon great censures no other Prince should discover but he. And if they did, all to be the Kings of Portugal." By virtue of this prior deed from the Head of the Universal Church of Christ, the Kings of Portugal claimed all the Spanish discoveries in the West Indies. The Spanish lawyers set up a counter claim; and the quarrel was finally settled by a verbal compromise—that all discoveries eastward of 180 degrees of the line of longitude passing through Cape Verde should belong to the King of Portugal; while all lands lying westward for 180 degrees, should fall to the King of Spain.

But in those days the art of map-making was in its infancy. The doctors of learning in each nation could not decide to which the much-coveted spice islands of the East should belong; while the Portuguese laid claim to Brazil, which clearly lay west of Cape Verde, their formal boundary in that direction. Hence there arose continual bickerings between the two nations, and a deep-seated jealousy of one another, which was only equalled by the passionate hatred with which they both viewed any third party who might strive to obtain a share in so lucrative a trade. All the southern seas and those to the east and west likewise were closed to the keels of other nations.

We have now reached the days of the English Reformation, when the breath of a new religion was infusing a new life into English character in all directions. Even before the thirteenth century had closed, English adventurers, under the guidance of Sebastian Cabot had sailed north-west and discovered Newfoundland; and on all hands the English merchants were eager for fresh enterprises. Though the jealousy of Spain and Portugal had for the present established a barrier to the south, which, as yet, they were not strong enough to break through—there were other paths to those teeming regions of Cathay which filled the imagination of all Europe at the time of the Renaissance. Sailing round the north-east of Europe, or the north-west of America where no Spanish flag would dare to fly, and so southwards again they might still light upon those golden kingdoms whose gates Spanish greed was bent on locking fast against all of stranger race. What did the members of a free Church, whose true head was Christ, and, under *him, the national* king, care for the concession of a false pope—of Anti-

christ himself? Had we thrown off his yoke in spiritual matters, in which perhaps he had some part and lot, and some claim on our obedience, to submit tamely to his dictation in a purely mundane affair, and lower yet, to a compromise based upon a papal decree—the terms of which the two leading parties, Spain and Portugal, had never been able to adjust to their mutual satisfaction. The "*alter orbis Britanniæ*" would have scouted the plainest decision of the most absolute pope or emperor, still less would it yield compliance to vague deductions from such a decision.

It was acting on these principles, that towards the close of Edward VI.'s reign, a charter was obtained for the formation of a "mysterie and companie of the Marchants Adventurers, for the Discoverie of regions and places unknowen in the yere of our Lord God, 1553." An elaborate code of instructions was drawn up for their guidance—a code which may now-a-days provoke a smile, but in its own age was a fair expression of the over-mastering sense which bade our pious, simple-minded forefathers surrender themselves in all matters to the hands of a God who could and would most terribly punish any departure from the strict laws of right. We do not know how any means could have been devised for effectually carrying out such an order as No. 12; but the feeling which dictated it was one of a sober religion:

"That no blaspheming of God, or detestable swearing be used in any ship; nor communication of ribaldrie, filthy tales, or ungodly talke to be suffred in the company of any ship; neither dicing, carding, tabling, nor other devilish games to be frequented."

Morning and evening prayers according to the established forms of the Church were to be read by the "minister" or other competent person, in each vessel.

Rule 18 breathes a godly spirit, but would be difficult, we imagine, to enforce, at all events in its last clause:

"Item the sicke, diseased, weake and visited person within boord to be tendred, relieved, comforted and holpen in the time of his infirmitie; *and every maner of person without respect to beare anothers burden.*"

The Iconoclastic spirit of the Reformation was restrained by a clause forbidding sailors to make parade of their own religion, and enjoining them "to bear with such lawes as the place hath where you shall arrive."

Should it be found necessary to take a native of the strange land on board to learn the language of the country, it must be "without violence and fraud; and no woman to be tempted or intreated to incontinencie or dishonestie." But with all this innocence of the dove there is mingled somewhat of the serpent's guile; for the sailors are speciously advised, "if the person taken may be made drunk with your beere or wine you shall know the secrets of his heart." The travellers are to be "warie of woods and ambushes, and that your weapons be not out of your

possessions;" yet they are not needlessly to be afraid if they see the strangers wear "Lyons or Beares skinnes, having long bowes and arrowes: for such be oftentimes more to feare strangers then for any other cause." But "diligent watch is to be kept day and night against a people that can swimme in the sea, havens, and rivers, naked, having bowes and shafts, coveting to draw nigh your ships, which, if they find not wel watched, they will assault, desirous of the bodies of men, which they covet for meate." No one is to trade for his private advantage till the whole of the company's goods are disposed of; and there are to be "no conspiracies, part-takings, factions, false tales, untrue reports . . . . but the same and all other nngodliness to be chastened charitably with brotherly love."

A series of instructions, drawn up some thirty years later, advises the travellers to "take with them the mappe of England set out in faire colours, one of the biggest sort I meane, to make shew of your country from whence you come. And also the large mappe of London to make shew of your citie. *And let the river be drawen full of ships of all sorts, to make the more shew of your great trade and traffike in trade of merchandize.*"

In such a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, of true godliness, and limited morality, did our first adventurers set sail for the unknown regions of Cathay. At the head of this expedition was placed Sir Hugh Willoughbie, a most valiant Gentleman, ... "made of accompt before all others, both by reason of his goodly personage (for he was of tall stature) as also for his singular skill in the services of war." He does not seem to have ever been in command of a ship previously, though this was doubtless thought but a small objection in an age when warfare had not yet developed a class of naval, as distinct from military, leaders. Victuals were taken for eighteen months and three ships furnished out for the voyage. Just before starting it seems to have struck the merchant adventurers that it would be well to find out all they could of this strange N.E. land, along which their mariners were to coast. A rumour reached them that there were two "Tartarians" in the king's stables. These were sent for and an interpreter procured to "demand of them touching their country and the maners of their nation." But, as old Haklinyt tells us, they could answer nothing to the purpose; "being indeed more acquainted (as one of these merily and openly said) to tosse pottes then to learne the states and disposicions of people." It was then decided to start, without further delay, on 20th of May, 1553, on which day, "having saluted their acquaintance, one his wife, another his children, another his kinsfolkes, and another his friends deerer then his kinsfolkes," they weighed anchor and departed from Radcliffe with the turning of the tide. It must have been a gallant sight as the three vessels were towed down the Thames past Greenwich Palace, where the *the courtiers* came running out to see the start, and "the common people *flockt together, standing very thicke upon the shoare.*" Even the Privie

Council was not above the general curiosity, for we are told that certain of them "looked out at the windows and the rest ranne up to the tops of the towers." All the mariners were clothed in their liveries of watchet or sky-blue (which by their orders were carefully reserved for gala days), and took care to display their finery by standing upon the poop and mainyards or strutting about the hatches. As it swept past the Palace, each ship discharged its ordnance, 'insomuch that the tops of the hilles sounded therewith and the skie rang again with the noyse thereof." But none of this pomp and stir was seen by the young King, for whose honour it had chiefly been contrived, and who in some distant part of the same building was wearily expecting his summons for a longer voyage to a more mysterious land. And so, as a favourable wind sprang up at Harwich, they "hoysed up saile and committed themselves to the sea, giving their last adieu to their native Country, which they knewe not whether they should ever returne to see againe or not. Many of them looked oftentimes backe, and could not refraine from teares, considering into what hazards they were to fall, and what uncertainties of the sea they were to make triall of." Among the rest the Grand Pilot, Richard Chancelor, had a double cause of grief; for he discovered that much of his provisions had gone bad, and that his hogsheads of wine were leaky; but above all else "his naturall and fatherly affection also somewhat troubled him, for he left behind him his two little sonnes, which were in the case of Orphanes if he spedde not well."

After being delayed many times by contrary winds, the three vessels at last rounded the coast of Norway, until, early in August, the admiral's ship, the "Speranza," and the "Confidence" were parted in a violent storm from the Grand Pilot's vessel, the "Edward Bonaventura." The first two with the gallant admiral perished in the winter, at Arzina in Lapland; Chancelor, with the third, after waiting seven days in vain for his fellows at Wardhouse, "sailed so farre that he came at last to the place where he found no night at all but a continuall light and brightness of the sunne shining clearly upon the huge and mightie Sea. And having the benefite of this perpetual light for certaine dayes, at the length it pleased God to bring them into a certaine great Bay, which was of one hundreth miles or thereabout over." A far-off fisher boat was spied, to which Chancelor gave chase in person, and, on overtaking it, discovered that the water was the Bay of St. Nicholas, in the country called Russia or Muscovia.

So little was this region known, that the very "sleddeman," who conveyed news of the strangers' arrival from the governor to the Emperor at Moscow, "by some ill happe" lost his way on his return and unexpectedly, "having long erred and wandered, at the last on his direct returne met our Captaine on the way."

For Chancelor had grown tired of waiting, and had at last, on his

own responsibility, set out for Moscow, to present his letter from the King of England to the Russian Court.

The Muscovite Emperor at this time was Ivan IV., whom history knows by the name of Ivan the Terrible. No former monarch had been so indefatigable in war, or had enlarged the bounds of his kingdom so greatly. Kazan and Astrakhan had fallen before him till the whole line of the Volga was his; while far up in the N.E. he claimed authority over the undefined regions of Siberia. We need hardly trouble ourselves here with the studious cruelty of his boyhood and youth, the wise rule and splendid success of his manhood, or the mad passion of his latest years. We are only concerned with that side of Russian life which presented itself to our English visitors.

At last Chancelor has reached the walls of Moscow—the old Moscow, girt round with its three circles of walls, and having its wooden houses irregularly scattered between their folds. Those of our readers who have visited Edinburgh and seen the few old houses which yet remain there will recognise the "paier of staires" that lead up into the chambers "out of the yarde or streete after the Scottish manner," which must have been one of the first features to strike his eyes. As he gazed upon them with their walls of planed fir-trees having all the chinks carefully filled up with dried moss, and when he saw the very streets paved with great beams of the same material, it is no wonder that he thought them "very dangerous for fire." It was indeed a great city that lay before him, with its 41,500 separate houses and innumerable churches, so soon to be consumed by Tartar flames: a town "greater," as it seemed to our traveller, "than London with the suburbs: but it is very rude and standeth without all order." Ditched round on one side, and on the other flanked by the river, rose the brick fortress of the Kremlin, with its walls said to be 18 feet thick, and containing nine "fayre churches." It did not consort with the dignity of the Emperor (or Duke, as Chancelor prefers to call him) to receive the stranger at once, before time had been allowed for suitable display. Twelve days were suffered to elapse before the invitation was issued; but then there was to be seen at his reception even more than the splendour lavished

> "Where the gorgeous East
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

From the outer room, where over 100 gentlemen were waiting, all clad in cloth of gold, Chancelor passed into the royal presence-chamber itself, where the King sate in "a long garment of beaten golde, with an imperial croune upon his head and a staffe of Cristall and golde in his right hand." Chancelor was then bidden to dinner; and of these dinners we can collect a most graphic account.

The hall was small, and "not so great as the King's Majesties of *England," but contained* a table covered with a cloth, and set full with

vessels of gold. In the dining-chamber sate the Duke, in a gown of silver, raised on a dais above the rest, with no one near him; while, all round the wall, elevated two steps above the level flooring, ran boards for the invited guests. Every guest was clad in white, but the gentlemen that waited were in cloth of gold, and remained covered even in the Emperor's presence. In the centre of the room stood another table, covered with golden plate, and amongst the rest "foure marvelous great pottes or crudences" of gold and silver, standing nearly two yards high. To each guest—and there were some 200 present—the Duke sent a "great shiver of bread by name," saying "John Basilivich, Emperor of Russia and Great Duke of Muscovy, doth reward thee with bread." As these words were spoken everyone in the room must rise. A young swan was then brought in, and served round with similar ceremony. Repeated some four hundred times in the course of the evening, it is no wonder that our staid English travellers found the formality a little tedious; for, at a time when people still dined early, it lasted till dusk and ended by candle-light.

The adventurers had sailed in the hopes of finding a fabled Cathay, teeming with spices and gold and gems; instead, they had discovered a land whose riches were furs and sables, wax, honey, tallow, hides and train oil, and which, besides providing us with these commodities, would be able to purchase largely of the English cloth, that had so long been losing its market in Western Europe before the enterprise of Flanders. Privileges were granted to the Company of merchant adventurers and for the next year or two there was a constant passage from England to Russia which tightened the bonds of amity between the two countries until, in the year 1556, the first Russian Ambassador was despatched to our shores under the charge of Chancelor, commanding his old ship the 'Edward Bonaventura.' Unhappily a storm swept them on the coast of Scotland, and the Grand Pilot "taking more care of the Ambassador than of himself" was drowned in the Firth of Forth. "In which shipwracke not only the said ship was broken, but also the goods laden in her was by the rude people of the country rifled and carryed away." From Scotland the Ambassador, Josep Napea, was conducted in state to London, being met at Tottenham, twelve miles north of London, by the merchant adventurers, "who bare all his costs and charges from the time of his entrie into England out of Scotland." One hundred and forty in number, clad in velvet coats and chains of gold and attended by their servants in the sky-blue livery of the guild, they rode out to meet their guest and provided him with "the hunting of the Foxe" to cheer him on the road. Near Smithfield Bars the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen, dressed in scarlet, presented him with a suit of crimson velvet and "a faire richly trapped horse," whereupon the Ambassador mounted, and riding between the Lord Mayor and Lord Montague, who had led forth the Queen's

pensioners to do him honour, "was conveied through the city unto Maister Dimocke's house in Fanchurch Street."

And now we must bid farewell to the Ambassador and the Company of Merchant Adventurers at home and travel out to Russia itself, if we can by any means get a glimpse at old Russian life through the eyes of these old English worthies three hundred years ago. We must not now stay to record how on the 23rd of April, "being Munday, the right worshipfull Sebastian Cabota" (the Nestor of English commerce, and the Governor of the new Company, then some fourscore years of age) "came aboard the pinnesse 'Serchthrift' at Gravesend, accompanied by divers gentlemen and gentlewomen," and, after "tasting of such good cheer as the ship could give them, went ashore, and then at the sign of the Christopher, 'banketed,' he and his friends; and for very joy to see the towardness of our intended discoverie, the goode old Gentleman, Masfer Cobota, entered into the dance himselfe amongst the rest of the young and lustie company; which being ended, he and his friends departed, most gently commending us to the governance of Almighty God," but not without rewarding the sailors generously and leaving most liberal alms for the poor. We cannot now at our leisure follow Master Stephen Burroughs, where he sees Samoed priest, near the Obi, take a sword "a cubit and a span long and put it into his bellie half way and more, but no wound was to be seen:" nor Anthony Jenkinson, when in latitude 69, there appeared above his head a "rainebow, like a semi-circle with both ends upwards:" nor watch his terror at the first sight of the "whirle poole called Malestrand, which, from halfe ebbe untill halfe flood, maketh such a terrible noise that it shaketh the rings in the doores of the inhabitants' houses tenne miles off. Also, if there cometh any whale within the current of the same, they make a pitiful crie. Moreover, if great trees be carried into it by force of streams, and after, with the ebbe, be cast out again, the ends and boughs of them have been so beaten that they are like the stalkes of hempe that is bruised." Nor can we stay to gaze upon "the many whales, very monstrous, about our ships, some by estimation sixty feet long; and, being the ingendring time, they roared and cried terriblie." This last feature of Anthony Jenkinson's voyage is familiar to thousands of people who are ignorant of the very name of the old traveller, from whose pages Milton drew the outline for his picture of "that sea-beast slumbering on the Norway foam,"

> "Leviathan, whom God of all his works
> Created hugest that swim the ocean flood."

We will pass on at once to the great banquet given on the Russian Christmas Day 1557, (January 4th, 1558). This was, if possible, a more gorgeous display than the one recorded a few pages back. About seven *hundred men sat* down to meat, and there "at a little table having no

stranger with me, directly before the Emperor's face," says Anthony Jenkinson, "was I set." Being thus set and placed, the "Emperor sent me divers bowles of wine and meade and many dishes of meat from his own hand; which were brought me by a Duke, and my table served all in gold and silver; and so likewise on other tables there were set bowles of gold set with stone, worth by estimation £400 sterling one cup." Does not this picture remind us of Gulliver and the King of Brobdingnag?

Earlier that same day on leaving church, Jenkinson had seen the Emperor and his Court present at the blessing of the Moskwa. Standing bareheaded, with his nobles round him, Ivan watched the Metropolitan bore a small hole in the ice, and then sprinkle the said water upon the Emperor's son and the nobility. "That done, the people with great thronging filled pots of the said water to carrie home to their houses, and divers children were throwen in and plucked out quickly againe, and divers Tartars christened: all which the Emperour beheld. Also there were brought the Emperour's best horses to drink at the said hallowed water."

That which seems to have most astonished our earlier travellers was the size of the Russian armies. The Emperor, so it was told them, never took the field himself with under 200,000 men, though he still left 160,000 to guard his frontiers; "yet doth he never take to the warres neither husbandmen nor marchant." All the forces were cavalry, and it was a point of honour to be sumptuously-dressed in the field: even their plate armour was covered with velvet or cloth or gold. Above all the Duke's pavilion was a blaze of splendour. "I have seen," says Master Chancelor, "the King's Majesties of England, and the French King's pavilions, which are fayre yet not like unto his." But this display was, we must infer, reserved for special seasons—for on ordinary occasions, "the Duke himselfe goeth but meanely in apparell." Their mode of warfare had no science in it; "they are men without all order in the field;" success was gained by cunning craft or sudden onset, "for they runne hurling on heapes, and never give battel to their enemies." Yet, even in those days, the Russia soldier had all that dogged determination and iron endurance which has marked him from his first appearance in the history of Western Europe, in the Napoleonic wars down to the fall of Plevna. In dead winter, when it was freezing more than a yard thick, the common soldier would lie out in the field without tent or other covering for his head. A fire of dried sticks hurriedly kindled, a felt cloak stretched up against the quarter from which the wind was blowing, these seemed a sufficient protection, even when the snow was covering the ground. Their food was simply a little oatmeal moistened with cold water; while the horse could often find nothing but "green wood and such like baggage to feed on." "I pray you" says our sturdy old English sailor, "amongst all our boasting warriors how many should

we find to endure the field with them but one moneth?" No prince in christendom would be a match for these men, he continues, if they were but once "broken to order and knowledge of civil wars." And, broken to war two hundred years later, these were the soldiers who could make assault after assault against batteried towns, till the dead bodies of the slain filled up the ditch and formed a road over which the survivors could pass to victory.

Master Antony Jenkinson was witness to one military review, which made a deep impression on his mind. On every 12th of December, Ivan was accustomed to ride forth attended by all his nobility, riding three and three in their most gorgeous apparel. Before them went 5,000 "Harquebusiers," marching by fives "in very good order," each carrying his gun on his left shoulder, and a match in the right hand. Some distance outside the city of Moscow, two wooden houses had been constructed and filled full of earth. Opposite these houses was set the Imperial ordnance "of brasse of all sortes, bases, faulcons, minions sakers, cannons double and royal, basiliskes long and large. They have six great pieces whose shot is a yard of height, which shot a man may easily discerne as they flee." These were to be discharged one after the other, beginning with the smallest and going up to the biggest. But the chief object of this display was to test the powers of the Emperor's Harquebusiers, who were posted on a stage erected on small poles, and some quarter of a mile long. Sixty yards from this stage there were set up "certaine pieces of ice two foot wide and six foot high, which rank of ice was as long as the stage of poles." "And when the Emperor's Majestie was settled where he would be, the Harquebusiers began to shoot off at the banke of ice, as though it had bin in any skirmish or battel, who ceased not shooting untill they had beaten all the ice flat on the ground." In like manner, the ordnance had to continue discharging till the two houses, though thirty feet thick and very strongly put together, were beaten level with the earth. After this goodly triumph was ended, the Emperor rode back in the same state as he had come.

But, despite the might of his army, there was little prosperity in the Duke's domains. Over all the land there brooded the nightmare of an intolerable oppression. No one, however long he had served the State, could be secure of provision for his old age; his fortunes were always at the mercy of some ingratiating younger man, if this last could gain the Duke's ear. The great nobles had been divided into two factions, each of which had destroyed or weakened the other. Three hundred were slain in one week in Moscow alone. The daughters of the great houses were forced into nunneries, and the heirs left unmarried that their stock might die. Others were sent off to Siberia, Kazan, and Astracan, and there "either made away or fast clapped up." The *lower* nobles were the King's counsellors, and held lands worth some

thousand marks a year at his pleasure. The lowest nobles of all were so numerous that "plentie maketh them cheap; so that you shall see Dukes glad to serve a meane man for five or six marks a yeare, and yet will they stand highly upon the reputation of their honours." This suppression of the great families was very pleasing in the eyes of our old English travellers, fresh as they were from the days when a Duke of Somerset or Suffolk could overthrow or usurp the government. "Oh that our sturdie rebels were had in the like subjection to know their duety towarde their Princes." "They may not say, as some snudges in England say, I would find the Queene a man to serve in my place, or make his friends tarry at home if money hath the upper hande. No, no, it is not so in this country: for he shall make humble sute to serve the Duke, and whom he sendeth most to the wars, he thinketh he is most in his favour: and yet, as I have before sayde, he giveth no wages."

Every means was taken to bring nearly all the circulating medium of the empire into the Emperor's coffers. The great governors, appointed generally for a year only, were suffered in this time to suck up all the wealth they could, but "were only allowed a pittance of from 30 to 100 marks a year. These were the spunges whose moisture could be wrung out into the imperial coffers: while the agents themselves come to the *pudkey* or whip when their time was ended. The knowledge of the future in store for them only made them more grasping, so that their illicit gains might be large enough to bribe the greater officers, to appease the Duke, and yet leave a sufficiency for themselves.

Every little trick and petty device were used to gather money, even by the Emperor himself. Here is one instance. On the fall of Kazan he resigned his new acquisition to the late Khan's son, but caused this young king to revoke all the charters which bishoprics and monasteries had enjoyed for many years. This was accordingly done, and Ivan thereupon resumed the sceptre, demanding that the church should now come to him for the gracious renewal of its former privileges, of which that godless usurper had deprived them. It need hardly be said that he kept for himself, "so much of the forfeited lands as he thought good."

Trade could not really thrive, because of the imperial exactions. Did our English merchants wish to buy tallow or wax? If the Emperor got wind of their purpose, and was in money straits himself, he would buy up from his people all the commodity needed *at his own price*, and sell it again to the foreign traders at enormous profits. So in 1589, all the wax in the country was found engrossed. He would also deal in a similar manner with the imported goods. He even condescended to receive the rents of the public houses throughout his domains, where special facilities were offered to the poor labouring man to spend all his

earnings from his wife and children at one debauch. "You shall have manie there that have drunk all away to the very skinne, and so walk naked," yet, "while they are in the caback none may call them foorth, whatever cause there be, because he hindereth the Emperour's revenue."

The low intellect and spurious justice of the Russian nature are seen in the following incidents. A magistrate who had oppressed his district severely was brought before the Emperor. One special charge against him was that he had just levied, on some inferior, a goose, "drest full of money." In the market place of Moscow, the Emperor judged this petty tyrant in a speech full of noble indignation. "These, good people, are they that would eate you up like bread." Then with Tartar-like malignity he enquired who among his executioners, could cut up a goose; and when one was found, the unhappy culprit had, one after other, his legs cut off below the knee, and his arms above the elbows, till, as last of all his head went off, he must have ceased to hear the mocking question that formed the accompaniment of this diabolical piece of cruelty, "whether goose flesh were good meate." The same attempt at coverihg injustice, with a show of right is seen in the demand made upon Perm, for a large supply of cedar-trees, where of course no such growth could thrive. The incapacity to comply with so unreasonable a demand the Emperor pretended to view as a deliberate refusal, and the town was taxed to the extent of 12,000 roubles. On another occasion he ordered the city of Moscow, "to provide him with a *colpack* or measure full of live fleas for a medicine. They returned that the thing was impossible, and, if they could get them, yet they could not measure them for leaping out. Whereupon he praved or beat out of their skinnes 7,000 rubbels for a mulct." Ivan used often to excuse his excessive imposts by asserting that they were good for trade. He ground down his people, he would say, as he shaved his beard, to make it stronger; or, at least, they were not permanently injured, for, like a sheep's fleece, their riches would grow again next year.

But such was not the case. The pages of the English authors are full of complaints of decaying trade. Less than a third of the old amount of tallow was available for export in 1588, and less than a fifth of the wax. So, too, hemp and flax were yearly falling off.

Among other curiosities noted down by our early travellers one that struck them much was the method of distributing justice. If two gentlemen's servants quarrelled, and their masters could not settle the difference, the plaintiff would lay his charge before the justice of the district, and the defendant would be at once arrested; and then and there, without trial, beaten about the legs till he could find surety. If none were forthcoming after some time, the unfortunate man had to be *led round the town*, with his hands tied behind his back, and be still

beaten about the legs till someone would take pity on him. One point appeared highly commendable to poor Chancelor: "They have no man of Lawe to plead their causes in any court; but every man pleadeth his own cause, and giveth bill and answer in writing; contrarie to the order in England."

In criminal matters, and affairs of life and death, the prisoner, after a preliminary examination, was carried before one of the four great lords, who ruled each over his own quarter of the empire. This examination was conducted by torture; by the lash (or *pudkey*), by tying to a spit and roasting, by cutting away the flesh from under the nails, and other barbarous means. Can the sight of this enormity in Russia have at all aided in familiarizing the odious practice to the minds of the Stuart lawyers later? All matters of pure law were left for the Emperor's private decision.

It was in the year 1584 that Ivan the Terrible was fated to die. Of late years he had been drawing into closer alliance with England, and had even gone so far as to propose marriage with Elizabeth. So great was his dread of his own people growing, that he had long been preparing a huge fleet on the Dwina, and storing up great treasure at Vologda, so that in an emergency he might escape to our shores. Unable to obtain the Queen's hand, he declared himself willing to content himself with the hand of one of Elizabeth's ladies, leaving the choice to her, only stipulating that the portrait of his future wife should be sent for his inspection, and that she should not be thin and wizened like her royal mistress, but comely and inclined to *embonpoint*. On this last point great stress was laid, and the English despatches were sent off to England, hidden in a wooden bottle filled full with aqua-vita, and hung under the mane of Sir Jerome Horsey's steed. Gold for the journey was sewed into the messenger's boots and quilted into some of his worst garments. Readers of "Kenilworth" will remember how keenly Elizabeth's scent was shocked by the odour which she fancied she perceived rising from Tressilian's coarse leather shoes; so it is no wonder that, though, to use Sir Jerome's words on arriving in England, "I took owt and swetned the Emperor's letters as well as I could, yet the Queen smelt the savier of the aqua-vita when I delivered them unto her Majesty, *declaringe the cause for her Highnes' more satisfaction.*" The Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, was chosen as the Russian bride; and when Ivan's own ambassador arrived, she put on a "staetly countenence accordinglie," with which the cunning Muscovite pretended to be so much struck, that, as if dejected by such a blaze of beauty, he fell prostrate at her feet, and, on rising, ran backward, with his eyes still fixed upon her face, as though the two passions of awe for her dignity and wonder at her fairness were struggling for the mastery in his breast. "It did suffice him," he said, by an interpreter, "to behold the angell he *hoped should be his* master's espouse."

At first the Lady Elizabeth was delighted with the proposal, and she was playfully called by her friends at the English court "The Emporis of Muscovia;" but as the time for her departure drew nearer, and rumours reached her of her intended husband's fierce and bloodthirsty temper, her courage failed, and she besought the Queen, with tears in her eyes, not to force her to so monstrous a marriage. And now death stept in to save her from such loathed embraces; the Emperor, whose constitution had been ruined by debauch and reckless living, was fast sinking into the grave. It was to no purpose that he called for three-score witches to be sent out of the North, "where, between Colmogro and Lappia, there is store." To no purpose did the Emperor's favourite feed them softly and visit them every day. They could only helplessly mutter that the planets were against the Emperor, and would produce his end by such a day. The loathsome disease that was on the dying man began to swell yet more grievously; and in his rage he told the soothsayers that they bade fair to be all burnt together.

Every day now saw the dying king carried into his treasury. Sitting there, with all his jewels about him, he took them up fondly, one by one, for the last time, appealing to the bystanders to bear witness that he was not succumbing to a natural disease but was wasting away through poison. For one moment he woke up to descant on the virtues of the loadstone, which was brought to him, hung all round with clustering needles, and "without which," as he said, "the seas that compass the world are not navigable." The orient brightness of the coral and "faire turquoise," when placed upon his wasted arm, died down to a dull and pall-like hue; a sure proof to his diseased imagination that he was dying of poison. Then he bade his physician, Johannes Lloff, "reach owt the staff roiall," a unicorn's horn, set round with all manner of precious stones, and with it scrape out a circle on the table. Living spiders were caught, and placed within its magic bounds, but only to die (so says an eye-witness): while those that were placed outside, but near it (very naturally) ran away from it at full speed. What could be a plainer token of death? And, one by one, the dying man enumerates the mystic virtues of each gem, and confesses, at the last, that the purity of the diamond has never "restreyned his furie and luxurie," nor strengthened him for "abstinence and chasticie;" nor the clear light of the emerald held back his lust. The onyx, the sapphire, and the ruby has each its hidden power for mind, or sight, or blood; but he has put none to its rightful use, and it is too late now. Despairing of all aid, he at last cries out, "I fainte, carie me awaye till an other a tyme."

The magicians are once more in attendance, muttering and unmuttering their spells in solemn farce. Then to the bath, with the warning of the trembling magi ringing in his ears, "Sir, be not so wrathfull. You *know the daie is com*, and ends with the setting of the sun." After the

solace of his bath, during which, as was his wont, he "made merie with pleasant songs" he sat down on his bed, and called for his chess-board. He sets forth his men in due order—"all savinge the kinge, which by no means he could not make stand in his place with the rest upon the plain board;" and then suddenly, "in his lose gown, shirtt and lynnen hose, faints and falls backward." Aqua-vita and rose-water are powerless now; neither "ghostlie father nor phizicion" can help. The great Lord of all the Russias is dead, leaving his kingdom to his eldest surviving son, Feodor.

We will conclude this sketchy paper with a slight account of a ceremony, which in a few days will be repeated, so that our readers may compare the doings of to-day with those of almost exactly 300 years ago.

After forty days of mourning the day of coronation arrived, *strangely enough according to our old English authors, the 10th of June, 1584, the very day, which at the moment of writing this article stands fixed for the performance of the same rite 299 years later.* Attended by all the bishops and priors from the Patriarch and Metropolitan downwards, clad in their most gorgeous apparel, the Emperor passed from one church to another along a set of bridges, raised three feet above the roadway, and a couple of fathoms broad. From the church of Blaveshina, or Blessedness, he passed to that of Michael the Archangel, and thence to the Cathedral church of our Lady called 'Prechista.' Here there entered, first of all, the church dignitaries, who, as soon as the Emperor set foot within the building, burst out into a song of "Many years to our noble Theodore Ivanowich." The patriarch and his company took up their song in answer, "singing it all together with a great noise." This being ended, the patriarch and the Emperor mounted a stage in the middle of the church, on which was placed "a chair of majestie wherein his ancestors used to sit at such extraordinary times." Here his robes were changed, and rich and most invaluable garments put on him, while exhortations to justice and right were read by the Metropolitan, openly out of a small volume; and then, girt round by all the nobility, ranged in order of rank, the Metropolitan set the Imperial crown upon the new Emperor's head, the sceptre with its crystal globe in the right hand, and the sword of justice in the left, uttering meanwhile the benediction 'Peace be unto all,' and winding up by blessing the Emperor with the sign of the cross. All the bishops then in due order approached the chair and blessed their new lord, raising their two forefingers in the same manner. Then one deacon, close by, called aloud "Many years to noble Theodore, good, honourable, and beloved of God, Great Duke of Voldemer, of Mosko, Emperor and Monarch of all Russia." From all sides of the church the same cry was sounded forth, till as it died away, another part of the ceremony commenced, as the whole company one after the other, metropolitans, bishops and nobles, came forward to do their homage to their new sovereign, 'bending downe their heads and knocking them at his feete to the very ground.'

On leaving the church, the Emperor mounted his steed, whose jewelled cloth was reported to be worth 300,000 marks. As he passed along the bridges before spoken of, the gold cloth, with which they were spread, and over which he trod, was cut up by the multitude; and pieces of gold and silver, specially coined for the occasion, scattered among the crowd.

The next ceremony was in the Parliament-house where the Emperor sat, adorned as before, with his six crowns before him, and a gold basin and ewer held by a knight, while other guards in silver cloth, stood two on each side, with golden sceptres and battleaxes in their hands.

Finally, the festivities, after lasting a week, wound up with a grand blaze of ordnance, called a "peale royall." From the city gates there stretched a host of 20,000 "harquebusiers, apparelled all in velvet, coloured silke and stammels," drawn up in eight ranks, two miles in length. Between these the Emperor, attended by his nobles, to the number of at least 50,000, departed through the city to his palace. Apparently, at the further end of this line of soldiery, were placed "170 great pieces of brasse, of all sort, as faire as any can be made." These were fired off; the harquebusiers gave two discharges: and so, with the roar of cannon and gunshot, the great display was ended.

The foregoing pages have given a short sketch of old Russia as it appeared to English travellers and merchants 300 years ago. At that time there was a friendly feeling between the two races, and even the terrible old tyrant, Ivan IV., was at times inclined to favour English traders at the expense of those of other nations. But to us, who have not long passed the day when a fierce struggle between the two powers seemed imminent, and who cannot look forward to the future without a great dread that, sooner or later, the death-grapple must come in that region of Central Asia which Anthony Jenkinson was well-nigh the first of all Englishmen to visit—to us there may be a dark warning, and yet a solemn comfort, in certain of his words, with which I will close this paper. For both nations and their rulers they have a meaning. To the Russian Czar, as he tremblingly lingers out a joyless existence in constant fear of the people whom his ancestors oppressed so long, no less than to the English Statesman, who lives in perpetual dread of that foreign aggression with which Muscovite rulers are ever striving to hide the disunion and discontent that are slowly but surely eating away the vital forces of their Empire—to all who guide the destinies of either race there is matter for consideration in the guarded forecast of our old English hero:

"*If they knewe their strength, no man were able to make match with them; nor they that dwel neere them should have any rest of them. But I I thinke it is not God's will: For I may compare them to a young horse that knoweth not his strength; for, if he did, neither childe nor man could rule him.*"

Across the Centuries.

FOUR CREEDS AND A REALIZATION.

1583.
Secundum doctrinam Magistri sui
JOHANNIS CALVINI
Loquitur
PRESBYTER GENEVENSIS

Truly, each soul is a world of sin,
Where, if God be out, the Devil is in;
But I'm not quite sure, I've more than a doubt,
If you twist the saying round about,
Whether God is in, if the Devil be out.

1883.
Secundum doctrinam Magistri sui
JOHANNIS F. D. MAURICII
Loquitur
EPISCOPUS ANGLICANUS

The soul is a world of gloom and doubt.
But God is in where the Devil is out:
And I feel at times that the Good must win,
For, despite the sorrow, despite the sin,
God is not all out where the Devil is in.

2183.

Secundum doctrinam Magistri sui
ERNESTI HAECKELII
Loquitur
DOCTOR INFIDELIS TEUTONICUS

A very curious race, I see,
Lived in eighteen hundred and eighty-three:
Though Haeckel had preached and preached so well,
They could still believe, as their Chronicles tell,
In a God and a Devil and Heaven and Hell.

ANNO (?)
Secundum Vocem Magistri sui
SPIRITUS HOMINIS
Loquitur
DUBITATOR FIDELIS

Never a certainty, here below,
Whether there be a God or no!
But we nourish a hope, we hold a trust,
That under the mould and into dust
The soul of man is not wholly crushed.

ULTRA ANNOS.

Beyond the years, in a sacred spot,
Where time is lost and space is not,
Five souls are standing side by side
Four—parted on earth by the centuries wide,
And the fifth has the form of the Christ that died.

The Case of the Red-Handed.

IN these days of appeals to dynamite and other destructive agents for the furtherance of political and social aims, it may be interesting to look back to the early years of the present century, and examine the views of public men in England at that period. In the year 1811, a conversation took place in the House of Commons between Mr. Whitbread, a prominent member of the House, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as to the truth of certain reports that had been circulated, to the effect that the doctrine of political assassination was openly disseminated throughout the Continent of Europe, by means of papers written in French, but published in England, with the encouragement, if not active assistance, of the British Government. It must be remembered that, at this date, Napoleon Bonaparte was at the height of his power; all Europe was at his feet, and many observers of passing events considered the chances of England in a prolonged struggle with the Ruler of France almost hopeless. Hence political feelings ran high, and this gives an additional interest to the discussion of the question of political assassination in the House of Commons. On July 1st, 1811, Mr. Whitbread observed that "as the House was unoccupied at that moment, he hoped he might be indulged with saying a few words, which it was otherwise his intention to have offered to their notice on the question of adjournment. His object in rising was to give the right hon. gentleman opposite, or any other of His Majesty's ministers, an opportunity of making an avowal, similar to that which he understood had been made in another place by Marquis Wellesley, on a subject intimately involving the character of the British Government and the welfare and safety of every individual of the Royal Family." Later on, the conversation in the House of Lords, on the subject of incitement to assassination, to which Mr. Whitbread here refers, will be given. "The House would be aware that he alluded to the horrible doctrines which had recently been promulgated by a part of the press respecting assassination. That had been preached up as a duty under certain circumstances, which no circumstances could justify. Were the writers to whom he alluded aware that

they led to the perpetration of crimes on the innocent and meritorious, by the arguments in which they recommended the perpetration of crime on one—certainly not innocent—certainly not meritorious—but of whom they were not to set themselves up as the judges and the punishers. When these persons held out the examples of antiquity for the perpetration of such crimes or such deeds, as he presumed they would call them—when they described the individuals of former ages by whom these examples had been afforded, as the benefactors of mankind, and as having ever since been so estimated, he supposed it would be in vain for him to suggest to them the great change which had taken place in moral duty by the Christian system of religion. It would be in vain, he presumed, for him to point out to their consideration that, by the mild doctrines of that religion, an eye was no longer demanded for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth. To the persons to whom he alluded such an appeal would in all probability be fruitless. But he wonld call on the advocates of assassination to show a single instance in which the crime had been successful, or had been followed by the advantages anticipated by the short-sighted perpetrators of it. After the assassination of Cæsar, had the liberties of Rome been better secured than before? Had the knife of the assassin been always pointed at the proper object? Had it not frequently been directed against the hearts of the innocent and meritorious? Against the heart of Henry the Fourth, and Louis the Fifteenth of France; of the great Prince of Orange; and, thrice in our own days, of the existing monarch of this country. Had not the King of Sweden been assassinated? Had not the Emperors Peter and Paul of Russia been assassinated? And was it, then, prudent to preach up the doctrine that any individual was competent to judge who ought to be assassinated and who ought not? Before these persons told the Spaniard that he had a right to assassinate the Emperor of France, because he invaded Spain, let them recollect how recently Great Britain had attacked an unoffending nation with whom she was not at war. If their doctrine were wholesome, let them reflect on the right which a Zealander (inflamed by that which he should ever term a most atrocious violence), would possess to arm himself on their principles, with the poniard of vengeance. Let them reflect on the progress of our English Empire in the East. Let them remember the march of British armies over the guiltless countries of Asia, for the purpose of deposing unoffending Sovereigns. Surely those Sovereigns had in their courts individuals personally and warmly attached to them, and, were the doctrines to which he alluded established, the hand of a subject of the Nabob of Oude, or Tippoo Sultan, might with justice be lifted in secret against those to whom his unfortunate Sovereign owed his misfortunes? There was something, however, beyond this consideration of the subject. The papers in which these doctrines had been asserted were published in *this country in* the French language, for the purpose of being circulated

on the Continent, and supposed to be so circulated under the auspices of the British Government for that which they imagined to be a wise political object. These papers, accordingly, went forth to the world, as sanctioned by this Government. With that feeling they would be read by the person whom they declared it would be not only justifiable, but meritorious, to murder. Let it be recollected that this person had preconceived the opinion that the British Government were the instigators of the plot for his destruction by means of the infernal machine. Let it be recollected that he had told the people of France that the British Government had landed assassins on the French coasts for the purpose of secretly destroying him. What a confirmation would such statements on his part receive from the circulation of such doctrines as those recently promulgated? What must be the necessary consequence, but that if this person conceived that the hand of the British Government was thus raised against his person, that he would avail himself of every opportunity of retaliation? The very individuals who published these papers declared that a person of the name of Haukwitzer had already been sent from France for the express purpose of attempting the life of the sovereign of Great Britain. At the very moment that they became the advocates of assassination, they expressed their belief that Bonaparte had in his pay a hand ripe for any deed of blood. Were they aware of the vital danger to which they thus exposed the persons of their sovereign and his family? For himself, having seen the doctrines to which he had alluded maintained in those publications, which were generally considered as having the support of the Administration, and having on the other hand seen the manly disavowal of those doctrines by a noble marquis in another place, he had felt it his duty not to allow the House of Commons to separate without giving the right honourable gentleman opposite an opportunity of making a similar declaration. And with respect to the individual who was the immediate object of these abominable doctrines, was it to be believed that Providence, who, for inscrutable purposes, had raised up that extraordinary man, had led him in safety through dangers of every description, who had preserved him in the field of battle, and who had shielded him from the knife of the assassin—was it to be believed that Providence would allow its object to be frustrated by the puny efforts of such short-sighted beings, whose projects would be as fruitless as they were criminal? He trusted that he should hear a distinct disavowal of doctrines, in which was involved the safety of every crowned head in Europe."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that he was glad the honourable gentleman had given him an opportunity of disavowal of such doctrines, and concluded by saying: "With regard to the particular subject mentioned by the honourable gentleman, he had no hesitation in repeating that he disavowed most heartily, and from the bottom of his

soul, any doctrines which led to practices so unchristian-like and so foreign to a wise and manly policy."

Mr. Whitbread then replied, thanking the right honourable gentleman for his frank and honourable disavowal. "Whatever he might think of the ultimate fate of the nations of Europe, whatever opinion he might entertain of the intentions of Providence with respect to that extraordinary being who had hitherto possessed such a powerful influence over that fate, he was not the less convinced of the duty of resistance to his designs—of the duty of defending our liberties, even should extermination be the consequence. But it was not for an individual to step forward, and with a criminal hand attempt to accelerate the result. Such attempts were ever destructive of their object. He well remembered the rejoicings that were occasioned in this country by the news of the assassination of the Emperor Paul. It was then said that Russia would turn against France. She did so turn. A most absurd coalition took place between Great Britain and Russia—and what followed? that Russia was completely subjugated, and that the successor of the assassinated Paul became one of the firmest friends of France."

This closed the conversation in the House of Commons.

A week before this subject was discussed in the House of Commons, a similar discussion had been raised in the House of Lords by Earl Grey, who, on June 24th, 1811, "called the attention of their lordships to a publication which had been put into his hands, the atrocious nature of which no words which he was master of could adequately describe. He found it in a French paper, published in this country, and which he understood had considerable circulation on the Continent. The passage he more particularly alluded to purported to be an extract from a weekly publication—entitled the *Anti-Gallican Monitor*, and written by a Mr. Louis Goldsmidt—which had never fallen into his hands. It was upon the tenor and tendency of that extract which he now wished to animadvert."

The noble earl then read the passage, in which were enumerated the murders said to be committed by Buonaparte, from that of the Duke D'Enghien down to the murder of Captain Wright. It described the ruler of France resorting to every means, however horrible, of getting rid of those who were obnoxious to him; "he used the dagger in private as well as the sword in the field. It was in vain to contend with such a man with any but his own weapons. We ought, therefore, to instigate the individuals of every country to retort his own weapons upon him, and to try the dagger, if by no other means the world could be delivered from him." "Here," said the noble earl, "was a direct exhortation, an open incitement, to Assassination. And what opinion must all Europe have of the character of the British Government and

of the British nation could it be imagined that such sentiments were countenanced here in any shape?"

Earl Grey ended by urging the Government Ministers to disavow these atrocious doctrines.

The Marquis Wellesley (to whom Mr. Whitbread refers) "fully coincided with the noble lord in thinking that such doctrines could not be too strongly reprobated, and that the atrocity of the sentiments could only be equalled by their absurdity. A doctrine more horrid in all respects he could not conceive; and he disavowed it not only as a Minister of the Crown, but as a man of common sense. . . . . It was lamentable that such a production should have issued from a British press, and he was sorry it had escaped his attention. He would only add, that there was no way in which Government could take an opportunity of reprobating such doctrines that they would not adopt, and if possible bring the author of it to condign punishment." Earl Grey expressed himself perfectly satisfied with what had fallen from the noble marquis, who again, in reply, "deprecated that system of vile abuse against the ruler of France which appeared to have been adopted by the paper alluded to. Let his oppressions and acts of aggression be stated in the language which belonged to them without descending to vile personal abuse."

The Duke of Norfolk suggested the propriety of laying the paper on the table. It had been published in the heart of the Metropolis, and his grace thought it ought to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman. The Marquis Wellesley concluded the conversation by saying that the laying of the paper on the table would be giving it greater consequence and circulation.

The above extracts from speeches of eminent members of both Houses will convey some idea of the manner in which our forefathers looked upon incitements to assassination in the early years of the present century, and at a time of the most intense political excitement. We will now come to a more recent period, when the question, not of Government itself encouraging assassination plots, but harbouring those who were supposed to instigate such plots, came on for discussion in the House of Commons. The occasion was when the question of the connection of Mr. Stansfield with Mazzini and the Greco Conspiracy came before the House. After considerable debating, in which Mr. W. E. Forster, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, and other prominent statesmen took part, this affair eventually ended in the resignation by Mr. Stansfield of his position as a member of the Government, on April 4th, 1864. On March 18th, Mr. W. E. Forster had said, referring to this subject, "Then comes the question—my hon. friend having had a personal friendship for M. Mazzini, and also an agreement with him in opinion that Italy should be a nation and a prosperous nation—ought he to have disowned and rejected his friendship with him because he became a member of the

Administration? I should not be ashamed of being the friend of M. Mazzini. I am not ashamed of being his acquaintance, but I should have been ashamed of my hon. friend, the member for Halifax, if, when he was appointed a member of the Government, he had said to M. Mazzini, 'I will have nothing more to do with you, and I disown the friendship of past years.'" Certain passages from M. Mazzini's writings on assassination had been already quoted in the House of Commons. We will give two specimens in which the question is very clearly put forward. On March 14th, 1864, Mr. Hennessey had read from a letter of Mazzini, entitled "On the Theory of the Dagger," "I abhor the shedding of a single drop of blood when not absolutely necessary to the triumph or consecration of a holy principle. There are exceptional moments in the life and history of nations, not to be judged by the normal rules of human justice, and in which the actors can only receive inspiration from their conscience and from God. Sacred in the hand of Judith is the sword that took the life of Holofernes; sacred was the dagger which Harmodius encircled with roses; sacred was the dagger of Brutus; sacred the stilletto of the Sicilian who began the Vespers; sacred the arrow of Tell. Whenever justice is extinct and a single tyrant cancels through terror and denies the conscience of a people and the God who willed them free—if a man, pure from hatred and every baser passion, arises in the religion of country and in the name of the eternal right incarnate within him, and says to him, 'Thou torturest millions of my brothers, thou withholdest from them that which God has decreed theirs, thou destroyest their bodies and corruptest their souls; through thee my country dies a lingering death; thou art the keystone of an entire edifice of slavery and dishonour and wrong; I overthrow that edifice by destroying thee; I recognise in that manifestion of tremendous equality between the tyrant of millions and a single individual, the finger of God. Most men feel in their hearts as I do. I express it."

These sentiments, eloquently and earnestly expressed as they undoubtedly are, will not commend themselves to the great majority of the English people; and in reading these debates the speeches of their representatives reflect the public opinion of the nation. We shall conclude this sketch by giving some account of one of the latest and most formidable organizations ever devised for the terrorizing of society—the Ku Klux Secret Societies, formed in 1868, after the close of the great Civil War in the United States of America. This is especially interesting to English readers, as the state of things revealed must remind them of the recent condition of Ireland; and also, because it may convey some idea of the troubles which the American people have had to encounter in dealing with the reconstruction of a society shattered by years of war, and demoralized by a sudden and violent change in the whole nature of its conditions and surroundings. The difference is that, in the *Southern States* the dispossessed whites, the aristocracy of the land, were

the aggressors; in Ireland, the possessors of small holdings and the peasantry have combined to overthrow the law.

The Ku Klux Klan was organized during 1868, and in a very short time overspread almost the whole of the Southern States. It is said on good authority, that five hundred thousand members were enrolled in the service of this organization, comprising nearly all the best families of the South, and the effects of this vast society may be judged from the following description. "Of the slain there were enough to furnish forth a battle-field, and all from those three classes, the negro, the scalawag, and the carpet-lagger, all killed with deliberation. Overwhelmed by numbers, roused from slumber at the murk midnight, in the hall of public assembly, upon the river brink, on the lonely woods-road, in simulation of the public execution—shot, stabbed, hanged, drowned, mutilated beyond description, tortured beyond conception, and almost always by an unknown hand! Only the terrible mysterious fact of *death* was certain. Accusation by secret denunciation; sentence without hearing; execution without naming mercy or appeal. In the deaths alone, terrible beyond utterance; but in the manner of death, the secret intangible doom from which fate springs, more terrible still, in the treachery which made the neighbour a disguised assassin; most horrible of all the feuds and hates which history portrays. And then the wounded, those who escaped the harder fate—the whipped, the mangled, the bleeding, the torn; men despoiled of manhood; women gravid with dead children; bleeding backs, broken limbs. Ah! the wounded in this silent warfare were more thousands than those who groaned upon the slopes of Gettysburg. Dwellings and schools and churches burned; people driven from their homes, and dwelling in the woods and fields; the poor, the weak, the despised, maltreated and persecuted—by whom? Always the same intangible presence, the same invisible power.

"Well did it name itself 'The Invisible Empire,' unseen and unknown. In one state ten thousand; in another twenty thousand; in another forty thousand; in all, an army greater than the rebellion, from the mouldering remains of which it sprung, could ever put into the field. An Invisible Empire, with a trained and disciplined army of masked midnight marauders, making war upon the weakling "powers," which the wise men had set up in the lately rebellious territory."

The above description is taken from an interesting book, lately published in America, entitled "A Fool's Errand."

This formidable organization extended its ramifications so far that it was thought advisable to grant a wholesale amnesty in many of the States, as it would have been quite impossible to draw up an indictment against half a million of offenders, distributed through every rank of society. The causes of this movement, especially the malignity of the Southern press, are well described in the same work. "More and more bitter, more and more loathsome, became the mass of Southern journal-

ism. Defiant hostility, bitter animosity, unrestricted libertinism in the assaults of private character, poured over the columns of the Southern press like froth upon the jaws of a rabid cur. Whatever, or whoever was of the North, or from the North, was the subject of ridicule, denunciation, and immeasureable malignity of vituperation. Whoever had aided, assisted or assented to the process of reconstruction, became a target for infamous assault. Rank, station, purity of life, uprightness of character, religious connection, age, sex, was uo safeguard from these assaults. The accumulated malignity of ten years of quietude and suppression burst its bounds, and poured over the whole country a disgusting flood of hideous, horrible, improbable and baseless accusation and rabid vituperation. Men of the fairest lives were covered over with unutterable infamy; women of the highest purity were accused of unnamable enormities; and even children of tender years were branded with ineffaceable marks of shame."

It would not perhaps be worth while to stir up this almost forgotten episode of recent American history, were it not for the fact, that American public opinion at this moment is looked up to by a large section of the Irish people, as likely to support them in their violent crusade against the British Government. For this reason it is well that both Americans and Englishmen should be reminded of what took place oniy fifteen years ago, in the Southern States.

Throughout this article, it has been attempted to put together in some connected form, the opinions of the English-speaking people during the present century, on the subject of political assassination. In 1811, the British Government, after twenty years of warfare with the greatest and most persevering enemy England has ever had to encounter, were supposed to be capable of instigating assassination plots against Napoleon Buonaparte. In 1864, a member of the British Government was supposed to be on intimate terms of personal friendship, with the greatest of the modern revolutionary leaders, Mazzini who again was accused of plotting against the life of a Sovereign friendly to England. No man was more capable than he of producing an eloquent Plea for the Red-Handed. In 1868, the kindred American nation was confronted with the secret hostility of a large section of their own population. For the last few years the English people and Government have witnessed, and been forced to encounter, the same phenomena in Ireland. In all these cases both Governments and peoples have pronounced emphatically against the doctrine of political assassination in any shape or form whatever. The tyrant's plea of necessity is also the plea of the political assassin; but it may well be doubted whether, at all events since the principles of Christianity have overspread the civilized world, any great cause has been advanced a single stage in its progress by an act of assassination. *Such acts have always* proved to be both crimes and blunders at the same

time. It is to be hoped, that the two great English-speaking races, will never swerve from their adherence to this doctrine; and the universal sympathy displayed on both sides of the Atlantic on the occasion of the assassination of the American Presidents, Lincoln and Garfield, and afterwards of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke, betoken no sign of change or wavering in the minds of either of these great nations on this question.

Keats and Shelley.

"YOUR works, indeed, my dear Tom, sell better; but mine are far superior. The public is no judge—posterity sets all to right." So, in a bantering strain, wrote Shelley, in the year 1819, when dedicating "Peter Bell the Third" to his brother poet, Thomas Moore. Indeed in no other sense than one of half-mockery, would any critic of that time, unless he belonged to the new school himself, have dared to make comparisons between either Shelley or Keats and the established literary reputations of the day.

To-day we can hardly recognise that it could have been necessary for the youngest generation at Cambridge, some ten years later than the time above alluded to, to send down a deputation to the sister-university, charged with a thesis of startling boldness to maintain: viz., the superiority of Shelley to Byron. For one moment it might have seemed that the old days of Crichton and the mediæval schools were to be revived in the 19th century, when these young knights of learning from Trinity (Cambridge), left their own college on the Cam and came, as the champions of a new literary faith, to spread its influence among the yet darkened halls of Christ Church and Oriel. Those who are yet living, or who have but lately passed from our midst, could, but a few years since, still remember the fervid eloquence with which the Cambridge Paladins made good their cause. "We had heard nothing like it," will even now drop from the lips of more than one of their old Oxford opponents, as their thoughts fly back to the strange enthusiasm of Sunderland and Hallam.

But, even if we pay no regard to the picturesque chivalry of the circumstances, it was in itself a remarkable occurrence when Arthur Hallam —a name so soon to be immortalized in the most pathetic elegy in the English tongue—the bosom friend of the foremost English poet of the coming generation—Sunderland, and Monckton Milnes, gave battle to Manning, Gladstone, and Doyle, the Oxford Conservatives of literature, and vanquished them in their own university. It marked the fact that *the tide was beginning* to turn and roll away from the stormy shores, where

the elemental force of Byron had been worshipped, to lie still and sparkling beneath the clear blue skies and wild spiritual harmonies of Shelley, and within sight of the warm human world of Keats. Since then the current has known no turning; now and then there does indeed arise a champion of the old creed which held our fathers in their youth; but for the most part, in the literature and criticism of to-day alike, Byron's is a name which works no miracle—a spell which has lost its force. The God of the hill-tops and the storm, the genius of rhetorical passion and carefully postured despair, has bowed his head before the Deity of the blue sky and moving waters: yes, even before the God of the fruited plains.

Fifty years ago it was a bold idea when the Cambridge undergraduates went down, as they said at the time, to defend Shelley in the University which had driven him from its midst; it was a gallant battle gallantly won. But to-day the tables are quite turned. In Oxford, at least, it would savour of arrogant boldness to maintain the opinion rife but half-a-century back. For one of the younger men who now reads Byron at either University there must be a score who have sworn allegiance to Shelley and Keats. The new age has found new idols; and its poets draw their inspiration from a far higher source than the rhetorical egotism of Byron, the mawkish prettinesses of Moore, or even the fresh perfection of Coleridge, or the strong self-containedness of Wordsworth at his best.

Such being the case, it becomes a matter of some interest to trace the real effects which Shelley and Keats have produced in modern English poetry, and to estimate, if possible with more exactitude than has yet been done, the points of similarity and divergence between the two: to show what features are peculiar to either and what are common to both: how they treat similar subjects, and how the instinct of each genius led it to expatiate fullest in different fields.

According to some students of physical science, all the other four senses are but modifications of the primary sense of touch. If this be accepted as fact we may then roughly range all our senses in ascending scale, from the gross materiality of touch to the almost spiritual attribute of sight. The lowest sense would in this case be touch—which would be followed by

$$\left\{\begin{matrix}\text{taste}\\ \text{smell}\end{matrix}\right. \qquad \left\{\begin{matrix}\text{sound}\\ \text{sight.}\end{matrix}\right.$$

For the purpose of my argument it matters not as to the exact order of those senses which I have bracketed together. I do not regard myself as pledged beyond recall to the view that sight is a sense less gross than sound, or scent a more refined development than taste—though I am myself inclined to accept the gradation set down above in every detail. All, however, that I care to insist upon here is—that touch is the

primary sense of all—the most material, the grossest, the most palpable: that either taste or smell comes next: but that both of these are lower than the diviner attributes of sound and sight. For this last statement we have the tacit assumption of Dante in the Divine Comedy, who has, for the most part, purged his *Paradise* of all other imagery than that of light and sound. The flowers and fruits of Purgatory, that are soft to the touch and sweet to the taste, make no part of the joys of highest Heaven, where all other delights are lost in the rapturous anthem that rings upon the poet's ear from all quarters, and the eternal light that streams from the triune orb of Deity itself.

Assuming that this arrangement is correct in the main, we shall now proceed to examine several passages taken from the poetry of both Keats and Shelley, in which the same or similar subjects are dealt with; and I think we shall find that, as a rule, the adjectives chosen by Keats, and the aspects of the matter on which he lays most stress belong generally to the first three senses; those chosen by Shelley to the last three. Both seem to have common ground in scent. In other words—to take one of our first series of quotations as a specimen—those aspects of wine which strike Shelley most will be its sparkle (even more than its actual colour: for colour to some extent—in a careless mind at least—connotes the idea of heat), its murmur, and perhaps its scent: while Keats lets his memory brood most fondly on its coolness, its warmth, and its taste; and in alluding to its colour—as he cannot help doing—insists more strongly upon the warmer hues themselves than upon their simple gleam. Taste and touch for the one, sight and sound for the other. But it must be remembered that both are poets, and neither can refrain at times from laying emphasis on those aspects of the subject which more properly belong to his rival's genius.

Again, even in passages where Keats is laying special stress on the sense of sight, he will constantly, as it were, hammer home his meaning by an incidental appeal to those of touch or taste: for him the splendour of the Sun-god's courts are

Touched with shade of *bronzèd* obelisks.

where, besides the verb 'touched,' in itself so strongly suggestive of the primary sense of feeling, the very colour-epithet chosen gives extra force to the material side of the idea—conveying in itself, not merely the notion of hue (dark red-brown), but also of solidity and resistance. And moreover, it is the sun which thus to Keats' eyes grows solid as a second earth, with dome and pyramid and obelisk: fire itself, losing its motion and appealing no longer to sight alone but also to touch. So, too, further on in the same passage, even scent does not seem definite enough for Keats without a further appeal to the ultimate sense of all: Hyperion must

Taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense blown aloft from sacred hills,

and with

His ample palate take
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick.

To Shelley's imagination, on the contrary, even the hardest substances of earth have a tendency to lose much of their rigidity and become mere forms of colour or motion. The pyramid of Caius Cestius, solid enough as that is to most people's eyes, is to him not marble but "*flame* transformed to marble." The lizard and the snake that Keats sees in their real shape

all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank their skin,

become to Shelley but "unimprisoned flames;" and the soft herbage in which Keats could bathe his limbs during the whole summer day, appeals to Shelley's *eye* alone, as he watches the

insects pass
Over the gleam of the living grass.

Shelley will not materialize, like Keats, the sense of scent till it becomes as gross as that of taste; no, he will rather spiritualize it and lift it up one scale higher in the ladder of the senses.

The primrose, and then the violet
Arose from the ground, with the warm rain wet;
And their breath was mixed with the fresh odours sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

So, too, Keats produces most of his grandest effects, whether he be dealing with time or space, by throwing our gaze back into the far depths of the historic or legendary past, whose memory has not yet quite vanished from our minds, or far on into the unsounded stretches of the actual universe in which we live. Beyond the real facts of human existence, or the conceivable ones of a purely human fancy, he does not care to range. These may expand themselves almost immeasurably before his imagination, and become colossal in their mystery and dread. But all his greatest effects in this line must be achieved by the amplification of the powers of our senses: touch and taste, and sound and sight, may become wellnigh Titanic in their reach, but they still remain themselves and no other: they have not put off their old nature, but merely enlarged their range. Moving strictly within these limits, he there finds ample scope for his genius, which masters and transmutes even the dull fabric of our material world till it glows with a heat and fervour far

beyond the hazy spiritualities of Shelley. For Keats there is enough to brood upon in the once noisy, but now dead and silent past—

> that uproar, past and gone
> Like thunder-clouds, that spake to Babylon,
> And set those old Chaldeans to their tasks.

And

> the hieroglyphics old,
> Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers,
> Then living upon earth, with labouring thought
> Won from the gaze of many centuries.

That is, the pathos and mystery of this actual earth, where men still live and toil and hope and sorrow, as they have done in the half-forgotten past, and will do in the unimagined future, are enough for him. There is no reaching forward after an utterly different world, where the *physical* sensations of touch and taste and smell and sound will be lost in a blaze of light, or a hazy glimmer of thought and undefined feeling. If Keats ever looks forward to a better world, it is but, so to speak, to an expurgated edition of this: one where all the senses shall have their full sway as upon earth, but be ever dominated by their true master and not their false one, and so yield pleasure always and never pain. For his heavenly life he does but amplify the most royal moments of earthly existence.

> Yes, there must be a golden victory,—
> There must be gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
> Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
> Upon the gold clouds metropolitan;
> Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
> Of strings in hollow shells; *and there shall be*
> *Beautiful things made new for the surprise*
> *Of the sky-children.* I will give command.

Even the new delights of the new world of the gods are to be "things" that shall please the wonder-eyed children of the sky; as some strange toy pleases the children of earth. There is no hint of anything beyond. Within the realm of the five senses Keats is Lord Supreme, but his sceptre has no sway over the world of soul.

Shelley, on the other hand, is for ever striving, both in time and space, to pierce beyond the bounds of the visible and the material. His future heaven (had he believed in one) would not have been this earth under any guise:

> Narrow
> The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
> The life that wears, the spirit that creates
> *One object and one form, and builds thereby*
> *A sepulchre for its eternity.*

His life after death could not, in any degree, have been built on the lines

of this present earth. The material and the created cannot contain that spirit which creates all that its subservient senses here below

Read in earth's smiles, and call reality.

For Shelley the

Senseless clay
Is lifted by the thing that dreams below;

and this "thing," or soul, is part of Infinite God; it is only

A portion of the loveliness
Which once it made more lovely.

The reality which underlies and informs all the phenomena of being, that positive existence which has been and is to be the true heaven and haven of each individual life, is eternal and immeasurable; it cannot be limited by the shackles of time and space.

For love and beauty and delight
There is no death nor change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

Read the last verse of the Adonais; you have "passed the flaming bounds of time and space," and are out in eternity without rudder or guide.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar!
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

There is only one other passage in which Shelley sounded the mysteries of time, space and existence, as he has done here. It is that which forms the conclusion of Epipsychidion, where the two souls are represented as

Ever still
Burning, yet ever inconsumable;
In one another's substance finding food,
Like flames too pure, and light and unimbued
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,
Which point to heaven and cannot pass away:
One hope within two wills, one will beneath
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
One heaven, one hell, one immortality,
And one annihilation.

In reading both these passages we have the keenest sense of pleasure. In the first, especially, there is a mystery and charm which render it, to my mind at least, the most splendid stanza that Shelley ever wrote; the second, too, has its own spell for our spirits and its own mystic aspirations. But both alike hold us because they transcend our finite reasons. Who could explain in dull prose the joy that absolutely quivers through the concluding lines of the last passage? Time and space and all that is measurable by any human gauge have passed away from our vision; we are out upon the deeps of being, and we know not—nay we care not—where we are driving. And yet, to many, there is a greater spell in the song of the nightingale as it throws back their memories towards a tender human past, quick with human hopes and fears, and recalling

> Perchance the self-same song that found a path
> To the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears among the alien corn;

or, steeped in all the mysteries of human romance, renews the strain

> that oft-times hath
> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

To the heart of man, except at rare moments, the mysteries of the actual world of fact or imagination, and the pathos of its vanished empires are nearer akin than those of infinite time and infinite space.

Having thus, however roughly, indicated the general position occupied by these two poets, and seen how Keats' work is characterised by directness of epithet and illustration, by a constant appeal to vast reaches of *time and space* (but without ever stepping outside the bounds of a finite universe or a finite existence), and by a constant tendency to keep his higher flights within due limits by a constant appeal to the three grosser senses—touch, taste, and smell; while Shelley is vague and spiritual, will not allow his imagination to be bounded by the visible universe, or by that time which is reckoned by centuries, or even by æons, and is for ever striving to turn aside his gaze from the lower characteristics of his subject and to fix it upon its higher attributes—upon light, sound, sparkle and motion, we shall proceed to analyse various passages in which the two poets deal with the same or similar subjects and work out our conclusions with somewhat more detail.

Let us take as our first illustration their respective treatment of wine, as this topic is dealt with in what are perhaps the finest lines either writer *has devoted* to the subject.

First, for Keats :—

> O for a draught of vintage that hath been
> *Cooled a long age in the deep-delvëd earth,*
> *Tasting* of Flora and the country green,
> Dance and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
> O for a beaker *full of the warm South,*
> Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
> With *beaded bubbles* winking at the brim,
> And purple-stained mouth!

Here every epithet is chosen with reference to the more earthly aspects of the wine: even the very bubbles become solid to the touch as beads, and the heavenly sparkle of the draught as it pours forth in the sunlight is forgotten in the warm purple of its stain. As is not uncommon with Keats, in his strong insistance upon the two primary senses, his vintage appeals to each in a double way—by coolness and warmth at once; just as in Hyperion we have the same collocation of ideas—

> Let the red wine within the goblet *boil*
> *Cool as a bubbling well.*

Can sensuousness go further than to drink in the two qualities of heat and coolness in the same draught and—

> mix these pleasures up
> Like two choice wines in a cup.

And now how does Shelley sing of the same topic? For him coolness and warmth, though perhaps dimly present to his inner thought, are not insisted on in words :—

> As one who drinks of a charmed cup
> *Of foaming and sparkling and murmuring wine;*
> Whom a mighty enchantress, filling up,
> Invites to love with her kiss divine

The vision of his soul is caught by the more ideal aspects of the wine; he will not stay to *taste* its freshness nor to breathe in its odour; for he is enamoured of its more spiritual attributes—its sound, its sparkle, and its very foam. Nay, he has gone still farther in striving to divest his subject of its more material parts, and instead of filling in the background of his picture, like Keats, with the real, living, sun-bronzed peasants of Southern France, he has thrown around his thought a mystic glamour in the person of the shadowy enchantress whose love can add a spell to the charmëd cup itself. And who shall say which wields the more potent staff, the Magician of the Ideal or the Master of the Real?

Let us now consider how the two poets differ in their presentation of

one of the great seasons of the year. And here we must observe that though Autumn seems to lend itself more readily to the kind of treatment it receives at Keats' hands, and Spring to that which it receives at those of Shelley, yet this does not invalidate the fact that, when perfectly free to dilate on whichever season they pleased, each has chosen for special description that one which most thoroughly commended itself to the nature of his genius. We shall afterwards have occasion to notice in how different a manner Keats deals with Shelley's great subject, the Spring. We will first quote Shelley in "Adonais."

> Ah, woe is me! winter is come and gone,
> But grief returns with the returning year.
> The airs and streams renew their joyous tone,
> The ants, the bees, the swallows re-appear;
> Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier.
> The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
> And build their mossy homes in field and brere,
> And the green lizard and the golden snake,
> Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.
>
> Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
> A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst,
> As it has ever done, with change and motion,
> From the great morning of the world, when first
> God dawned on chaos. In its stream immersed,
> The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
> All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
> Diffuse themselves and spend in love's delight,
> The beauty and the joy of their renewéd might.

Now what are the features which strike us most in this rendering of spring? First of all the sparkle, the purity, the motion of the description: there is life and light in every line: no sated, sensuous repose: no stress laid upon the warmer colours: the flame itself contains no hint of heat—or, in other words, makes no appeal to the sense of touch—but is viewed merely as the symbol of darting light and speed. There is little allusion to any special colour that could convey an idea of warmth, but everywhere to the fresh sparkle of leaf and flower, "the lightning flash of insect and of bird," and the young spring radiance of the stars of heaven; while, mingling and interfused with all this, we hear, like the happy accompaniment from another world, the deep throb of nature's heart, and the merry calls of the awakening streams and winds. But throughout the whole passage there is hardly any direct allusion to the sense of touch or taste, for the adjective 'mossy,' when viewed in connexion with its context, suggests the idea of colour rather than that of *softness.*

How different is this from Keats' view of autumn:—

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Here almost every detail appeals to the sense of touch or taste; there is no delight in motion or light for their own sakes, nor does the ear of Keats, in this verse, catch even the murmur of the insect world; he has no thought for anything but the soft swelling pulp of the gourd, the milky kernel of the hazel, and the days so warm that they melt the patient harvest of the bees. Even in the next verse where he breathes a faint air through the locks of Autumn—

Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing breeze,

it hardly lends real life and motion to the picture; it rather increases by contrast the intensity of a purely sensuous repose.

In like manner, when dealing with Shelley's own subject of the Spring, Keats views it largely from the side of touch and taste—

So I will begin
Now, while I cannot hear the city's din,
Now, while the *early budders* are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber, and the *dairy pails*
Bring home increase of milk; and as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat for many quiet hours
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write
Before the daisies, vermeil-rimmed and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and *ere yet the bees*
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.

Here how much appeals to the touch or the taste? But there is no sense of the mystery of reviving Spring, or the re-awakening life of wind and stream. How much more palpable to touch are the 'early budders' and

willow trailers of Keats than the light leaves and flowers of Shelley: the one you can almost take up between your fingers, and crush between your teeth; the other at most you can only see moving and shimmering in the sun and breeze. With Keats the running stream is not a mere feature in a landscape; it is there to cool him with its freshness and soothe him with its quiet. The bees do not merely flash before his eyes, but are actually feeding on the globes of clover and the daisies themselves, like their poet, are buried in the soft grass.

Keats cannot keep his gaze fixed on the life of the young Spring; his thoughts must travel on to the autumn when the now leafy fig-trees will present their fruit and the bees have stored up their honey. Listen to the Spring-tide hymn to Pan—

> O, thou to whom
> *Broad-leavëd fig-trees even now foredoom*
> *Their ripened fruitage;* yellow-girted bees
> Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
> Their fairest blossomed beans and poppied corn; * * * *
> The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
> To sing for thee; low-creeping strawberries
> Their summer coolness— * * * yea, the budding year
> All its completions.

Let us now contrast their treatment of flowers—in which the same difference will once more appear; only we shall have to notice that Keats often prefers the more tangible bud to the leaf which is, we may say, more recognisable by sight than by touch; while in Shelley we almost seem to mark a preference for the dead or fallen leaf, which still retains a faint fragrance and blooms to the spiritual eye when to the human it has lost its colour. The pleasures of the senses for the one; for the other spiritual charms of the imagination alone, and the harmonies unheard except by the ear of the soul.

First then let us take the Hyacinth. In Shelley we have—

> The Hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
> Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
> *Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,*
> *It was felt like an odour within the sense.*

Of the Rose we read—

> The Rose, like a nymph to the bath addrest,
> Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
> Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,
> The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

With Keats the Hyacinth is simply—

> Shaded Hyacinth alway
> Sapphire Queen of the Mid-May;

(with special stress laid on the warmer shades of its colour). But this is not enough; the sense of touch has hardly had its due share of this description and the idea of actual contact is given in the next two lines—

> Every leaf and every flower
> *Pearlëd* with the self-same shower!

There is no mistaking the force and meaning of that word "pearled;" it tells you plainly you may go near and touch if you please; you need not be content with drinking in the light at a distance or revelling in a super-sensuous music. It plays the same part as "beaded" in our series of quotations on wine.

And now what is Keats' presentment of the rose? In Shelley's lines the air is faint with the abstract beauty of the flower. Keats as is natural seizes on a more definite point; its red hue and opening petals might well have suggested warmth and softness to his mind; but this aspect he has neglected for that of smell in the passage we will quote first—where the poets sit on Elysian lawns—

> Underneath large blue-bells tented,
> Where the violets are rose-scented,
> *And the rose herself has got*
> *Perfume which on earth is not.*

Here we have odour, intensified, it is true, beyond our common experience on earth, but still only the middle sense in our scale instead of Shelley's appeal to beauty in the abstract. But it is not scent alone which Keats can find in the Rose; so solid is it to his imagination that its parting petals can be used to figure forth the opening of palace doors "in smoothed silence;" and then he can insist on more than the fragrance of his favourite flower—on its shape and even its *coolness*.

> And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
> In fragrance soft, and *coolness to the eye*,
> That inlet to severe magnificence
> Stood full-blown for the God to enter in.

The preference which Keats felt for the young bud, or sucker, which is susceptible to the four senses of touch, taste, scent and sight, over the more developed flower-leaf, or petal, comes out well where it forms the climax of the most perfect series of metaphors in St. Agnes' Eve as the young maiden lies—

> Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
> As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.

Keats, when—

> The conquering sun of spring has left the skies
> Warm and serene, but yet with moistened eyes,
> *In pity of the shattered infant buds,*

dreams not of the full-blown flower, but of—

> *The coming musk-rose,* full of dewy wine.

and his own epithet for the Springtide is the "fresh-budding year."

Shelley on the other hand is constantly reaching out after the fallen petal, or the "Rose leaves when the rose is dead."

> This song shall be my rose—its petals pale
> Are dead indeed, my adored Nightingale;
> But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom,
> And it has no thorn left to wound thy bosom.

Strongly as the contrast in the method of the two poets comes out in their treatment of natural objects, it is perhaps yet more marked in their treatment of the human element or of animal life. Nearly everywhere Shelley follows the method of the painter, Keats that of the sculptor. The attitude generally chosen by Keats is that of rest, or at least, of suspended motion; and the form rather than the colour is dwelt upon, for that is most suggestive of resistance to the sense of touch. Moreover, just as the number of separate figures of sculpture cannot be so numerous as those introduced into a painting, owing to the greater intractability of the material, so we shall find that Keats generally gives us but one or few individuals. Shelley, on the other hand, is the poet of motion, which appeals to the eye alone; hence he can crowd his canvas and make large demands on the sense of sight, though not generally by the use of definite colour-terms, but rather by allusion to sparkle and gleam.

Let us first take Keats' presentment of Joy—

> She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
> *And Joy—whose hand is ever at his lips*
> *Bidding adieu.*

Do we not here at once recognise that we are dealing with a sculptor's work? The single figure taken in suspended action; the absence of all allusion to colour, and the syllables of adieu which issue far more naturally from the lips of a statue than from a painted canvas.

Or again let us consider that noble vision of poetry in its youngest strength:

> A drainless shower
> Of light is poetry; 'tis the supreme of power:
> *'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm.*

If this be not a subject for the sculptor's chisel, where shall we find one? Though we may remark that, in the earlier part of this last quotation, Keats, as I have said must of necessity be the case sometimes, has adopted an imagery and a form of thought akin to Shelley rather than to himself. So Shelley too will now and then borrow Keats' method. But the very birds of heaven must sometimes rest their feet on earth or skim their wings along the surface of its waters.

However, beyond all other sculpturesque passages, let us take the description of Endymion, where almost every detail suggests god-like repose or majestic motion, with hardly any flush of colour to shadow forth the restlessness of passion or of hurrying thought.

> A fair wrought car
> Easily rolling, so as scarce to mar
> The freedom of three steeds of dappled brown.
> Who stood therein did seem of great renown
> Among the throng. His youth was fully blown,
> Showing like Ganymede, to manhood grown;
> And for those simple times, his garments were
> A chieftain king's; beneath his breast, half bare,
> Was hung a silver bugle; and between
> His nervy knees there lay a boar-spear keen. * * * *
> But there were some who feelingly could scan
> A lurking trouble in his nether lip,
> And see that oftentimes the reins would slip
> Through his forgotten hands; then would they sigh,
> And think of yellow leaves, of owlet's cry
> And logs piled solemnly. Ah! well-a-day,
> Why should our young Endymion pine away?

There is hardly a feature here—even in the parts that are merely illustrative of the central figure—which could not be rendered by the sculptor; there is scarcely any appeal to the colour-sense, or to motion. All the essentials might be gathered into one moment of suspended action, even down to the reins that drop idly from the listless hands.

Again, in the glorious image of Autumn which fills the second stanza in Keats' great ode to that season, *there is not a single colour epithet*, though one or two of the accessories of the description bring it nearer to the special domain of painting than is usual in Keats' human figures. Of motion there is absolutely nothing which the sculptor

could not actually represent or suggest beyond all fear of leaving his meaning indistinct. But I have already devoted too much space to elucidating this feature of Keats' poetry.

It is hardly possible to glance at even one of Shelley's descriptions of persons or animals, without feeling at once that their chief characteristics are colour (more generally *gleam*), and motion. What sculptor could truly render the veiled maid in 'Alastor?' Where would he find the few words to show him the real pose of her form, or the outline of her limbs? It is a painter alone, who by a free use of the accessories of colour and vegetable life, could give us even a faint hint of the music of her voice, which

> Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
> His inmost soul suspended in the web
> Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues.

No sculptor could give her features, as

> the solemn mood
> Of her pure mind *kindled through all her frame*
> *A permeating fire.*

Or while

> in the branching veins
> The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.

He would fling down his chisel in despair of rendering clear

> by *the warm light of their own life,*
> *Her glowing limbs* beneath the sinuous veil
> Of woven wind.

Could any but the painter hope to realise the

> Child of light, whose limbs are burning
> Through the veil that seems to hide them,
> As the rainbow clouds of morning
> Through their clouds, ere they divide them;
> And this atmosphere divinest
> Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.
>
> Fair are others—none beholds thee
> (But thy voice sounds low and tender,
> Like the fairest), for it folds thee
> From the sight, that liquid splendour.

Is there in all this a single feature on which the sculptor could seize *for guidance*? No; it is all a blending of light, sound and colour, of

wind and water, flame and vapour, with no hint that can speak to the sense of touch, or even shadow forth any definite form.

Read the whole description of the maniac in Julian and Maddalo, and you will feel at once that its accessories could only be given on a large scale such as painting would allow. Could any sculptor carve us the lady in the sensitive plant from the materials Shelley has left? Does it really add much definiteness to our conception of her, to be told that her mind, dilating,

> Had moulded her form and her motion,
> Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

The painter alone could hint at the 'coming and going of the wind,' and show how

> Wherever her airy footstep trod,
> Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
> Erased its light vestige with shadowy sweep,
> Like a sunny storm o'er the dark-green deep.

The chisel and the hammer are too heavy for such Ariels of the breeze as this; it is the painter's brush alone that could hint at the motion with which the whole verse is instinct. But for motion that actually blows like a wind along the verse, what in all poetry can equal the vision of the hours?

> The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
> I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
> Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
> A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
> Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there—
> And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars.
> *Others, with burning eyes, lean forth and drink*
> *With eager lips the wind of their own speed,*
> *As if the thing they loved fled on before,*
> *And now, even now, they clasped it Their bright locks*
> *Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all*
> *Sweep onward.* These are the immortal Hours,
> Of whom thou didst demand.—One waits for thee.

Light, colour, speed and number—all the elements of the painter's craft are here combined to make the very triumph of his art when once the artist of sufficient skill shall arise to do the task.

It will now be well to contrast the method of the two poets when dealing with the actual features of the earth, its landscapes and its cities; for, here too, we shall find the same characteristics recurring in the work of each. With Shelley the city cannot remain a thing by itself, beating with

human life and filled full with living men, each heart throbbing with real, human hopes and fears; he must leap away from the white or colourless monotony of street and temple to the distant hue of the mountain, the sparkle of the far off seas, the warm breath of the moving winds, and the blue stretch of a cloudless sky. The jewel is lost in the splendour of its setting.

> [Cities then
> Were built, and through their snow-like columns flowed
> The warm winds, and the azure ether shone,
> And the blue seas and shadowy hills were seen.

There is no appeal here to the sense of touch excepting in the '*warm winds*'; but there is motion of the elements and light suffuses all. Again

> Athens arose: a city such as vision
> Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
> Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
> Of kingliest masonry: the ocean floors
> Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it.
> Its portals are inhabited
> By thunder-zoned winds; each head
> Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded.
> A divine work! Athens, diviner yet,
> Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
> Of man, as on a mount of diamond set!

In all this there is nothing of definiteness sufficient to suggest real form except the one phrase of the crest of columns set on a diamond mount, and even here the directness of the imagery is broken by the word 'gleamed' which appeals (especially when taken in connexion with the sunset metaphor with which the stanza opens) solely to the sight, and is still further weakened by making the city 'set on the will of men'—a phrase suggestive of an uneasy suspicion lest the whole should be a mere metaphorical vision and not a reality which would bear an appeal to the sense of touch.

So too in the Ode to Naples we read

> Through white columns glowed
> The isle-sustaining ocean flood:
> A plain of light between two heavens of azure

and in the distance Shelley *hears* the volcano's 'slumberous voice.'

Now, how does Keats deal with a similar subject? First of all, life—human interest is given to the following description by showing us the very men who lived within the city walls; some single feature, the river, the sea shore, or the mountain fills in the immediate background without any call upon the more distant horizon. That mystery which Shelley wins from the strange colours of sky and sunset has its place supplied by the *pathos of everyday* life:—the pathos of men cut off by some unreasoning

fate in the busiest and most sacred moment of their existence, offering sacrifice to the Gods who, despite this, can calmly see them turned,

> Ay, even as dead-still as a marble man,
> Frozen in that old tale Arabian.
>
> Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
> To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
> Lead'st thou that heifer, lowing at the skies,
> And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
> What little town, by river or sea-shore,
> Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
> Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?
> And, little town, thy streets for evermore
> Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
> Why thou art desolate can e'er return.

Here again there is not a single epithet save that of 'green' applied to the altar, which could not be represented in sculpture: there is no colour-sense here: no motion save that of suspended activity. The lowing heifer and the mystic priest, the peaceful citadel and the turf-built altar, all give that definiteness which sculpture requires, but which painting never needs so much. And that which fills in the background of this relief is no distant horizon or moaning volcano, but the sad silence which must overhang the streets of a deserted town.

Yet, despite all we have said above, Keats, when not dealing with real earthly landscapes, can enter into the sense of colour to an extent far beyond Shelley's scope. But he does it after his own fashion: every allusion is driven home to some other sense than that of sight alone, by coupling it with an epithet suggestive of touch and hard material. How could Shelley have ever made *his* cloud palaces burn with colour and ring with sound, or breathe with odours and offer resistance to the touch as Keats (in a passage to which I have made allusion before), describes Hyperion's sun-abode:

> His palace bright—
> *Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold,*
> *And touched with shade of bronzed obelisks—*
> *Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,*
> *Arches and domes, and fiery galleries;*
> And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
> Flushed angerly; while sometimes eagles' wings,
> Unseen before by gods or wondering men,
> Darkened the place; and neighing steeds were heard—
> Not heard before by gods or wondering men.
> Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
> Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills,
> *Instead of sweets, his ample palate took*
> *Savour of poisonous* brass and metal sick.

It may truly be said, on comparing this passage with the one lately

quoted on Athens, that Shelley has spiritualized a city of earth till it becomes indefinite as a dream-cloud, and impalpable as colour and brightness alone; whereas Keats has brought down his sky-palace to earth. Nearly every touch suggests tangibility, and not mere imaginative vision—bastioned pyramids, bronzed obelisks, arch and dome; and what definiteness cannot be gained by these means alone,—by sight and touch—is supplied by the middle sense of scent, which is itself rendered more definite by borrowing for its expression, the terms properly applicable to touch, the primary sense of all (he would *taste* the spicy wreaths.) Read a few lines further on, till the music rises—the list is complete: it is a wild revel of all the five senses.

(To be continued.)

The Book World of To-Day.

MOUNT IDA, *May 21st, 1883.*

FOR the past month we have been more than gay. Our mode of judgment is not well understood down below, and all the newspaper critics of the day have toiled up here to pray admission for the nonce, in order to teach us our business. For their especial behoof we have quite re-organised our Temple and Domain of the Fine Arts. There are no picture galleries, however, as each picture is placed in a panel, an alcove or some other position subservient to the purpose of decoration. So, too, there is no collection of sculpture; for each statue, bust, or other work, occupies a niche or stands so as to form a graceful and fitting accessory to its surroundings. The architecture of the Temple and the other buildings dispersed throughout the domain, is in keeping with the various features of the landscape, and at every turn the changing vista reveals some fresh beauty. Music is perpetual within the charmed precincts and the poetry of motion is ever to be witnessed in the coming and going of the attendants, who are young and pretty girls of all countries, dressed in their national costumes. To crown the tale, the palate is ranked among the organs of æsthetic appreciation.

Each critic as he arrived produced a copy of To-DAY with the number of the newspaper in which his comments thereon had appeared. These were considered as credentials of weight—heavy, indeed, in some cases—and the gifted genius was made free of the Temple and Domain for a week. We did our best to welcome and amuse them all, and our virtue was rewarded. Each was made the reader of another's criticism, and thus had to pass judgment upon the work and wit of his fellow. *Society* had written—"In point of originality this Magazine is startling, and, what is more, it is almost as clever as original." This was handed to the *Life* critic, a frisky matron of some forty summers, who had thus expressed her opinion—"There has ever been a cry for an English Zola to arise in all his might. He has arisen at last. He is to be found in the first number of a new periodical called To-DAY!" The lady was asked for the judgment. "Well," said she, looking at

the scribe of *Society*, a winsome young masher, with blue eyes and a smile. "I am afraid the only originality of which he's a judge is original sin." We all thought that *Society* had seen a good deal of *Life* lately.

But space would fail me if I were to attempt to recount all that passed. We had more than three hundred visitors who brought printed criticisms, and some who tendered their comments still in MS. Amongst these latter were the representatives of the London dailies; and as you may like to know what they thought of To-Day, I will venture upon a few quotations:—

The Times-serving man, a burly and briefless old barrister, with a gown somewhat the worse for late grills and porter, wrote thus:—"We have long urged upon the Government the necessity of studying public opinion, and we have long urged upon the public the need of studying the opinion of the Government. In this new Magazine we recognise the fruit of our teaching. Bangles, who in the 'Story of To-Day,' does us the justice to admit our influence, seems to us to unite a lofty ideality with the Golden Calves of Israel; and if Revolver-Chinery would only . . . ." Here the MS. was so blurred and stained with an interlacing network of yellow "fairy-rings," as we took them to be, that we could decipher no more.

The *Standard* critic seems a very affable old dame, and produced her MS. from her reticule with bustling alacrity. Its contents were as follows:—"We have read To-Day with the deepest interest. Its writers are evidently very pious and great sticklers for propriety. The magazine may be safely placed in the hands of babes and sucklings, and the great Conservative party, and we can cordially recommend it to the Constitutional Club. Though why that dear Mr. Mudford should send round to the editor for the address of ——, there! editors will be editors, and . . . . ." The rest of the 'copy' was wanting, greatly to the annoyance of the old lady, who diligently searched her reticule and could find nothing therein save a bottle of what looked like water.

The *Daily Telegraph* young gentleman was of the aquiline persuasion, and his MS. was writ large to the following effect:—"We have it on Levitical authority that journalism dates from the time of Eden. The knowledge of good and evil is synonymous with a free press, and Noah's Ark was a magazine of varied contents and considerable circulation. The sagacious Solomon is said to have owed his reputation for wisdom to the fact of his never having started a daily newspaper; but Charles the Hammerous, on the other hand, laid the foundation of all that is ripe and eminent in the French press of to-day. To-Day. We are reminded of what professes to be a 'monthly gathering of bold thoughts,' the first sheaf of which has just reached our hands. Its contents are admirable and Bangles particularly so. Our Mr. Levy has invited . . . . . ." Here, *again, the* MS. was incomplete, and the critic explained that he had been

called away to write one of those *D. T.* "leaderettes," which are known in Peterborough Court as "my uncle's sticks."

The *Daily News* reviewer preaches at Little Bethel and the Cogers' Hall, so he told us, and seemed to be an earnest, thoughtful person of weak digestion and enlarged liver. There was a beautiful moist look of sympathy in his eye as he handed us his MS., which ran thus:—"The malignity of the Tories has seldom been more clearly displayed than in To-Day. The suggestions as to 'dishing' the Radical party, now flushed with the fire of victory under the skilful and patriotic leadership of Mr. Chamberlain, are such as we will not trust ourselves to characterize. The voice of the country is with us in our condemnation of this insidious magazine. From every local gathering of that great concept, the Caucus, we hear of the impression produced by its pages. My respected chief, Mr. Hill, has himself said that each Liberal Hundred would do well to take a vote upon the question whether Bangles . . . . . ." We could not at the moment find out why this promising article had not been finished, and we are still waiting for its writer to unmix.

As regards the printed criticisms I will only pick out one or two, here and there, to show newspaper-readers how grateful they ought to be for the infallible wisdom placed at their service.

"To-Day is remarkable in many respects. The beaten track is abandoned, and fresh thoughts boldly and anonymously expressed. Its opening serial, 'A Story of To-day,' is most fascinating; while politicial, social, and scientific topics are discussed with uncommon outspokenness."—*Sheffield Daily Post.*

"Its mental food is strong, and may be nourishing to many; certainly it shows a daring innovation in the world of serials. An opening story is cleverly and smartly written, but we scarcely know as yet whether to approve of it or not. It deals with dangerous questions, but if it avoids anything prurient, we as yet see no harm in it. There is a well-written article on 'Home Rule,' and others on 'Lord Byron as a Politician,' &c. Altogether the magazine is of the 'advanced' school, and is well and thoughtfully written."—*Bury Times.*

"We have received the first number of To-Day, which we believe will become the open and independent arena for the expression of thought free from the trammels of bigotry and prejudice. Such a magazine cannot fail to meet with welcome from the public, who will be glad to have a literary publication of a high class, untainted by the Shibboleth of factions. Should we judge its future

"This new venture is remarkable for two articles: one the commencement of a story, the other a strong appeal for the repeal of the Union. To the latter we have only a political objection; but the former renders the magazine unfit to be placed on a drawing-room table. For this reason it will no doubt be extensively read."—*United Service Gazette.*

"In the editor's address we are told that To-Day will shake itself free from the bonds of party, dogma, names, or mode. It is, of course, in strict accordance with this sentence, that the paper on 'Home Rule' is published by the editor, but though the writer pretends to regard the question as 'A Constitutional Right and a Conservative Measure,' the staleness of his arguments and the lameness of his conclusions will be discerned on the most casual perusal."—*Kilkenny Moderator.*

"It I had never seen it I should not have lost much. The post of honour in the new periodical is occupied by the opening chapters of 'A Story of To-Day,' of which I will only say that scene and *dramatis personæ* are drawn from the great scandal of modern London. What position To-Day aims at filling, what wants it is intended to supply, I am totally at a loss to understand. Some of its articles are readable enough, notably one on 'Lord Byron as a Politician;' but its fiction is simply an outrage"—*Nottingham Daily Guardian.*

career by the present number, our decision must necessarily be a most favourable one. The articles are various, and, we may add, extremely well-written. The chapter devoted to the discussion of 'Home Rule' is one of the best traits of the publication, and were it for that article alone To-Day would be worth both buying and reading. We find next an able article on 'Lord Byron as a Politician.' The next chapter is devoted to 'Some Poetry of To-Day,' which is much above the ordinary style found in monthly magazines. There are other papers all of which are written with much ability. Taking the publication as a whole, there is an air of originality about it that at once engages the attention and captivates the mind of the reader. It is altogether out of the beaten track and a valuable addition to the 'Book World of To-Day.'—*Tipperary Leader.*

"The editor's 'Fore-Word,' eloquent and terse, is borne out by his first number."—*Torquay Times.*

"There are also, among other matters, the opening chapters of 'A Story of To-Day,' which bids fair to be a romance of powerful interest; and two finely-written poems—one, entitled 'The Cry that Goeth Up,' being a forcible imitation of Tennyson's 'Despair,' and the other a strangely weird ballad called 'In Morte Infidelis.' The two latter are alone worth the price of the magazine."—*The Birmingham Owl.*

"The title of 'Grim Tales,' which appears in this periodical, is truly a fitting title for the blood-curdling sensational story it heads, but the story is of a style which has long gone out of date. Altogether it is difficult to find what 'long-felt want' this paper is likely to fill."—*Public Opinion.*

"The contents of No. 1 are like Sam Weller's knowledge of London 'extensive and peculiar." . . . . . Next comes an instalment of "A Story of To-Day," which is simply brazen—yet with some smart and clever touches. Of 'Some Poetry of To-Day,' the first specimen is eccentric and mannered, but the second. 'The Cry that goeth up,' is better and healthier work . . . . . 'The Bold Thoughts of Science' is remarkably clever and readable . . . "The Book-World of To-day" is smart and telling criticism in a novel form."—*British Mercantile Gazette.*

"It is a high-toned and fashionable monthly."—*Clare Advertiser.*

"In a very pretentious preface we are told that 'In Poetry and Art, soul shall speak to soul,' and this is how soul speaks to soul in poetry:—

'And Death the Great High Priest stood near—
(Chatter of teeth and rattle of bones!)
He married us there as we lay on a bier
(Service of sighs and of moans!)'

"I have seen something like that from a poet before, but then, poor fellow, he happened to be the inmate of a lunatic asylum."—*Court Circular.*

"If this is To-Day, I would rather have Yesterday or To-morrow."—*A Lady Critic.*

But "there's pippins and cheese to come." Poor Browning bought several copies of each edition of your last number, and buried himself more closely than ever in his thicket. All the owls in the neighbourhood gathered near in expectant silence, and not a dog dared bay the moon. Presently a cry of mingled mournfulness and triumph arose, and there came to us from the far-off prickly pears, musical message which one of our scribes straightway recorded on his tablet, thus—

AM I A "POET

Am I a "poet?" Ask the birds that sing,
If, when they scatter music through the air,
To fugue and contrapuntal lore they care
To cleave and cling.

Am I a "poet?" Ask the merry wind,
If, when it laughs its love among the trees,
It counts each kiss; and all its wooing sees
By rule confined.

Am I a "poet?" Ask the limpid brook,
That mirrors every charm of Nature's face,
If Order gives each changing glance its place
Before we look.

Am I a "poet?" Ask the mighty sea,
Whose hymn of triumph echoes in the gale,
If chains can bind its billows, or curtail
Its liberty.

Am I a "poet?" Ask yon falling star,
If, as it speeds to Beauty, and to Death,
It recks of all or aught that Science saith
Of spheres afar.

No! I'm no "poet." I am but the voice
Of one who loves till rapture makes him sing,
And ever, as he sees each beauteous thing,
Will straight rejoice.

We listened and we read; and, *mirabile dictu!* we understood. Browning is now free of Mount Ida.

Two very notable volumes have reached us from America. *A Fool's Errand* is the work of a wise man, prompted by a true heart and inspired by a graceful imagination. We were little aware of what had been passing in the Southern States of North America during the "reconstruction period," until our reader startled and saddened us by turns, as he traversed the pages that told how the dry bones of the Confederacy had leaped again into a life of fierce hatred and stern strife. No Englishman, to our thinking, can be fitted to form an opinion on the present condition, and probable future of the United States as a nation, without having read Judge Tourgee's fascinating story.

The other American book, sent us by Little, Brown, and Company, of Boston, is entitled *Studies in Logic*, and is written by Miss Christine Ladd, Mr. Allan Marquand, Mr. O. H. Mitchell, Mr. B. J. Gilman, and Professor C. S. Peirce, all of the John Hopkins University. The subject seemed forbidding enough, and we gathered round the mossy rock in downcast mood, feeling not a little rusty on the score of Barbara, Celarent and other terrible creatures of that ilk. Burne Jones was chosen as reader, and was asked to deal with the book in what he delights to call his "skimful" style, glancing like a swallow from fly to fly, and proclaiming aloud naught but what he considers we all, gentle, simple, cultured, and Philistine, can understand. He acquitted himself well of his task. He first selected a charming article on the "Algebra of Logic," of which Professor Peirce in the preface to the book says—"Miss Ladd's article may serve for those who are unacquainted with Boole's "Laws of Thought," as an introduction to the most wonderful and fecund discovery of modern logic." It is true that he

subsequently qualifies his criticism by saying, "Miss Ladd and Mr. Mitchell also use two signs expressive of simple relations involving existence and non-existence; but in their choice of these relations they diverge both from Mr. McColl and me, and from one another." But this is probably only his fun; for later on, in an article on "The Logic of Relatives," we found the Professor arrived by dint of hard reasoning at the following inference:—"Every woman is a lover of something, which stands to each man in the relation of not being the only thing loved by him," and he sums up the case thus—"The effect of these peculiarities is that this algebra cannot be subjected to hard and fast rules like those of the Boolian calculus; and all that can be done in this place is to give a general idea of the way of working with it." We looked at each other and were glad. Logic was, after all, not the arid, dispassionate study we had thought it. A new sun had arisen from the West—whither, said little Whistler, the wise men must obviously have gone when they left the East,—and a new Diana was disporting in the warmth and lightness of his rays. The question was posed and Burne Jones called for his pipe. Then, while whiff succeeded ring and ring succeeded whiff, he delivered himself of his judgment:—

> Too long of loveless logic we have had our fill,
> But now, looks, laughs, and lips, shall make us glad;
> For woman is at best a contradiction still,
> Or never lassie could be such a Ladd.

This was thought quite passable for the limner of "lanky beauty long drawn out;" but we somehow were all impressed with the sterling merits of the book that had been skimmed, and we regarded the efforts of Miss Ladd and her coadjutors as marking a distinct advance in symbolic logic. It is very certain that no earnest student of the science can wisely neglect to study it in the light of their teaching.

Politics, of course, are strictly tabooed up here; but we were wellnigh seduced the other day by a book which Mr. W. Reeves, of 185, Fleet Street, sent us. It was entitled "Land Nationalisation," and its author is Mr. A. Russel Wallace, of Evolution fame. In its pages, landlordism is attacked with vehemence but not with injustice. The remedy propounded is the acquisition of all land by the State, and its allocation to occupying owners from time to time. Many a revolution has arisen from causes and grievances of trifling importance, compared with those so forcibly depicted by Mr. Wallace; and we are beginning to look down upon Great Britain and Ireland, with a very serious interest indeed. If Mr. Gladstone were to die, there would be an unloosing of the elements analogous to what followed the death of *Lord Palmerston*, but vastly accentuated. Ideas are seething as in *past times;* but then they were more or less inarticulate, whereas

now, they are veritable words of command, ringing through every valley and echoing from every hill. There will be soldiers enow to fall into rank, and we are fain to think that Providence, as of yore, will be found on the side of the big battalions. We advise the privileged few to make haste and read Mr. Wallace's book.

A new poet has been born to cheer the forlorn world. So, at least, Messrs. Provost and Company, tell us; and, to make good their words, they have sent us *The Angel of Love and other Poems* by R. Y. Sturges. As read out to us by the Author of *In Morte Infidelis*, the book seemed one long lingering lullaby. It made us think of our mothers. The following in particular seemed a simple soothing stanza:—

> Her kindred moan, but if the tone
> Of sorrow reacheth me,
> I shall go mad! and so be glad,
> For happy too is she.
> Cease, mournful strain! laugh, shout again;
> Ye'll not—alone must I?
> Curse ye! I'll break these bonds and take
> Your breath—where's mine—I die!

The rest was silence.

The Chronicle of the Mimes.

DEAREST MR. EDITOR,

I am *so* glad you have asked *me* to criticise the entertainments of to-day. It is quite nice to think that the gentleman who said "ballad-concerts were much better than history," was right after all; and I am sure I was always fonder of listening to pretty songs than learning about Richard in the Lion's Den and Isaac of York crossing the Red Sea. Only think how this would sound, for example:

It was a Dream of long ago!
  Spinning I sat, but none were nigh;
I sang my wonted Woodland song,
  And bid my faithful Ariel fly.

Clochette came sadly from the heights:
  Thady O'Flynn caused all her sighs:
She Wandered down the Mountain steep,
  And found, too late, that Love has Eyes.

"Come back to Erin, dear," I said;
  "Terry O'Shea is waiting there!"
"To make him love me," she replied,
  "My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair."

And then a Cherry Ripe fell down,
  Kissing the flower beneath the tree,
The Beating of my own Heart ceased;
  "Cupid," I thought, "Keeps watch o'er me."

Straightway I woke, and found the rogue
  Winning from me a pair of gloves!
Oh! Let me Dream that dream Again,
  And learn again that some one loves!

But, "business is business," as Marion Terry used to say with such utter-archness, and I know you will scold me if I again trifle with unconsidered pickings, to adopt the Avonly bard's very neat way of packing a thought in the portmanteau of Time.

Papa could not go with me to the Adelphi the other night. He had to meet Mr. Goschen at his club to discuss some awfully dry subjects—about gold and prices, and trade and all that. He did not come home *until four in the* morning, and he was so exhausted with severe mental

labour, he could hardly get up-stairs. I was very glad, however, to hear him say the next day at lunch that the discussion had not been very dry, after all, and that before the meeting broke up everybody was quite convinced of the evils attending too great a restriction of the currency.

Meantime I had got John to take me to see *Storm-Beaten*. John is very nice, but peculiar. He will never make a good critic. When poor Mr. Matheson's eye was so hurt in the raft-scene at Drury Lane, John considered it a strongly-marked situation, and he will persist in calling a ballet the legitimate drama He says if I were more Grecian in my pronunciation I should agree with him; but I don't think any lady would ever care to study a dead language. As for *Storm-Beaten*, John was simply of no use at all. He kept looking at Miss Roselle, Miss Jecks, and Miss Lawrence, until really I was quite cross, and then he said he was only recognizing the charming features of the play; as if so tragic and powerful a drama could be adequately described by the epithet "charming!" No: *Storm-Beaten* is not charming: it is fascinating in almost a creepy way. The ice scene is splendidly managed, and though John said the action would have been better sustained if the floe had not broken up, I know he was wrong by the state of excitement into which the whole audience was plunged. Mr. Buchanan has at last been kissed by Fortune, and I am sure no one can say the lady has been forward in so doing. I don't think *I* should have taken so many years to make up my mind.

But, still, I do not believe in poetical licentiousness; and really to me the people in the ship in dresses that would prove scanty even at the Equator, when they are supposed to be not very far from the North Pole, was a blow to my feelings; unless, indeed, the post in question is a kind of May Pole, like that around which Miss Jecks careers so gracefully. Her final *pas* was so dream-like and mystical, that John said he was sure it was studied from the Book of Revelations. As for Mr. Warner and Mr. Proctor, they were both very nice-looking and played beautifully, considering the cold. Altogether, *Storm-Beaten* is a combination devoutly to be worn, as the Swan of Edgar somewhere touchingly remarks.

And *Fedora!* How I got into the theatre I hardly know, and how I remained there I am sure I can't tell. Such crowding and such an atmosphere! You could bask in it! Poor Andrew, who acted as my escort, was quite worn out with the emotion of fanning me. But the play—I never saw anything so wringing. When I reached home and was at length alone, I felt I could throw myself on the floor and cry. While I was looking at the stage, however, I forgot nerves, tears, my dimple, my rather pretty arm—everything: all I was conscious of was a heart and a throat, one painfully throbbing and the other like to choke. I won't, of course, attempt to tell you the story of the play—the newspapers have all done that. It is simple and chaste: Andrew said its

morality was high. And that adorable Mrs. Bernard-Beere, who more than fills the place of Sarah Bernhardt, is the most glorious of passion-flowers. The wild spirit of hate and revenge, when embodied in her, becomes marvellously beautiful; and her love is sweet music transformed into life. I liked her best in every scene. Nor was Mrs. Bancroft less witching than of yore. I am not speaking of the saucy young spark in the *Miller and his Men*, for in the days of that famous burlesque Andrew tells me I was not within measureable distance of this pleasant world; but I am alluding to my *School* days, when, as a little girl, I tried my best to learn flirtation by watching Marie Wilton. I only hope I shall find out how to keep my good looks, and how always to remain on the sunny side of thirty as well as she contrives to do. However, I have, I am thankful to say, plenty of time yet in which to study the process.

A very different kind of piece is the *Merry Duchess*. What a pretty place they have made of the little Royalty, and what pretty music Mr. Clay has composed! I was most charmingly entertained, although I positively went alone, just for the fun of the thing. People were *so* polite to me, and I don't think I saw a single person in the least bit grumpy: the piece seemed to put everybody in a good humour. The two Kates were simply delicious, and were so nice to each other. I don't think even the Kilkenny Kates could have been so mutually absorbed. And what good taste in the dresses and undresses of the company! All the way home in the carriage I tried to think how they managed the figuring but I couldn't make it out. When I asked Ethel next morning, she said I ought to know that the first rule of arithmetic was addition; and as I never argue I gave it np.

The other day I had quite an unexpected treat. The pass you sent me for Madame Reichner's *matinée* at the Gaiety did not at first awake my expectations very broadly; and so I asked Algy to take me, thinking he would make up for any shortcomings. We were both delighted. The performance of Plot and Passion was very fine, and Algy declared he had never seen so perfect a representation of fiendish malignity as that portrayed by Mr. Matthews-Monk when he declared his desire to aid in the fall of Fouché. Indeed, the way in which this attractive actor moulded and kept his countenance from first to last, was excellent. Mr. Edgar, too, in his impersonation of Fouché, was as dignified as a walking statue. The matinal lady herself was highly successful, speaking English with perfect pronunciation, and playing the piano with rare touch and taste. And poor Algy was vastly smitten with Miss Anita Austin, who sang "The Miller and the Maid" in what he said was an intensely utter style, which John afterwards explained to mean "the quintessence of all that is charming in cheekiness." I told him I detested slang, and Algy said slang is the Silenus of Society, making a buttonhole of the lily of language.

The mention of slang reminds me of how I lately visited quite a low

neighbourhood. Papa took me to the Victoria Coffee Palace, which, as I daresay you know, used to be called the home of the transporting drama, or the "Old Vic." I believe I shall end by becoming a complete Radical, for really I thought the audience quite as polite and respectable—a few little outward circumstances excepted—as that of a fashionable West-end theatre. The place was simply crammed, and the singers must have been highly gratified with their reception—though, I suppose, such artistes as Lady Colin Campbell, Madame Adeline Paget, and Miss Marian Burton are so accustomed to their triumphs as to think very little of them. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress looked, papa said, as springlike and bland as though the voice of the turtle had been heard in the land. And Mr. Cashel Hoey, with his engaging smile and bustle, positively beamed with goodness as the people cheered him to the echo. "All's well that ends better," as Algy once observed.

JULIET.

P.S.—I have seen much more; but——

P.P.S.—On second thoughts, I may as well explain that my first P.S. referred to *behind the scenes*. I had *such* an adventure; but——

P.P.P.S.—On third thoughts, I have determined to make a clean neck of it next month.

Sent to Siberia.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

I HAVE occasion in the course of business to go to a factory in the purlieus of Soho. A short time ago, while paying my usual visit, one of the hands was set to do me a slight service. He was a little man, nearly hidden in a large blue apron (for he has to work among chemicals), and he spoke with a strong foreign accent. His thin, sharp face and clear blue eyes were of a Slavonic cast: and it turned out that he was by birth a Pole. There was nothing about him, however, to attract attention, and you would have passed him any day in Oxford Street without noticing him at all. Nevertheless Petrowsky had his history too.

Since then he has stopped to talk with me from time to time, and even evinced some wish to speak about his life. I gathered from him that he belonged to Southern Russia, but had been exiled to Siberia; and the other day I invited him into a café, and heard the following account of his experiences, which I shall try to give as faithfully as possible.

In the time of the Polish insurrection of 1863, Petrowsky was a student at the Gymnasium of Soumy, a small town in the district of Kharkoff. Like others of his fellow students, he belonged to a secret society for the assistance of the Poles, and subscribed money and bought weapons for their use. In August of that year many of his friends were arrested, and his own name was mentioned to the Government. The police began to search for him, and he took refuge with a friend of his family, who was a secretary of police, and lived in the neighbourhood of the town. His friend advised him strongly not to fly, but to remain where he was, and he, the secretary, would answer for his safety with the authorities; but Petrowsky dreaded the public disgrace which his apprehension and trial would bring upon his relations; and he made up his mind to escape *to England.* In a short time he, being what is called in Russia a

merchant of the second class, effected the sale of his goods, and left his home and friends, taking with him some 3,000 roubles, or about £300 in English money.

On the 25th of October he left Kharkoff for Odessa, travelling by post horse, and with a Russian passport given him by a friend. Four days later he reached Odessa, where he took a room in a hotel and set himself to procure a foreign passport which would enable him to leave Russia and reach Constantinople. The Odessa police, however, became aware of the fact, and early one morning Petrowsky was surprised in his bedroom by an officer of the force.

"What is your name?" asked the officer.

"M. Scharff," replied Petrowsky, for that was the name on the passport which had brought him thus far.

"I hear you are seeking a foreign passport to get to Constantinople by secret."

"I am a merchant from Kharkoff," replied the Pole, "and it is true that I wish to go to Constantinople."

The officer did not believe him; but took his leave, at the same time carrying off Petrowsky's passport, and instructing him to call for it at the police office next morning. The fugitive now began to fear that something was amiss. He called for some vodka, and drank off several glasses of it to stay his courage; and then began to think about escaping from the house. But he soon found that he was watched. The landlord of the hotel had undertaken to play the warder.

Petrowsky's next thought was to lower himself out of his bedroom window by night; but he reflected that he was a total stranger to Odessa, and should probably fall into the hands of the authorities again, with all the suspicion of mysterious flight upon his head. He resolved, therefore, to wait until the morning and brave it out. But all night long he tossed and tumbled on his bed in a state of feverish apprehension. Sleep he could not; and, after dressing hastily and swallowing a glass of whiskey to fortify himself for what might be in store for him, he presented himself at the house of the police officer.

Bribery is a recognised institution in Russia, and Petrowsky offered the limb of justice 25 roubles for his passport. He received it without more ado and returned to his hotel, which he quitted the same day for lodgings which he had secured in another street.

After two days he left Odessa by steamer for Berdomsk, on the Sea of Azov, and here he met a number of friends. He told them that he was on his way to Constantinople to escape the press-gang, and wished to get a foreign passport.

"I will give you 160 roubles, if you find me one," he said to one of these friends.

Luckily, this man had another friend who knew the captain of a steamer trading in corn to Constantinople, and Petrowsky's passage was

arranged for. The fee demanded was £30 in English money, and, of course, included a substantial honorarium for the captain himself. Petrowsky's own friend pocketed his £10, and the friend of the second order also pocketed another £15; but the refugee was only too glad to get his passage on any consideration.

It was now the 14th of November, and one evening two sailors came, under cover of the darkness, to Petrowsky's lodgings, and took him and his baggage to the pier where their small boat lay. The ship itself was waiting for them several miles away in the shallow sea, and it was midnight ere they boarded her. Next morning she stood for Constantinople, where she arrived on the 28th.

Here Petrowsky took a room at a hotel pending the departure of a steamer for England, and wrote to the friends at Berdomsk, telling them of his safe arrival, but not giving his address. No answer came: and, as a matter of fact, his letter had been intercepted by the Russian police. General Kotzebue, the Governor of Odessa at that time, had been communicated with, and a telegram was despatched to General Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, instructing him to find the refugee, and return him to Russia dead or alive.

All this while Petrowsky was idling away the time in Constantinople, believing himself secure and free at last; for he had kept his lodgings a secret. He lived at the Golden Anchor Hotel, in Galata.

One rainy evening, about eight o'clock, he sallied forth to buy some cigars, taking with him an umbrella to keep off the rain and an empty wine bottle as a defensive weapon. While passing through a narrow street in Pera he was suddenly surrounded by six men and his arms pinioned behind him, in spite of all his struggles. They proved to be agents of that secret police force which is attached to the Russian Embassy in every capital, including London.

Petrowsky demanded their reason for this outrage; but he received no answer. He was a very small man physically and all chance of his escape was hopeless. Nevertheless, as he was hurried along, he shouted out for help at the top of his voice; but his cries were soon suppressed. No help came, and after a short time he found himself before the Russian Consulate. The gates were hastily unbarred, and Petrowsky was hustled in. Within the yard all was silent; and the prisoner was walked across to an iron door that stood in one corner. This was presently opened, and the Pole thrust inside. There were two other prisoners, or mock prisoners, there—one a "Monals," or Montenegrin, and the other a Bulgar peasant. They began to ask Petrowsky what he had done, but the new comer was too wary to reply.

After an hour five men entered, one of whom was a clerk to take notes, and another an interpreter; the rest being police agents. They told Petrowsky that he must accompany them: but while crossing the *yard along with them* Petrowsky slipped from their grasp, and running

close up to the gate shouted out: "Karoul! Karoul! Murder! Murder!" in English and Russian.

There was an alarm without the gates, and several people collected; but Petrowsky was again seized and taken indoors, with his mouth and nose bleeding.

The little Pole was now almost desperate: his blood was fairly up, and when left to himself within the cell into which they had again cast him, he drew forth the wine bottle from his pocket, and for a moment contemplated murder. "I could have killed someone" he said "but I put the bottle down—it is not right: I cannot reach my freedom that way."

About half-past ten o'clock he could hear the rumble of a cart or carriage in the yard, and very soon after, five men entered the cell with ropes. They knocked him down on the floor and proceeded to tie his legs and arms. But Petrowsky struggled hard, and it was only after a considerable time that they effected their purpose. The next move in the game was soon apparent. There was a policeman on each side holding him by the shoulders; one behind, and one in front.

"Open your mouth?" ordered the fifth man.

Petrowsky glanced up sharply, and saw that he held a pad of linen in one hand, half concealed.

Instantly it flashed upon him that they were going to poison him.

"I shall not open my mouth" he retorted with determination. With that, the officer seized Petrowsky by the face and, the others holding him fast, endeavoured to force his mouth open. The wiry Pole clenched his teeth, and bit out right and left, once catching his assailant by the finger. After some time wasted in this bootless attempt, the man brought a long thin rod of iron and tried to get it between Petrowsky's teeth. The latter clenched them more firmly than ever, in spite of the cruel treatment. With broken teeth and bleeding gums he held his own; still baffled, the officer then took up a slender pair of scissors and used them instead of the blunt piece of iron. Only once did he succeed in inserting the pointed blades between Petrowsky's teeth; but quick as lightning Petrowsky turned his head aside and slipped them out. He was now beginning to feel weak, thirsty and disheartened; and his condition was such as to bring tears into the eyes of one of his tormentors. But there was no pity in the rest. They ceased their persecution for a little, however, and Petrowsky felt himself still more faint at heart. While quietly resting in his chair, one of them suddenly sprang upon him, and dug his knee into Petrowsky's stomach. Before the latter recovered his breath, he found his mouth gagged and his eyes bandaged.

To make a long story short, Petrowsky was then taken into the yard, and put into a covered van, which was the carriage he had heard drawn up some hours before. The word was given, and the van drove off through the Consulate gates, and the silent streets of the town. Everyone spoke in whispers, and Petrowsky could tell that they were going in

the direction of the Bosphorus by the steep descent of the streets. It flashed upon him that they were taking him to the sea to drown him; but in this he was wrong. The stealthy silence preserved was obviously to prevent alarm; for it was a case of abduction; Petrowsky was being kidnapped without the leave of the Turkish authorities, and hence the necessity of gagging him. He could only breathe by his nostrils; and ever and anon he felt a hand passed over his face to see if he were still alive.

After a considerable while the van stopped, and Petrowsky could smell the fresh sea air. They helped him from the van, and presently he felt by the rocking motion that he was put into a small boat by the pier. Soon the noise of the oars struck his ears, and he knew that he was being rowed across the water. He tried as covertly as he could to work his hands free from the cords which bound them; for if they threw him into the water he could swim, provided he had the use of his hands. He had spent his boyhood in the Volga district, and could swim like a fish.

After some time the boat knocked up against the side of a vessel, and a voice called out in Russian, "Who's there?"

"Officers of Police, with a secret message from General Ignatieff," was the answer.

This was spoken almost in a whisper.

Petrowsky then felt himself being carried up the ship's ladder and landed on the leck. His bandage and gag were quickly removed, and also the ropes from his legs.

The vessel proved to be the Government steamer belonging to the Russian Embassy. Quit of his captors and placed under the captain's charge, Petrowsky began to feel more comfortable. He was assigned a berth on deck, which was carefully guarded by two Cossacks with drawn swords. The captain, who appears to have been a rough but warm-hearted sailor, expressed his private opinion of the Russian Government in terms highly nautical, and, at the same time, ordered fresh clothes, wine and biscuits for the comfort of his prisoner. Poor Petrowsky could not eat because his mouth was swollen and lacerated; but he was able to gulp down some wine and water. The captain sent the doctor to him and did all he could to make him better.

After three days, during which Petrowsky was closely guarded, and carefully hidden out of sight whenever any pleasure boat passed near the ship, an officer from the Consulate came aboard and spoke with the captain. Soon after, the captain came to Petrowsky's cell and said, "My orders are to bind and gag you, and take you to the steamboat for Odessa; but if you give me your word not to try to escape or make a noise I will neither gag nor bind you."

Petrowsky promised: and after being put into a boat with a guard of marines, he was taken on board the steamer sailing for Odessa, and *lodged in a solitary* berth, which was constantly guarded.

When the steamer anchored off Odessa, a party of police officers came off from the shore and entered his room.

"You are M. Scharff," said the leader to Petrowsky.

"Yes, sir."

"M. Scharff—you will excuse me, for I must do it—but, take off your clothes."

Petrowsky took off his coat. It was carefully fingered all over.

"Take off all your clothes."

Petrowsky took off his vest; and it was felt in the same way. This however did not satisfy them, and the prisoner had to strip. After rifling his pockets and feeling every garment all over, they turned to and searched the bed, the furniture, and every nook and corner of the berth, but to no purpose.

"Why do you search this berth," said Petrowsky, not without reason, "I have been here only a few days, and there have been many other passengers in it before. If you had found anything it would not necessarily have been mine."

They returned no answer; but, after their search was completed, they took Petrowsky with them to the wharf, where another detachment of police were waiting. One of them said to him—

"We expected you last week, M. Scharff. How is it you have deprived us of your company?"

It is greatly to be feared that the delinquent guest did not appreciate his courtesy. It is strange, however, that he should have been detained so long at Constantinople. Be this as it may; he was now escorted through the town, and lodged in the public prison of Odessa.

To be continued.

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TO-DAY:

A MONTHLY GATHERING OF BOLD THOUGHTS.

No. 3.—JULY, 1883.

"And though all the windes of doctrin were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously by licencing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falshood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the wors in a free and open encounter? . . . . . For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty?"—MILTON. "Areopagitica." 1644.

"Ainsi me suis-je accoutré, non pas me gorgiaser et pomper, mais pour le gré du malade lequel je visite auquel seul je veux entièrement complaire, en rien ne l'offenser ni fâcher. . . . . A bien sûrement et plaisamment parfaire le chemin de la connaissance divine et chasse de sapience deux choses sont nécessaires: guide de Dieu et compagnie d'homme."—RABELAIS.

"Our interest lies so much with the past as may serve to guide our actions in the present, and with so much of the future as we may hope will be affected by our actions now."—CLIFFORD.

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SONGS OF PROVENCE.

A. D. 1181.

I.—THE WEST WIND.

[Sir Raymond singeth a song to his lute; to whom his ladye maketh answer from above.]

SIR RAYMOND.

The West Wind is tired of his playing
And fondling the leaves of the bowers,
No longer with them will be staying
This light, little Lord of the flowers.

The gallant Sir West Wind, departing,
Set spurs to the steed he bestrode,
And, when scarce we had known of his starting,
He is here at my Ladye's abode.

ISEULT.

Sir West Wind, what gift hast thou brought me?
I fear thou hast lovers enow:
Too many to e'er have bethought thee
Of bringing me more than a vow.

Though thy words may be sweet in my hearing
And music lies soft on thy lip,
In thy pinnace I may not go steering,
For love fills not the sails of that ship.

SIR RAYMOND.

I have brought from the moon's silver chalice
The finest quintessence of dew;
I have culled from the flowers' woven palace
All tints of the tenderest hue:

I have ransacked their treasure-house open,
And stolen the scents that they hoard,
And have brought them all here as a token
Of love for thee, Ladye adored.

ISEULT.

I fear that my hand is not tender
For taking a gift from the skies
Hold thy Ladye-love no great offender
If sleep is enchaining her eyes.

Thy pinions can waft thee wherever
Thou wilt to thy heart's happy queen;
But Sleep—he will come to me never,
Not welcomed when first he is seen.

So, the gallant Sir West Wind departing,
Sir Raymond peeped forth the shade,
And lo! his own Ladye-love, laughing,
Leaned over the broad balustrade.

One word from below, ere she vanished,
Hath altered her mind's gentle flight.
From the ground whence his rival was banished
Sir Raymond holds parley to-night.

TO-DAY.

No. 3.—JULY, 1883.

A Story of To-Day.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Mogram at Home.

"WELL!" said Mr. Verjuice to himself, as he laid down the Professor's letter on the office-table before him, "I never thought much of scientific experts in a witness-box; but I did fancy they knew something outside. And Hoaxley, too, of all people! His reputation bubbles up over the whole surface of the press, and most editors pin their faith to him, like Coke to Littleton. Yet when I submit a really good case wanting a little more sifting and consideration than usual, he breaks down, and writes a perfect burlesque of an opinion. He can't be laughing at me, for I think we both of us forgot how to laugh when we were weaned. He may be a little mad, though, seeing what stuff about love and all that sort of thing he goes on with. By-the-bye, what the dickens are 'dualities?' I wonder if Mr. Rawson knows."

He touched his bell.

"Oh! Mr. Rawson," he asked, when the managing clerk appeared, "Can you tell me what is meant by the word 'dualities'? I don't happen to have heard it before."

"'Dualities,' sir?" repeated Mr. Rawson, who was a tall, solemn-looking man of some forty years of age. "I have never noticed the word in any text-book."

"Nor I; and it would doubtless be very improper to employ it in any legal sense. But I have just met with it as applied to a photograph —of a lady I surmise—and I can't understand it."

"A breach of promise case, I suppose, sir?" rejoined Mr. Lawson, looking more solemn than ever. "They are bright spots."

Mr. Verjuice glanced up in surprise.

"In our profession, I mean, sir," explained the clerk. "They are the sunny side of the law. When I was with Moses and Moses, we had a case, and our client wept upon my bosom. She said she was lonely, that the flower of her young love had turned into the weeds of a widowed heart, and that damages were all she had to live for."

"I trust she was successful," said Mr. Verjuice.

"She was, sir; and the day after she received the damages she married the poet attached to the establishment of Messrs. Fittem, the great advertising tailors. She invited me to the breakfast, and told me she was consolidating the ruins of a life by the ivy of matrimony."

"Which she no doubt accomplished very completely?"

"I can't say, sir. I have only seen her once since her marriage, and that was three years ago, when we had that matter of Mr. Gray, who was so strangely murdered in Smith-street."

"Yes, I recollect," said Mr. Verjuice, "but what had your quondam client to do with this?"

"I heard from a talkative old lady, a Mrs. Timkins, that her neice, 'Clara Lucinda,' had once seen something strange in Mr. Gray's house, and on making further enquiries I found out that Clara Lucinda was none other than the ivy-clad ruin of the days of Moses and Moses. I went to see her, and I always thought something would have come of the interview if that policeman Mogram had not insisted on watching the Fenians instead."

"Ah! you and I, Mr. Rawson, differed a little in our estimation of Mogram. He struck me as being very keen and intelligent, and just the man to clear up a mystery. Why! — the very man! — the very man!"

The lawyer started up from his seat as the idea flashed across his mind, and hurriedly putting on his hat and overcoat, he said to Mr. Rawson, who stood calmly and inexpressively surprised—

"I am going to Scotland Yard and may not be back for some time."

At Scotland Yard Mr. Verjuice was well known, and he had no difficulty in obtaining information as to Geordie Mogram, who, having been on duty the preceding night would, it was thought, be found at his home in a small street running out of the Grosvenor Road. Thither the lawyer at once proceeded.

Mr. Mogram was a bachelor of means and consideration; for he was known to be the owner of the house in which he resided, and he

indulged in the luxury of a real housekeeper. This good lady, who was none other than Mrs. Timkins, formerly of Smith Street, never tired of recounting the feats of address performed by Geordie in nearly discovering the murderers of Mr. Gray, feats which had been more than handsomely rewarded by Rosamond Gray. An additional air of respectability was conferred upon Mr. Mogram's house by an imposing brass plate bearing the words Jones & Co. Of whom this firm consisted, and what business it transacted were profound mysteries; but callers were numerous, and it was not seldom that these came in well-appointed carriages with coachmen and footmen of unquestionable gentility. All that Mrs. Timkins herself knew was the fact of Jones and Co. occupying the front and back rooms on the ground floor where she never saw any representative other than a taciturn and decrepit chief clerk, who interviewed all visitors, and an impish boy, who displayed a vexatious and preternatural activity in opening the door to every comer long before the housekeeper or the girl-domestic could mount the basement stairs. For the rest, the doors enabling the two rooms to communicate with the passage and with each other were all double, and the rooms themselves were plainly furnished with chairs and writing table, and were provided with stout shelves on which stood rows of strong boxes numbered in consecutive order, and never by any chance left unlocked.

The first floor of the house consisted of a front room which Mr. Mogram used as a parlour, a back apartment which served as his bedroom, and a little slip of a room situated, over the hall below and apparently intended, when first constructed, to be a dressing-room attached to a front bedroom. No doorway, however, led from the parlour to this side room, and in the place where this should have been, a large picture hung on the wall representing Geordie in his full constable's uniform with a bull's eye lantern at his belt.

On the morning after the scene in Trafalgar Square the guardian of innocence sat at breakfast in his parlour, and looked with satisfaction at a purse that lay beside his plate.

"Eight pound twelve!" said he to himself. "She's a young un. Green as a new leaf, ses I; an' I can't quite reckon up her manner o' behavin'. P'raps she's a lady, bred and born, after all. An' that purse, too, mounted in silver an' V. C. on it, don't quite look like one o' the flashy lot. Well, anyhow, somebody else 'd a got it out of her if I didn't; an' charity begins at number one, ses I. Hullo! they're makin' a early start, this mornin'."

This last exclamation was caused by a slight tapping noise that proceeded from a hanging book-case on the wall at one side of the fire-place.

Rising from his seat Mr. Mogram advanced to this book-case, and pushing it aside, disclosed a telephonic apparatus placed in a cavity in the wall.

"Well?" said he in a low tone.

"Diamond Jim's in the front room," replied a faint voice proceeding from the receiver of the telephone, "and he wants to know if the firm has got any news about the Hatton Garden business."

"What's he brought?" asked Mr. Mogram.

"A fiver."

"Well, tell him the Yard ain't on 'is track yet, an' there's just time to get to Beljum as arranged."

Mogram carefully replaced the bookcase and resumed his breakfast, but before he could finish pouring out a fresh cup of tea, another tap was heard, and again he had to go to the telephone.

"What's up now?" he asked angrily.

"It's a girl who says her name's Emily Batton and her brother's a barman, and he's been caught ringing the changes. She knows Mick the barber and he recommended her to come to the firm to get the case squared."

"D—n 'im," growled Mogram, "what's 'e want sendin' anybody 'ere without askin'. Tell the gal she's made a mistake an' as come to the wrong Jones, an' we're 'ighly respectable an' knows nothin' of squarin' an' such like."

"But she's been saving up, and has got over ten pounds in the Post Office, and she says she'll do anything to save her brother, as if he's convicted it'll break her old mother's heart."

"Oh! if she's got ten pound an' a old mother it's different," returned Mogram in a mollified tone. "Tell 'er we likes to see gals dootiful. Dooty's the pin in the chair, ses I, an' we springs to its call. Tell 'er we've 'ad our eyes on her brother for months past, an' we've strong reasons to believe as 'e's the victim of a conspyracy against 'im; but it'll be a difficult an' egspensive job to get 'im off. Make 'er bring a pound on account as soon as she can get it out o' the bank."

"I was going to ask five," said the voice.

"W'y what a old wampire!" exclaimed Mogram with profound disgust. "Aint yer aged enough to keep yer' 'ands from pickin' an' stealin' and a vamoosin' with the widder's mite? Never pull strong when the fish is only a-nibblin', ses I. There, that'll do, an' mind it's only—well, say two pound to begin with."

Again, Mr. Mogram resumed his seat, and once more he was interrupted—a condition of things in which all telephone subscribers become brothers in affliction.

"Well?" said he, as usual.

"Its Lady Tabitha, dressed in her maid's clothes and walking," replied the voice. "She wants to know whether we followed Sir Richard last night."

"What's she seem to like us to 'ave found cut?" asked Mr. Mogram, cautiously.

"Well, her eyes are very red, and——"

"Yes, just so," interrupted the astute Geordie," an' w'en a woman cries over 'er 'usban' she don't think him bad enough to lose, an' she aint sorry to get a bit o' relief now an' then. Tell 'er we 'ad a very long job over the watchin', and the case aint clear yet for explainin' details, but we 'as our 'opes of showin' as most of what's said about Sir Richard's a passel o' lies."

"And what is our fee to be for last night?"

"Where's yer manners, Wampire?" retorted Mr. Mogram. "We leaves it to 'er ladyship to rekkernise our services. What with the joy an' the fear of discouragin' us she's sure to be 'ansomer than it'd be proodent for us to ask right out."

"Ah!" continued Mr. Mogram to himself, as he once more resumed his breakfast. "Wot a thing good nature is! Some people says it don't pay, but then they don't know 'ow to use it. A tear in time saves nine, ses I."

For the next quarter-of-an-hour he was uninterrupted, and having at length recruited his good-nature to a degree of visible satisfaction, he was about to rise from the table, when the door of the room was suddenly and silently opened, and the chief clerk of Messrs. Jones and Co. entered.

The new-comer was unquestionably old, but the decrepitude that seemed so apparent to good Mrs. Timkins was by no means observable in the activity with which he twisted himself into the room and closed the door behind him. His tall lean form was moreover encased in the blackest and most creaseless of broadcloth; his boots were varnished; and a glossy satin stock encompassing a very high and very immaculate shirt collar, made him the type of old-world respectability. A bunch of gold seals and keys depended from beneath his waistcoat, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles was thrust up on his wrinkled forehead over some bushy white eyebrows and dark sunken eyes. He was nearly bald, his nose was thin and pointed, his face and hands were alike long and meagre, and his whole expression was rapacious. To the world at large he was known as Absalom Playster: to Mr. Mogram he was always the "wampire."

"There's a gentleman downstairs, who says he must see *you*, sir," said this good man.

"What the devil does he want with *me?*" asked Mr. Mogram in a tone of asperity and uneasiness. "I aint Jones and I aint Co., eh, Wampire?"

"Oh! no, sir," returned the chief clerk, with a bland elevation of the bushy eyebrows. "You are our landlord: and its our landlord that the gentleman wishes to see."

"Who and what is 'e? Does 'e look like the Yard?

"I surmise the case is rather the reverse," answered Mr. Playster, caressing his chin with his hand. "He is genteel but cloudy. He will not give his name, and says he will satisfy the landlord if he can come to terms."

"Terms about what?"

"He declines to tell me, but says he prefers to discuss everything with you direct."

"Does 'e know me?"

"I think not. He knows your name, and has heard in the neighbourhood that you are the owner of this house. I fancy he means to make you an offer for the property."

"Oh! show 'im up then!" cried Geordie, relieved and hopeful.

Mr. Playster turned to the door, and then suddenly whisked round again. A keen expression of eager activity was for a moment displayed in all his features, and in his whole attitude; and an extraordinary twitch of his forehead was succeeded by the sudden descent of his spectacles to their normal position upon his nose. This phenomenon was evidently both familiar and significant to Mr. Mogram, who said—

"Out with it, Wampire."

"It'll take us both to watch him; but I have a very strong impression he's worth it."

At this moment a timid knock was heard at the door. Mr. Playster and Geordie both started and exchanged a look of surprise, followed on the part of the former by an immediate return to a state of placidity, and by a gentle opening of the door.

"I'm obleged to you, Mr. Playster," said Mrs. Timkins, who stood outside, dressed more primly, and with a front of hair darker and more artistically curled than ever; and then entering the room with an odd little movement compounded of a curtsey and a minuet, she continued—

"Your servant, Mr. Mogram. This gentleman was *that* insisting, I was obleeged to conduct him upstairs to your room, and how I *could*

bring myself to do such a thing, and you a conversing with Mr. Playster, but there, when he looked at me—oh!"

While Mrs. Timkins was speaking, the subject of her remarks had also entered the room, and now, placing his hand upon her shoulder, said—

"Madam, my time is, as I told you, very precious. With Mr. Mogram's permission I will enable you to compute the value of what you have saved for me."

The stranger accompanied his words by taking half-a-sovereign from his waistcoat pocket and placing it in Mrs. Timkins' hand. Then, with a glance that effectually stayed any further outflow of speech from the little lady, he pointed to the door and politely bowed both her and Mr. Playster out of the room.

Geordie Mogram looked at these proceedings with a feeling of more than amazement. Ever since he had become the real owner of a real house, he had developed a baronial habit of mind that would have added lustre to the domestic history of the middle ages. On his beat he felt himself to be the embodiment of social majesty: at home he was that of the one being for whose welfare all society existed—Geordie Mogram. His house was his castle, and the fenced Babylon of his most secret plans and stratagems for overrunning the plains of riches and honour that awaited his conquering march. Yet here was a sudden interruption from the outside world, without summons or warning—an interruption before which the barriers of his commands had given way like so much pack-thread touched by fire.

Nor was the appearance of the intruder calculated to reassure the baronial Geordie. Tall, slenderly-built, elegantly dressed, with delicately-carved features, and very dark eyes and hair, he was certainly no vulgar person; and his whole bearing was that of a gentleman by birth and breeding. Still there was a strange dreaminess in his glance which seemed out of keeping with the hard lines of his mouth and the squareness of his chin; and his carefully-gloved hands were quite remarkable for the disproportionate size of his thumbs. Altogether Geordie recognised that he was in the presence of a sufficient justification for the effect that had been produced on Mr. Playster's mind.

"We are strangers," said the gentleman, smiling, and taking a seat with an air of being quite at ease himself and amiably desirous of putting Mr. Mogram also at ease—a design which was not quite successful, for Geordie suddenly became possessed of an impression that he had seen his visitor before, sometime and somewhere, though he could not remember when and under what circumstances.

"And being strangers," continued the speaker, "it is very natural that you should desire to know who and what I am. My name is Lesage —Richard Lesage—I come of an old French family, who were amongst the earlier settlers in Louisiana, and, as I have a sufficient revenue from the estates that have descended to me, I can afford to indulge my tastes in Europe. I am an artist, and, unless I mistake, I am speaking to a lover of the arts."

He waved his hand towards the portrait of Mr. Mogram.

"Yes," said Geordie, just recovering his peace of mind, "I likes picturs. Painters makes nature beautiful for ever, ses I; and as for that portrait, there, well, I likes the uniform, too. It's a noble duty to purtect the innercent and lag the guilty, or leastways them as don't act on the square with society an' the force. I aint a millyunare, and I aint exactly a porper, but I *could* retire termorrer if I liked."

"I perceive we are both enthusiasts—each for his own profession," said Mr. Lesage, very softly and dreamily; "and you will easily understand me when I explain that I am in search of beauty, and have found it here."

"Here?" repeated Geordie, in surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Mogram. I am one of those who believe that great cities have their beauty-spots as well as the face of nature. I love to study and paint the out-of-the-way nooks that exist; and I see you must really have similar tastes."

"Eh?"

"I judge this from the choice you have made of a house," continued Mr. Lesage, without seeming to notice his hearer's bewilderment. "From the bow-window down-stairs you have a charming glimpse of the Thames: and the back looks out upon the most delicious retreat of sweetness and light that ever attracted an artist. So, at least, I was told by a brother of the brush in America, and he advised me to see it and paint it whenever I might visit London. This is why I have intruded on you, Mr. Mogram, as I found yours was the only house that had an uninterrupted view of the place."

"Oh, you mean the Plesornts as they call it," exclaimed Geordie. "Well, it's pretty enough, it is; and it don't detract from the vallyable nature of this house."

"May I ask the favour of being permitted to enjoy a view of this Pleasaunce?"

"Certingly, my dear Sir," replied Mr. Mogram, with a self-consciousness of growing urbanity under his visitor's gentle influence.

"P'raps yer won't mind comin' into my bed-room, an' lookin' at the garden out of the window."

He rose and led the way into the adjoining room, from which a fair scene was indeed visible. The small yard at the rear of Mr. Mogram's house, was closed in by a high wall beyond which extended a large area of garden-ground, laid out in lawns and winding walks and flowery groves all glancing and spangled with colour in the bright sunshine, or dying here and there into blue and subtle shade. In the distance and on the left a row of trees hid most of the houses that formed the background, while on the right hand the garden was terminated by a broad flight of steps leading to a balconied terrace attached to a large quaintly-designed red brick edifice.

"Yes; this is the spot of which I have heard," said Mr. Lesage, still in a soft, dreamy manner. "Who is the fortunate owner of so beautiful a place?"

"It goes with that red house, there," replied Geordie.

"And to whom does that belong?"

"Well, I don't quite know. It's called the 'ouse of Master Francis, but I can't make 'im out. There's a club or something of the kind as meets there for music an' dancin' an' private theaytricals; an' a professional beauty lives there, too."

"Indeed?"

"Yes: her picturs is in all the shop-windows. Her name's Bangles, an' she goes the pace. Leastways so we con-sider in the force, though I myself aint personally met 'er yet; an' I wants to, too, seein' she's mortial like a young lady I 'elped thro' a bad job, three years ago. The 'Gray Mystery' was all the talk of London."

Mr. Mogram, while speaking, was leaning sideways against the window, and was mechanically regarding a looking-glass on the dressing-table. This glass was so placed as to reflect the profile of Mr. Lesage, who stood admiring the view of the garden. At first, the features thus reflected were calm enough; but when Geordie mentioned the 'Gray Mystery' a sudden pallor was visible on Mr. Lesage's cheek, and the soft dreaminess of his eye was replaced by a scowl and glow that fairly startled Mr. Mogram.

"Oh!" he thought, "the Wampire wasn't far out, after all."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Lesage, turning round and smiling at Geordie very calmly and sweetly. "I am afraid I was not listening very attentively to what you were saying. You were speaking of some murder, I think, that happened about three years ago?"

"Yes, I was talking of the 'Gray Mystery' as it was called," replied

Geordie, keenly watching the other's countenance, which, however, had relapsed into its dreamy serenity and showed no trace of emotion of any kind.

"Gray? I don't remember seeing any account of such a case in the American papers; but perhaps it was reported while I was travelling in Texas, and so escaped my attention. Was the murderer discovered?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Mogram, at a venture.

This time his scrutiny was rewarded. A glance of almost terrified astonishment flashed from Mr. Lesage's eyes and, although he instantly regained his calmness, yet his face became very pale and his forehead was bedewed with moisture.

"I think I will sit down for a minute," said he, to the policeman. "I feel a little giddy. A change in the weather such as we have had between last night and this morning often affects me in this manner. Let us go back to your parlour."

They returned to the front room, and there Mr. Lesage explained in his gentlest manner, that he desired to rent Geordie's bedroom for a month in order to paint a picture of the garden scene. He knew, he said, that his request was a strange one, but Americans were often whimsical, and were quite prepared to pay handsomely for the gratification of their fancies.

Mr. Mogram raised no very serious objection to the plan. After a little consideration he concluded that he could make shift upstairs for a month, and he never liked to stand in the way of artists. Accordingly, a bargain was soon struck, and it having been arranged that Mr. Lesage should take possession of his room that evening, the visitor was conducted to the door by his host in person.

"Where 'ave I seen 'im?" said Mr. Mogram to himself when he had regained his room. And standing with his back to the mantelpiece he thrust his hands deeply into his pockets.

"D——n me," he suddenly exclaimed as he felt Violet's purse, "if he aint the very identical as I see last night a-walkin'away from that gal. That's 'im: that's 'im. But I never see 'im before; and I didn't run across no description like him in the Smith Street job. But he knows somethin' about that job, or my name aint Geordie Mogram. Seein's believin' ses I, an' when I sharped 'im with that leading answer of the murderer bein' discovered, he pretty well showed 'is card. Its true 'e dropped the subjeck, and 'e was in America at the time. America! Well, didn't I say it was a Finyun job and aint the Finyuns always a-roostin' and a-'attchin' in America? This chap's a Finyun

an' 'e's 'eard about the job—that's what's the time o' day. Who's goin' to back them preshus detectives *now* agen Geordie Mogram?"

He touched the telephone signal and on Mr. Playster's replying from the room below said,

"Where's Miss Gray, now?"

"The last address she gave us was in Paris,—7 Rue Navarin."

"Well, write 'er a note from me an' say I've made a discovery an' am on the track."

"It shall be done. But—stay one moment at the telephone, sir. I hear some conversation going on in the front office between James and a caller he has just let in, and I think your name was mentioned."

Mr. Mogram waited a few seconds and then he heard Mr. Playster's voice again.

"Its Mr. Hawkins Verjuice, the solicitor, who says he has an important piece of business to put in your hands."

"Show 'im up," said Geordie, replacing the bookcase and turning to receive the lawyer.

"Good morning," said Mr. Verjuice when he had been duly shown into the room. "It is some time since we last met."

"Yes, an' I'll be so bold as to say I aint done with that job yet. I'm on the track, Mr. Verjuice."

"Do you really mean to say that you have at length found some clue to the murderers of Mr. Gray?"

"Yes; an' it aint no preshus detective's clue neither. The force give the job up an' the Yard was nowheres an' detectives was in vain. But stick to your guns, ses I, an' when Geordie Mogram sticks to *'is* gun its bound to go off some time."

"And not to go very wide of the mark I am sure," replied the lawyer. "May I know what you have discovered?"

"Well, it aint quite ready for dis-closing," said Mr. Mogram, with an air of mystery. "All I can say is I 'ave been at the job day and night on my own 'ook ever since you stopped the egspenses an' Miss Gray left the country. An' at last my exertions is comin' to the point."

"How right I was in my judgment as to the intelligence of this man," thought Mr. Verjuice; and then speaking aloud, he continued—

"May I tell Miss Gray of this? I still look after her affairs, and I think she will be glad to hear of what you are doing."

"I'm goin' to write to 'er myself," replied Geordie. "I suppose she's still in Paris?"

"Yes; I had a letter from her two days ago. By-the-bye, she sent me her portrait which you may like to see, to remind you of old times."

And Mr. Verjuice took from his pocket a letter enclosing a photograph which he handed to the policeman. It represented a young lady dressed very plainly and simply, and of singular beauty, in spite of a shade over one eye.

"She has never recovered from the accident she met with on her return to France after her father's murder," said the lawyer: "and she tells me she is afraid she will ultimately lose the sight of the eye on which she has to continually wear that shade."

Mr. Mogram looked curiously at the photograph, and then going to a chiffonnier that stood in one corner of the room he opened a drawer and took out another portrait.

"There," said he, giving the two photographs to Mr. Verjuice, "anybody 'd say as they're twins."

"What a surprising resemblance!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Who is this woman with these curious rings on her ankles?"

"That's Bangles."

"And who is Bangles?"

"A professional beauty. She's been out an' about the last two or three seasons, an' every young swell talks about 'er. Talkin's not actin' ses I, all the same."

"Strange, strange!" said Mr. Verjuice. "I never heard of Miss Gray having a sister, and, indeed, I feel sure she has not. Yet the likeness is such that, did I notknow her to have been away from England, I could have sworn that the photograph of Bangles was that of herself —except, of course, for the injury to the eye. Bangles, I suppose, lives in London."

"Yes: she's a neighbour of mine. She lives in a fine 'ouse close by —the 'ouse of Master Francis, they calls it."

"Eh! Why that's the very place Hoaxley mentioned in his letter," exclaimed Mr. Verjuice, addressing himself rather than Mogram. "And this must be the photograph! And these are the mysterious 'dualities!' Oh! Hoaxley, Hoaxley, how are the mighty fallen!"

Mr. Verjuice very nearly laughed outright, much to Mogram's mystification; and then resuming the conversation, he continued—

"A most singular coincidence. I will send one of Bangles' photographs to Miss Gray, who will be a good deal surprised, and it may be a little annoyed to find such a double of herself in existence. However, all this is not what I came to see you about."

And then Mr. Verjuice entered upon a long detailed account of his adventure of the previous day, and concluded by saying, that he should not hesitate to incur a considerable expense in order to recover Miss *Churchill's will.*

Geordie Mogram listened to the recital with a sense almost of stupefaction. The disappearance of the stranger and the will was a circumstance so entirely beyond his comprehension as to be quite outside his range of thought, and his mind could only vacantly gape at it. He was struck, though, with the description given of the stranger's personal appearance, and a luminous idea suggested itself to him.

"Your visitor was you think between thirty and forty years old?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Tall an' dark an' thin, an' pretty much of a gentleman?"

"Yes,"

"An' squarish about the chin?"

"Did I say so?" asked Mr. Verjuice in surprise. "I don't remember telling you that; but now you mention it I can call to mind that his chin was rather square."

"An' 'is thumbs was egsepshunnal big?"

"Good God, Mr. Mogram!" exclaimed the lawyer starting from his chair, "I am absolutely certain I never told you *that;* and yet the man's thumbs *were* larger than usual. How on earth could you guess such a thing."

"Taint no guess an' taint your tellin'" replied Geordie with an air of mingled loftiness and profundity. "You knows your business an' I knows mine Mr. Verjuice; an' when you comes to my 'ouse to rekkernise my a-bilities, why I'm bound to put them a-bilities at your service. I'll take the runnin' of this job an' I don't mind sayin' as it couldn't 'ave been put in better 'ands."

When Mr. Verjuice entered the cab that was waiting to take him back to the city he said to himself—

"And they say in the newspapers that police-constables are unintelligent!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Priestley the Thought-Reader.

The soft breeze of gaiety that had rustled through the Hall of Propcs died away as the thought-reader entered. He was short and dark, with a head of unusual length from front to back, and light-footed as a girl. Guided by Carpalim, he advanced to the dais and bowed deeply to Bangles, who had resumed her seat upon the throne.

"We have heard much of you, Mr. Priestley," said she, "and you need no other introduction to our circle than that which fame has uttered. And as for ourselves we shall hardly venture to explain what must be already clear to so skilful a master of perception."

"I fear you attach too much importance to my poor gift," replied the thought-reader; "but you will doubtless permit me at least to see where I am, and among what company I find myself."

And thereupon he turned courteously from Bangles, and without more ado made a peregrination of the entire Hall, hastening along with a springy noiseless tread, smiling pleasantly at those of the members whom he recognised here and there, scanning the rich decorations and rare features of the place with a quick restless eye, and glancing curiously at every unfamiliar face. Slight signs of nervous agitation were observable as he proceeded, and when at length he had returned to the dais, his deep-seated lustrous eyes shone with a strange gleam, and his arms, which he tightly folded on his breast, were twitching violently in spite of his evident efforts to remain composed.

"Well, what do you think of him?" whispered Brother John to Professor Hoaxley.

A halo of scorn had illuminated the Professor's up-tilted countenance during Mr. Priestley's tour of the Hall, and now it gradually focussed itself in the direction of the thought-reader.

"You consider me a Goidel," said the latter very quietly, as he met Hoaxley's withering gaze.

The Professor's breath stopped suddenly short. The half-formed reply to Brother John's question gave way to a gasp, and an angry flush settled upon his cheeks.

"A Goidel!" exclaimed the members who had all drawn near to witness the expected feats of the thought-reader.

"A Goidel!" whispered the ladies to each other in mystified tones of amusement.

"Pray what is a Goidel?" asked Bangles.

"A Goidel, Madam," replied the Professor, recovering from his vexation at the sound of her sweet voice, "is my latest contribution to ethnology. The race to which I have given that name was the degraded but prehistoric Kelt, when his superior manners were first corrupted by the evil communications of the noble but Neolithic savage."

"Truly a soft impeachment," said Bangles, laughing.

"Ach! matam!" exclaimed Von Rösslein, raising his joined hands, imploringly. "Say not dat it ist soft! Such a tausend teufel of a

wort! It woult choke all de tree troats of Cerberus himself. I nefer could have tought it possible to have callt a man by such a name—no mein Gott, nefer!"

"Racial characteristics are stronger in your appearance than in your understanding, Herr Von Rösslein," observed the Professor loftily; "and I am not surprised that you should have overlooked the partial reversion to the Goidel type in Mr. Priestley here—a reversion which I should have indicated had he not——"

"Taken the words out of your mouth," said the thought-reader, as he again met Hoaxley's glance.

"A palpable guess!" muttered Epistemon to Panurge.

Such was also the opinion of the professor, who became almost radiant as the disturbing effect of the 'Goidel' episode passed away from his mind; and he was about to reply when the thought-reader again interrupted him by saying—

"And I am beginning to be found out, Mr. Hoaxley?"

This time the tower of learning rocked to its base, and the illumination of its summit was lurid. Before, however, any catastrophe could occur, the voice of Bangles again stilled the tumult.

"Let us proceed," she said, "we ladies here will act as a Committee to watch and listen and decide, while you, gentlemen all, will be good enough to carry out any experiments upon which you may agree."

Thereupon a busy discussion took place, and it was finally arranged that Hoaxley and Von Rösslein as representing the opposite mental moods of poetry and science should be the "subjects" of the experiment. Each was to write a name upon a piece of paper, while Mr. Priestley sat blindfolded in front of the dais. The papers were then to be securely folded and delivered into the keeping of the Committee, after which the thought-reader was to endeavour to declare their contents.

The writing of the names, and the delivery of the papers duly took place, and the two subjects advanced in turn to Mr. Priestley, who seizing a hand, first of the poet and then of the philosopher, held it to his forehead for a moment, while his whole frame trembled, and his features worked as though in pain. Presently a rapt expression succeeded this trouble, and, with his face uplifted as though he was intently listening to the subtle voices of the air, he exclaimed in a low deep voice—

"Pantagruel! Pantagruel!"

The ladies had opened the papers even as he spoke, and their glances of pleased astonishment were the signal for the applause that instantly resounded through the hall from everyone present, save the two 'subjects,'

who glanced at each other with an expression of the most furious jealousy.

"Have you any explanation to suggest before judgment is pronounced?" said Carpalim to Von Rösslein.

"Yes: dat have I," replied the poet, recovering himself rather than his composure and addressing Bangles with a tone and air of deep pathos—"It ist true, matam, that I your name have peen so pold as to write. Put!—was I free? I was de shlave of de spirit of Peauty! I had listent to the Echo as she shtole trough de hall wid de gold of your voice, and the silver of your laugh, and mein ear was made musical wid 'Bantagruel.' I saw de bright flowers shpringing about de feet of de marble treams dat are dere and 'dere, and dey breathed in perfume 'Bantagruel.' I glanced at de faces on all sides, and at de golden roof wid its shtars of ivory, and from every face and every shtar shone 'Bantagruel.' I looked inside me—yes, even into my soul-chamber—and dere, on every wall, de hand of an angel had written 'Bantagruel!' Ach! we all shtand here in de shpell of de wonder-peauty, and dat Herr Briestley has honoured her name, I am not surprised!"

Never was guerdon more valued than was the sad kind glance with which Bangles rewarded the poet's explanation.

"And you, sir. Have you any remark to make?" said Carpalim, addressing Hoaxley.

"I cannot advance any explanation based upon hysterical 'fine frenzy,'" replied the professor, with a meaning look in the direction of his rival; "but, madam, I would have you observe that in your presence the range of thought becomes limited. We are told to think of a name, and *you* are near. Of what other name can we possibly think? Unconscious cerebration peoples our mind with a thousand representations of your gracious face and most marvellous duali—dualism of beauty and intelligence. The very fact of Herr Rösslein and I both writing the same word, renders it highly probable that Mr. Priestley was similarly affected, and in exclaiming 'Pantagruel,' was proclaiming his own thought rather than reading ours."

A murmur of assent followed this skilful escape from what had appeared to be an altogether inexplicable triumph of thought-reading; and, emboldened by the reception, Professor Hoaxley continued,

"If I may be permitted to suggest a test, I would propose one far more conclusive. Let Herr Von Rösslein and I each think, not of any mere name or word, but rather of some actual incidents that have come under our notice within the last twenty-four hours, and have impressed themselves upon our respective minds. Let these incidents be uncon-

nected with this Hall and the persons here present, and let the papers handed to the committee contain merely a word or two—sufficient to identify the incident without being understood by anyone unacquainted with it. If under those conditions, Mr. Priestley can proceed to describe the scenes we picture in our minds, I shall be prepared to believe that there may be something in thought-reading other than jugglery."

"Capital. Well put," exclaimed Brother John.

"I accept the conditions of the test," said the thought-reader very quietly, and with a slight smile which went far to disturb the equanimity of Professor Hoaxley.

"Sir Poet, we presume you also agree to the test?" observed Bangles looking at the German in a manner that brought the reddest of blushes to his cheeks.

"Nein!—nein!—De Herr Professor may from de arms of Peauty be able himself to tear away, and de kiss of a boetical idea de frozen floodgates of his soul may not melt. I do not doubt *he* can dink of his stuffed animals and dry bones and fossils and Royal Institution plack pords, even when he is shtanding under de stars of the night and hearing de sobbing of de storm-wind as it carries de treatful tale of man's sufferings into de darkness of de Infinite! Put I, Friedrich Von Rösslein, am not of such mechanic-stuff made. My heart cannot say the sad 'Farewell' to its treams and, when its prightest team shtands before me in de rare and excellent reality of life, I can dink of noting else notwhatsoever."

This was said with an exuberance of gesture and passion that stamped the German as a true Son of Song, and proportionately fanned the fire of jealousy in the materialised bosom of Hoaxley, a fire which was not abated when he detected a look and smile of simple admiration on the face of Violet Churchill, who had listened with profound interest to the praises of her friend and protectress.

"It is fortunate, ladies," said Bangles, glancing gaily round her, "that we are allowed to listen with light hearts to what a poet sings. Had we to weigh his words as carefully as we must those of a philosopher, we should often be at a loss how to appraise them. And so, Mr. Hoaxley, it seems we can only depend upon *you* for the continuance of the thought-reading experiment."

The Professor was delighted. "Yes, Madame," he exclaimed, "philosophy will endure, and be of service long after the bubble of poetry shall have collapsed into thin air. And now, with your permission, I will proceed with the test."

He drew a note-box from his pocket, and hastily jotted down a few

words. Then, folding the paper carefully he handed it to the lady who sat nearest, and said,

"There! I have written down some indications of an incident sufficiently out of the common to allow of no ambiguity or paltering with the plain facts of the case. You will have no difficulty in determining whether Mr. Priestley really discerns what passes in my mind. I am now ready."

"Let the Professor place his hand upon my forehead," said the thought-reader who sat, as before, with his eyes tightly bound.

Hoaxley did as requested.

"And now you must be good enough to form in your mind as distinct and vivid a picture as possible of the incident I am to see."

"But the incident is one that was narrated to me, and did not come under my personal observation," said Hoaxley.

"That matters little," replied the thought-reader. "All I can do is to perceive what is in your mind, and a purely fanciful idea is just as much there as is a reproduction of some past impression. You must form the best imagination you can of the incident that has come to your knowledge."

Hoaxley, who was sincere enough in his way, and was incapable of stooping to an act of deception, honestly endeavoured to comply with Mr. Priestley's instructions. He looked away into the far corner of the Hall and concentrated his thoughts upon the incident he had chosen as the test. Being a man of grim resolute will and vigorous intelligence, he succeeded more perfectly than he was aware in isolating his mind from the scene and persons around him, and he remained quite unconscious of the effect produced upon Mr. Priestley, until the latter, who had sat some two minutes or more trembling and twitching under the professor's touch, suddenly sprang from his chair and, tearing the bandage from his eyes, sank fainting and exhausted into the arms of Carpalim.

A goblet of water mixed with a rare and fragrant elixic, known only to the members of the Rabelais Club, was brought and served to restore the thought-reader to the full possession of his strength and faculties.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Hoaxley," said he turning to the Professor with a smile, "upon having a mind of such power. I have often heard of 'scientific imagination,' but until this evening I thought it was quite confined to the building up of a mastodon from the recovered joint of its tail on the explanation of the deity as an idea that first arose in a Goidelian nightmare after too plentiful a supper of roast grandmother. I now find that, when a philosopher really sets about the task of

imagining, his fancy works with twenty-poet power and constructs a picture of the most successful improbability."

The professor heard this with an uneasy sense of coming revelations opposed to his spirit of scornful scepticism.

"Madam, ladies and gentlemen all," continued Mr. Priestley, "you shall judge for yourselves of the learned gentleman's powers of imagination. I have been privileged to go behind the curtain of his mind, and this is what I saw. A small room, dingy and dusty, and lighted by a window looking out into a narrow city street. The room was encumbered by black tin boxes and large books and many packets of paper; it seemed, in fact, to be some lawyer's office. At a table, strewn with further books and papers, sat a gentleman of some expression—presumably the lawyer himself. He was perusing a document of the portentous size that usually indicates the skill of an attorney in muscular literature ——"

"In what?" exclaimed several voices.

"In muscular literature," replied the thought-reader. "That is to say in phraseology constituting a feat of endurance. Well, presently, the lawyer laid down the document, and a door leading to another office was opened by what appeared to be a clerk, who introduced—I suppose —a client. This latter was a tall slightly-built dark and handsome man, with deep set sparkling eyes, and a very courteous demeanour; but, when I saw him in conversation with the lawyer after the clerk had retired into the open office, I began to feel ill at ease. A sense of oppressive warmth and suffocation assailed me, slightly at first, but rapidly increasing. The lawyer seemed to be smilingly affected and was evidently troubled. At length he rose and turned to the window, and then a terrible struggle began in his mind. I never before experienced anything of the kind, and I can only account for it by some great concentration of Professor Hoaxley's thoughts. I saw the stranger rise from his seat, and seize the document the lawyer had been reading. Then both he and the document faded away for a moment and re-appeared, and this was repeated two or three times as though in consequence of the painful efforts I was making to retain the scene clearly and vividly before me. The feeling of suffocotion increased. The stranger advanced to the door —not to that which led to the other office, but to a second door. I strove to watch his fading form, and I felt an emotion of profound wonder arising as to how he would pass through the closed door; and then suddenly a bright light flashed upon the whole scene, and before I could distinctly see what was occurring, the strain upon my attention was such that I sprang from my seat as you saw, and woke once more to the real world around me."

"And your miserable want of self-control drove away the explanation that was just shaping itself before me," exclaimed Professor Hoaxley, in an angry tone; and then he bit his lips as he remembered the evidence his words would bear in favour of the thought-reader.

"Let us know the contents of the paper, Master Carpalim," said Bangles.

Carpalim took the document from the lady who held it, and read it aloud, as follows:—

"A Church Lane—solicitor's office—Miss Churchill's will—strange visitor—poisoned atmosphere—sudden disappearance of stranger and will."

Violet turned very pale and turning to Bangles, whispered—

"Oh! Rosamond. My aunt!"

"There is much in this strange matter that requires examination, dear," replied Bangles, and then addressing Professor Hoaxley, she said,

"How say you, Mr. Hoaxley? Have your thoughts indeed been read?"

"I am silenced but not convinced, madam."

"What do you mean?"

"I am silenced because I cannot deny that Mr. Priestley has very cleverly described the pictures that framed themselves in my mind. I am not convinced because I feel now my doctrine of unconscious cerebration will be found to contain a natural explanation of the phenomena."

"Then the incident has really occurred?"

"Yes, it happened yesterday morning in the office of a friend of mine, a solicitor in the city; and he is firmly under the impression that this visitor disappeared from the room without opening the doors, because none of the clerks saw anyone come through the door leading to the second office and the other door remained locked on the inside after the stranger had gone—making off with Miss Churchill's will, it would appear."

It was now the turn of Bangles to grow pale.

"The door remained locked on the inside, you say?" she asked in agitated tones, while a cloud of melancholy veiled her beauiful eyes.

"Yes."

"And do you think it possible to explain how such a thing could be?"

"Certainly. Anything that happens *must* be capable of an explanation."

"*Worthy* subjects, good companions, wise thinkers, joyous livers,"

suddenly exclaimed Bangles rising from her throne; "a truce to thought and thought-reading, to form and ceremony. The witching hour steals fast upon us, and the summons of the Joyeux is at hand. Let us laugh while we may."

As she spoke she threw from her the Imperial mantle, and followed by Violet and the ladies, descended from the dais. In a moment the Hall resounded with mirth and movement, and no heart beat more lightly and joyously then did that of Professor Hoaxley, when Bangles in all the piquant beauty of her doublet and hose, approached him, and with an arch smile said—

"Is it true that you gentlemen of science are the hermits of society?"

"I shall always feel most terribly like a hermit when I am not in your society," replied Hoaxley, in a tone not remotely distant from that of gallantry, and with an ardent glance, which expressed a complete treatise on the art of admiration.

"Would you like to see our hermit's cave?" continued Bangles. "It is quieter than this hall, and we can there discuss the latest ways of — well—wit and wisdom, without being disturbed."

She took the arm of the enraptured Hoaxley, and led him a willing captive to the Symposium.

(To be continued.)

After Mr. Gladstone:

OR, THE COMING DELUGE AND ITS ARK OF SAFETY.

WE make no pretence of having come at a knowledge of Mr. Gladstone's views with regard to himself. It may or may not be true that he intends to retire from the political arena immediately upon the passing of the Reform Bill to be introduced next session. All we are concerned with is the fact of a revolution impending—a revolution vaster than any that has yet taken place.

For, come what may, two things are certain. First, the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, as we have hitherto known it, is about to end. Secondly, political power has gravitated to the very base of the body politic. Will the masses of the people be swayed by any common impulse? Who will lead them? In what direction will they move?

Mr. Gladstone himself has in some manner answered these questions. At the last general election he discarded the old Liberal cry of "Peace, Retrenchment and Reform," and deliberately urged upon the electors the paramount importance of making sure that the government of the country should thenceforth be carried on in the interests of the populace alone. A bright, if somewhat vague prospect of popular benefits was held forth, and naturally proved more alluring than the colourless commonplaces of moderate Liberals and Conservatives; so much so, indeed, that the Whigs had to follow instead of leading the Radicals into place and power. This disorder was attended by the violent sundering of Whigs and Tories, between whom there had been for many long years but the difference of baking and frying as applied to loaves and fishes. The severance has been fatal to both parties. Healthy vitality depends upon the orderly action and reaction of the forces pervading a living organism; but if the several forces become independent of each other, they can only operate in the direction of disease and death.

Never before, in all history, have statesmen stood at such a parting of the ways as now lies before Englishmen. Providence has finally declared itself on the side of the big battalions, and the counting of votes is the numbering of the days of empire. Nor is the voice of the people an empty sound. It is, for the first time, the voice of readers and thinkers; it is, for the first time, a voice that can resound with lightning-speed to the uttermost ends of the earth; it is, for the first time, a voice accompanied by a solemn refrain of dynamite explosions. And this voice, in its Anglo-Saxon form, is growing louder and louder in all the quarters of the world with the proud certainty of inheriting, ere long, the lordship of mankind. Is it then to be thought, otherwise than idly, that the walls of a Parliament-house, even if stuffed with infinite sawdust of centuries, can shut out this thunderous voice? Is it to be believed that the Northcotes, and Hartingtons, and Gibsons, and Granvilles, and Cairnses, and Selbornes, and Churchills, and Dilkes, can long continue their slumberous see-saw, with the plank of party rocking on the rail of office? Is it to be hoped that the people will henceforth be content to vote for the sole behoof of place-holders and place-hunters?

The shadow of a great struggle falls darkly athwart the future, and upon the doings of the next year or two will depend whether the over-hanging deluge shall fall or whether the thick clouds shall fade away and give place to sunshine and glad life. We have to reckon with an uprising of bondsmen against their masters, more determined and terrible than any revolt of past times. Personal slavery, feudal serfdom, despotic kingship, Holy Inquisitions and rotten boroughs have, for the most part, disappeared, but the people have not yet cast off the heaviest of their chains. Poverty and wretchedness are harder taskmasters than kings and nobles, and priests and overseers. Time was when men thought of kings as divine; but now all the world knows that a nation can exist without a monarch. An Established Church was once held to be the very Palladium of the State; it is now regarded as a broken buckler. Idol after idol has been cast down from the high places of the earth, and still the world spins round with its load of life. But Moloch remains. He is adorned with no jewels: he is clad in foul rags: the smoke of his altar drifts across the land, bearing gifts of disease and woe. Yet do our rulers esteem him, of all gods, divine. "Is it not written," they say, "that 'the poor ye shall have always with you?' Poverty is the very foundation of social order, and the justification of

class distinctions. If we overthrow Poverty we emancipate the masses from the thraldom of Hunger and the lordship of Wealth. Let us rather maintain our customs and classes, and if at times we see our Moloch to be a very Devil, let us console ourselves with the thought that he will catch only the hindmost." So exclaim the worshippers and priests—the moneyed-classes and the leaders of political parties; but a far other cry arises from the victims led to the sacrifice. The wailing of women and children, and the weary groans of men bowed down by the weight of work, are heard on every side, until, at length, as the poor look about them for help and deliverance, they begin to see that they outnumber their oppressors. The spirit of Freedom is whispering the watchword of battle, and bold thoughts are stirring the hearts of the people. Surely then there will be a mighty assault upon the false god!

Let not the natural leaders of the people stand apart at this juncture; for upon them depend the nature and the results of the coming revolution. If they come forward with a policy of measures to be passed in Parliament for the destruction of Poverty, they may hope to avert the destruction of Wealth. It is for those who neither toil nor spin to devote some portion of their leisure, and even of their opulence to the furtherance of such a policy. If the people see that this is being done in good earnest, and that at length the time of Parliament is to be devoted to the well-being of the community rather than to the strife for office, the revolution will by effected by the ballot-box; but if the barren game of party politics continues to be the only occupation of legislators, it is to be feared that the misery of the masses will find more violent expression.

We now come to the practical application of the preceding observations; and we have to determine in what way the requisite policy can best be initiated and carried out.

First, it is clear that some political organisation must be created for the purpose; and it is equally clear that this organisation must be entirely free from party ties. It must be such that Tories, Whigs and Radicals may alike enter within its confines, and that Prince, Peers and Commons, may alike support the measures it advocates. It must, in fact, be, in the true sense of the word, a COMMONWEALTH CLUB.

Secondly, the Club must wage war in such a manner as to secure the support and countenance of all good men and true. It must favour no rowdyism, petroleum-burnings, dynamitism, or dagger-strokes. It

must depend wholly and entirely upon the ballot-box. It must work by means of an Electoral Committee in each Parliamentary District; and its permanent object must be the securing of a majority of votes for candidates (no matter whether Tory, Liberal or Radical), pledged to support the measures adopted by the Club. To this peaceable and constitutional method no just exceptions can be taken whether by territorial magnate, county squire, ordained parson, elected preacher, quiet quaker, bloated capitalist, blatant demagogue or caucus wire-puller; but, on the contrary, one and all of these classes may be summoned, on the score of consistency, to approve of an appeal to the voice of the people in the manner provided by law.

Thirdly, the aims of the Club must be such as shall be praiseworthy in themselves, and so clearly adapted to advance the interests of the people at large, that their very enunciation shall command the votes of the masses, without giving just offence to the other classes of the community.

With regard to the first two of the foregoing conditions no difference of opinion can well exist. It is the third which alone allows of dispute; and therefore it becomes necessary to examine more minutely into the nature of the reforms that are desirable and possible from the point of view of the popular welfare.

Let us assume that the child of Bill Sykes is, at its birth, equal to the child of the Prince of Wales in strength, intellect and goodness. This is no extravagant assumption; for, although we freely recognise there is no such thing as absolute natural equality, it is quite possible for such a case as we have supposed to exist. So much being granted, let us ask ourselves what is, in the present state of society, the practically inevitable destiny of the two children. On the one hand we see comfort and happiness and advancement of every kind, physical, intellectual and moral: on the other hand, we are confronted by starvation, misery, ignorance, crime and degradation. It is by no merit of the young prince that he is thus fortunate; it is by no wrong-doing on the part of Bill Sykes, Junior, that he is thus wretched. Why, then, should there be so vast a difference in the lives of these two human beings? We may concede that wealth must always become unequally distributed even if a most equal re-distribution were to take place to-morrow; we may concede that talent and opportunity will inevitably have some distinct value in every individual; we may even concede that moral worth

will of necessity distinguish person from person; and yet we may consistently stand appalled and indignant as we view the undeserved and needless inequality of happiness, brought about by the clumsy dealing of society. Men and women are encouraged to marry and have children, the poorer classes more especially. Infanticide is looked upon as a crime. And then society so orders matters, that the poor little wretches are compelled to become thieves and prostitutes, and to travel painfully onward from their first sup of the milk of human unkindness to the closing scene of divine damnation. You are shocked O Pharisees and Scribes? This article is too coarse for your Sybarite palates? Get you to the slums of St. Giles and to the back streets of all great cities and to the hovel of the agricultural labourer, and see for yourselves whether what we say here is *true*. If you find it true, and find it true you will, then ask yourselves whether you can reasonably expect Bill Sykes, Junior, to treat you with magnanimity and self-denial, rather than to fight your wealth with force and your laws with cunning.

Shall not the Commonwealth Club adopt as a principle that every human-being born into society has a natural right to food, clothing, shelter and education sufficient to give it a fair chance of living healthfully, happily, wisely and well. A fair *chance* we say. We cannot hope to do away entirely with the sea of troubles on which we are all launched: but we can at least see that every ship is well found. Our Board Schools mark a surrender on the part of the privileged classes, but they go far enough to be dangerous without going far enough to reach deep water. We feed, clothe and shelter our criminals after they have become so for the want of such assistance! Was there ever a greater absurdity? Yes: for we educate the intellect of many a child while allowing its brain to be impoverished, its body to be stunted and starved, and its whole moral being to be infected from infancy to maturity. Under such circumstances the chances are that education will become a weapon of precision in the hands of an enemy. And yet it would be simple and easy enough to do otherwise.

But it is not only with the children that we have to do. There is the question of the adult. A man or a woman may have been well-provided for during childhood, and may have commenced active life successfully enough, and yet by misfortune may be reduced to the very extremity of misery A willingness to work may exist, and the opportunity may be

wanting. Here again we are face to face with a natural right. Every adult who forms part of a community is entitled to demand that its regulations shall enable him at all times to exchange his labour for adequate means of existence—not a life in the prisons denominated workhouses, but similar in kind and comfort to that of his fellows. Furthermore, he is entitled to demand that in the event of sickness, accident or old age, he shall also be furnished with corresponding means of existence. Can any community be looked upon as civilised which does not provide for the inevitable incidents of human life? It is no sufficient answer to say that such provision may be attained by individual effort without the aid of society at large. This, which is true in many individual cases, is false as regards the majority.

The Commonwealth Club, then, must recognize this right and must be prepared with some particular method for giving effect to it. The problem involved is to do away with the existing Poor Laws and to replace them by some organisation for usefully employing labour without unduly competing with private enterprise—the system being supplemented by a National Insurance Fund against accidents, sickness and old age. With such regulations in force, none need starve for want of work; but the idle, dissolute members of the community might starve of his own free-will without troubling the conscience of society at large.

The next point to consider is taxation. Upon that we would remark how all authorities of all shades of political opinion have agreed in condemming taxes upon industry. Yet at every step we find these very taxes confronting us and checking the prosperity of the country. We talk loudly and often of Free Trade; and we have long talked each other into the belief that Free Trade really exists. Still it is no freak of the imagination when we think we see a Custom-house in every port, and an army of Excise Officers throughout the country. The list of articles subject to customs and excises is still a long one; and the avocations that are hampered by licences are not few. A system of finance shaped in the interests of the people would aim at the entire liberation of trade and industry from all social restraints. We do not propose in the present article to point out in what particular directions the loss to the Revenue thus arising could best be made up; but the saving of expenditure would be no inconsiderable item, and probably no sound objection could be raised to the retention of the alcohol and tobacco duties in a simpler form

than at present. Accumulated property would, of course, form the mainstay of the Revenue.

There remains the question of War and Empire. The Milllenium is not by any means near at hand; but, for all that, there seems no good reason why the Anglo-Saxon race may not ensure the continuance of peace for itself. In its hands is placed the destiny of the world as a few facts and figures will easily demonstrate.

The British Empire at the present time extends over some 9,000,000 square miles of territory, being nearly three times the area of the United States, forty-five times as large as France, and more than four times the size of European Russia. It is situated in every quarter of the world and its various portions are connected by the broadest and easiest of all highways, the ocean. Sea-coasts and harbours, fertile lands, temperate climates, vast coal-fields and other mineral resources add to the value of this huge territory; while its fortresses and coaling stations in every direction enable it to command the seas of the globe. In physical power, therefore, the British Empire stands pre-eminent; and it is not less so in point of population, which in mere numbers, takes the lead of other nations, while in rate of increase, so far at least as some of its Anglo-Saxon communities are concerned, it exceeds all that has hitherto been known. In the course of the next half-century Great Britain and her Colonies will, in all probability, contain some 150,000,000 of English-speaking people.

It follows from this, that, if the whole of these countries remain united, they will be beyond attack, even though the rest of mankind were hostile. Perpetual peace is, therefore, possible for them, with all its advantages of a minimum naval and military expenditure, an extinguished public debt and "piping times" of profit and plenty. But to ensure this, there must be a close and firm bond between the various communities of which the Empire consists. Federal interests will come more and more into prominence and the existing Houses of Parliament in the mother-country will prove inadequate for their due protection. To every thinking man the prospect of the United States of Great Britain stands forth among the certainties of the near future, and the coming rulers of England will assuredly find themselves at the head of an Imperial Council, composed of representatives from every part of the Empire.

We have now a sufficiently clear idea of the general aims that must be adopted by the COMMONWEALTH CLUB. The details of the several measures to be advocated may well be left for future discussion and at

present we will content ourselves by suggesting the following Titles as sufficiently appropriate and comprehensive, viz.:—

1. A Bill for the Better Maintenance of Necessitous Children.
2. A Bill for the Provision of Employment and for Insurance against Want, arising from Accident, Sickness or Old Age.
3. A Bill for Relieving Trade and Industry from Taxation.
4. A Bill for the Establishment of a Federal Union between England, Ireland, Scotland, India and the British Colonies.

Is there anything Utopian and impossible in this programme? Most assuredly there is not; and for a very simple reason. In political matters votes are now omnipotent. The behest of the ballot-box must be obeyed even to the wrack of all laws and social conventions. If, then, a majority of voters at the next general election chooses to approve the aims of the COMMONWEALTH CLUB, these aims will be attained. The only undetermined point, therefore, is, whether the masses will or will not approve of these aims. Here, again, we have the experience of the last general election to guide us; for, as we have already remarked, Mr. Gladstone's victory was won mainly by holding out a prospect of popular benefits to be reached through parliamentary representatives. Let, then, the Electoral Committees of the Commonwealth Club appeal to the masses on the ground of actual physical good within reach, and is it to be doubted that eager hands will be stretched forth to pluck this fruit? Take any two candidates, of whom one pledges himself to support a Bill for the Better Maintenance of Necessitous Children, while the other avows his intention of opposing it, and is it not certain that the former will be elected? A good "cry," we all know, is of vital importance in electioneering; and no refinements of true-blue Toryism, trimming Whiggism or philosophical latter-day Radicalism, will ever stand the brunt of battle against the plain programme of *panem et circenses*, or, in blunt Saxon, "Back and Belly," if we may so far venture to shock your nice ears, O Pharisees and Scribes!

The very independence of Party is a means of victory. The CLUB can consistently throw its weight into the contest on behalf of any candidate who will agree to support the "Commonwealth" measures, and as these measures are confessedly just and good, it will be found that some one candidate, at least, in every district will be only too glad to thus secure the votes of the Club-members. And, when we consider by how few votes the scale of party-contest can generally be turned, it is evident

that the Commonwealth Club may easily become a greater political power than even the great Birmingham Caucus; for, in addition to its own votes, it will always be able to command the votes of one of the Parties of the day.

In succeeding articles we shall indicate more minutely the machinery to be set in motion and the provisions of the Bills to be introduced into Parliament. For the moment, we shall have accomplished our purpose if we succeed in showing our readers that, although after Mr. Gladstone will come the deluge, yet an ark of safety will not be wanting; and this we cannot do in a better fashion than by quoting the following manifesto of the COMMONWEALTH CLUB:—

To the People of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Countrymen and Countrywomen,

The COMMONWEALTH CLUB claims your hearty sympathy and help. Why? Because its ambition and its aims are your own and for your own well-being.

The last two hundred and fifty years have seen our common country governed by, and too often for, Political Parties. These Parties are, at times useful; and we would not, if we could, be rid of them. But the country is now awakening to the truth that mere Party statesmen do not, and indeed cannot, give due time and thought to the welfare of the People at large. Their political lives and strength are spent for the most part in the turmoil and wrangling of office-holding or office-seeking, to the neglect of what is far beyond and above the considerations of Party.

It is for you, the People, to say whether this neglect shall continue—whether myriads of your children shall still be born and bred to lives of want, wretchedness and crime—whether the willing workman and workwoman shall starve for want of work—whether Trade and Labour shall be cramped by Taxation—and whether the glorious inheritance to which you have succeeded throughout the world shall not become a Federation, pre-eminent in the arts of Peace, and so strong as to put aside the thought of War.

We appeal to you *all*. You are English men and women in the first place, whatever your party politics may be. The COMMONWEALTH CLUB is neither Liberal, Radical nor Conservative. It belongs to no school of religion or irreligion. It seeks not to interfere with the Estates of the

Realm. The foes against which it is marshalled are Poverty, Disease, Crime and War. In such a strife may we not look to see Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Stafford Northcote, the Nonconformist Ministers and the Clergy of the Establishment, all fighting stoutly side by side?

Let not the word "Utopian" daunt you. It needs but the sound of your voice at the polling-booth to overthrow the walls of Class-interests, Red-tape and Ridicule, behind which your foes have so long remained secure. Your votes have hitherto served but the purposes of parties: will you not rather employ them for your own good? Bills for giving effect to the aims of the COMMONWEALTH CLUB will be prepared and published in time for the next general election, and thus you will learn who among the candidates will dare to stand forth to fight for the happiness of your children and the welfare of your homes.

Nor may you be dismayed by the cry of "Cost." The aim in view may be attained by a smaller national expenditure than is at present the case.

Stand forth then in the strength of your numbers, and in the might of your just cause. Show that you are not a mere crowd of enthusiasts, but an organised force, capable of turning the scale in every Parliamentary district of the country. Organise and agitate. Massed thus in one great phalanx, with its banner of the Common Weal floating on high, you shall assuredly march forward to victory.

The Private Life of Lord Byron

FROM PRIVATE SOURCES.

[The following paper has been forwarded to us for publication by the gentleman whose father took the notes on which it is based. In most cases the words are left exactly as they fell from the lips of Fletcher—even the grammatical solecisms in most cases remaining uncorrected, but in conformity to the rule of our Magazine, we are constrained to keep back the name of the writer from open publication.—EDITOR.]

THERE is an old saying to the effect that "No man is a hero to his valet de chambre," which saying is undoubtedly true to a certain extent—but no farther. For while it is just possible that a Napoleon or a Wellington may have seemed very unheroic to the personal attendant who waited upon him in private, it is perfectly reasonable to suppose that the said personal attendant might become more intimately acquainted with his employer's habits and opinions, *through a long period of service*, than even that employer's most familiar friends, who know him only as an actor *before* the curtain of public life, and not *behind the scenes*.

In order to illustrate this assertion so far as regards master and servant, in connection with Lord Byron and his personal attendant, it is necessary to put forward certain incidents of a peculiar kind leading to the commencement of that relationship between our great poet and his humble servant.

Lord Byron—as is known to the world—had a deformity of the foot, which compelled him to wear a shoe (or boot) of peculiar form, and it is to this deformity of the foot that Lord Byron primarily owed some portion of his so-called misanthropy; for in an evil moment—while at Aberdeen—a fellow-student of the young lord had the insolence to hint that the deformed foot was no human *foot* at all, but a veritable *hoof*, such *as his* Satanic Majesty is supposed to inherit.

This foolish and unseemly taunt sunk deeply into the youth's mind, and was in after-time flung at him by children of older growth, Christians so-called, who were delighted to find a tangible sore place for insult in his disposition and, although advance of age partially healed this sore place, the scar never left it entirely. It was to this very deformity that Byron owed his acquaintance with William Fletcher, a north-countryman, whose trade was that of a shoemaker—and it thus happened.

Fletcher was ordered to make a shoe (or boot, for he never specified which) which should serve to partially conceal the deformity in question —and he, Fletcher, being a clever craftsman, intimated that he could make a covering for the foot which would better serve to conceal its deformity than the one shewn to him—*provided only that his lordship would permit of a cast being taken from the foot itself;* but this his lordship would not accede to—his vanity rebelling. Fletcher, however, succeeded in making a covering for the foot which served to conceal the deformity better than that of the old fashion and, what was still better, one which eased his patron's walking. This eventually led to an engagement lasting nearly twenty years.

The individual thus honoured was shrewd, intelligent and faithful—sufficiently well-educated to write tolerable grammar, vastly proud of his appointment and, above all, trustworthy. During the long period of his service he had to enact many parts—as a mere servant he had to obey orders, whatever those orders were, and even to abet certain follies as well as indiscretions to which he was himself averse; but it was his province to obey, and so obey he did, yet only as a very wary Leporello to a some-what indifferent Giovanni, for, as Fletcher himself averred, Lord Byron's gallantries were much more assumed, as a fashionable vice, than a stern reality.

Two or three years of ordinary service with his employer eventually led to a kind of friendship for which the dictionary has no appropriate name—familiarity without contempt—and confidence by necessity. For Lord Byron needed much waiting on and had a habit of speaking his thoughts involuntarily. He often also dreamt his thoughts and spoke secrets in his sleep, which his bed attendant could not escape hearing. It was thus that William Fletcher became a humble but reticent confidant, and yet one too wise to abuse his knowledge or to presume upon it. A due appreciation of his patron's noble qualities, impressing

him with a sort of awe, which continued through his life, and even humbled him by its weight, gave him to feel that his employer was indeed the porcelain of humanity, while he himself was humble delf.

To make short of this introduction, it must be told that Fletcher never lost the hold he had acquired on his patron's friendship, and even progressed in his confidence to the extent of being permitted to act as amanuensis on certain occasions and, at some periods, to copy manuscripts, while he almost always crossed his lordship's letter T, and dotted his letter I, very especially towards the last, after Countess Guiccioli had left her patron's protection.

It will therefore be inferred, as almost a certainty that, while such illustrious friends as Moore, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, John Galt and others were the recipients of his avowed confidence and public utterances, the humble attendant on his private hours and witness to his private life, did actually know more than any other individual—*not excepting Lady Byron*—of the character and disposition of ONE whom no one else quite truly knew.

Having stated this much of the position in which William Fletcher stood with regard to Lord Byron, it now becomes necessary to explain how certain particulars came to be made known to their recipient.

My late father had the great honour to become personally acquainted with Lord Byron, through having painted a small whole length miniature of his lordship when a boy. It had a bow and arrow in hand and was presented to him (or I believe) to his nurse. This led to a still further acquaintance some years afterwards and rendered my father an absolute worshipper of the poet's genius. My father, in common with the entire *literati* of the modern Athens, mourned with a sorrow, deep as for a bereaved relative, wearing the "sack-cloth and ashes" of true reverence.

A few weeks after the death of Byron, it became known that Fletcher, his esteemed servant, was actually in Edinburgh and my father with a view to learn the very latest intelligence, but without the least false pride in learning it from a domestic (some very Christian Sabbatarians called Fletcher a flunkey) took pains to search out William Fletcher, who agreed to meet a few gentlemen at his lodgings and communicate all he knew.

The gentlemen collected together for this occasion were as follows:—Mr. Pattison (firm of Pattison and Mortimer, Pianoforte Manufacturers), *Mr. Donaldson* (President of the Chess Club), Mr. Stillie (Sub-editor of

The Courant newspaper), Dr. Scott (Physician, of Great George Street), Mr. Schultz (Draper, of Prince's Street), my Father, Mr. C. H——, my Uncle, Mr. H. H——, and myself—then fourteen years old only.

The invitation was for "Tea and Toddy" and at seven o'clock the company assembled. Mr. W. Fletcher making his appearance exactly to time.

He was a staid and somewhat melancholy-looking man, apparently forty years of age, attired in deep mourning and very communicative, as, indeed, he was expected to be. He gave a tearful account of Byron's death-bed, agreeing in every particular with published accounts, adding very little to what was known, and attributing blame to no one in particular. Nothing, therefore, of this part of the conservation need be noted here; but he gave certain particulars touching the habits and sentiments of his patron very different indeed from current accounts and altogether of such consequence to the reputation of the great poet, that my father decided on gaining very particular and exact information possible at some future period, and did so.

A few private notes of his conversation were made, and some publicity was given. But it was not until a fortnight afterwards that my father prevailed on Fletcher to give more information, and permit him to make notes of all he related, a task which occupied in all two whole days of interview and writing.

All which Fletcher told was therefore very carefully committed to paper, the information being collated under various heads, not exactly with a view to be rendered in a narrative form, but still with a view to utility in some shape or other. Fletcher did not relish the idea of his special views becoming published, and my father did not feel himself at liberty to act on his own account for several reasons: *firstly*, because it was known that accredited biographers were at work—notably Thomas Moore and Mr. John Galt—and, *secondly*, because he felt a sort of shamefacedness in becoming the retailer of what might be called "back-stairs" information. A *third*, and still more valid reason was, that the "odium theologicum" raged at its full height, and Byron's name—despite his fame—was at a theological discount.

When, however, time rolled on and Thomas Moore published his life of Byron, Fletcher became indignant, and my father also, not with Thomas Moore's literary workmanship, but with the suppression of *facts*, to which Thomas Moore was compelled by the Millbank family, through

Dr. Lushington and Lord Monteagle. For it was well known to Fletcher that Byron had indited his own biography, and left in charge two more cantos of "Don Juan," together with other papers for publication—all of which were SUPPRESSED, and, as report says, BURNED.

With respect to this matter, it would be an injustice to the great reputation of Thomas Moore to believe that he was any party to the destruction of what might be called priceless literary treasures; but it may be presumed that he was obliged to succumb to pressure—that the honourable and profitable task of writing a biography of his illustrious friend was conceded only upon certain conditions—*id est*—those of keeping back revelations of a certain kind which might throw blame or shame on certain individuals who had a mortal fear of the TRUTH. And it is the opinion of Fletcher (given to me, personally, when, in after-life he entered upon the business, in London, of a pickle-warehouseman) that Thomas Moore's mental affliction was partly brought about through the pressure inflicted on him by the executors of his illustrious friend—a belief in which Lord Lansdown concurred.

Be this as it may, Thomas Moore's "Life of Byron" is gone forth to the world and, although the *ipse dixit* of a humble individual like William Fletcher may not be put into open competition with such a work, it is still fit that his testimony should not be altogether ignored, very particularly as it tends to explain, so far as explanation is possible, the true story of Byron's separation from his wife.

In explanation and excuse for what I am about to make public now, it is necessary to tell that, for many reasons, my father never published any of the matter confided to him. I believe he feared being distrusted. But, in anticipation of publicity, he wrote an exact account of all Fletcher told, certain portions of his account being in the *actual words* of his informant, with a view to their being accepted for literal truth; but, in the end, *five-and-thirty years* elapsed without any publication having been attempted. Fletcher died, as also did my father; and the manuscript notes, made from Fletcher's narrative, came to me, by way of legacy, in a box which had lain neglected for more than three decades. It was only since Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has flung her obscene calumnies on the memory of our great poet, that I have had recourse to my father's manuscript, in the hope of finding some refutation to the calumny; and I here found what I believe to be the nearest approach to the true cause of separation in Lady Byron's conscientious belief that her husband was, if

not actually *mad*, at least so very nearly mad as to be *dangerous;* it being quite true that, exactly after the manner described in the first canto of "Don Juan," where that hero's mother set a couple of physicians to prove his father mad, Lady Byron did cause two physicians to "take measure" of Lord Byron for a straight jacket, *but could not make one fit.*

On examining my late father's MSS., I found them nearly destroyed, and partly illegible, mildewed and mouse-eaten; some portions were utterly lost, and the remainder very difficult to decipher. But, most anxious to discover what I sought, it was with singular good fortune that I found the most important items of intelligence intact, and in the very words jotted down as Fletcher's *own*. I have placed them under separate heads, beginning with Lord Byron's

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

He was a DEIST, not an ATHEIST, very well versed in Scripture history, and, I think, disputed the existence of a soul; his belief in immortality having been shaken at Cambridge by some doctor of divinity, whose name I could never get at. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy tried very hard to re-convert him, but failed; and, as his lordship was jocularly used to tell, Dr. Kennedy had been nearly converted out of his own belief. Lord Byron never ridiculed the moral doctrine of Christ; but repudiated all Superstition totally. As a Deist he lived—and died.

CHARACTER.

He was proud, but not vain; proud of his ancestry and of his own talents; but never vain, in the ordinary acceptance of that term. He was extremely sensitive as to the deformity of his foot, a circumstance which made him ridicule the accomplishment of dancing—(he wrote most virtuously on the indecorousness of waltzing)—in which he could not share. But he was not vain of his features, nor of his figure; though he rather prided himself on the delicacy of his hands. His nature was affectionate; he loved his mother beyond the usual love of childhood. He was generous to absurdity, but passionate in the extreme, being easily excited, but quite as easily appeased. I feel bound to tell that I have seen him excited to something very like madness; and it is to an incident of this kind that the great misfortune of his life is due. I do not think his disposition was quite so amorous as the world is given to believe. He affected an extreme love of womankind, because it was a fashion of

the day, in part; but, in some measure, to show society that his lameness was no bar to success with women. Most of his reported amours are—fudge!

HIS SEPARATION FROM LADY BYRON.

I have always believed his marriage to have been a mistake; for it is quite certain he and his lady were ill-sorted. Lady Byron was the exact opposite of Lord Byron himself, and why they married is a mystery. Lady Byron was a timid woman; Lord Byron a man whom nothing could daunt. Lady B. was credulously superstitious; Lord B. believed in nothing but hard facts, quoting Lord Bacon and some great German philosopher in support of his disbelief. Lady B. was horribly jealous; Lord B. was trustful of his wife, and, to tell a bitter belief of my own, did not love his wife sufficiently to entertain jealous notions. But, love or no love, he had always paid her the most chivalrous attention. Lady Byron's jealousy took umbrage at Lord Byron's attentions to certain ladies, actresses at Drury Lane Theatre—the ultimate separation between her and her husband dating from that cause. Lord Byron had become mixed up with the control of the theatre and, in consequenee of that, had launched into a style of living beyond his means. He had run through his wife's fortune, as much through her fault as his own, and, through some bad management, had suffered an execution to be levied on his household goods; a matter which could have been avoided with a little care. On the morning when this took place, Lady Byron had ordered the carriage for her own use; but Lord Byron had appropriated it to the use of an actress from Drury Lane, accompanying that lady to the theatre. Lady B. was much irritated. While she was yet at the height of her annoyance, two broker's men came with authority to take an inventory of the household goods; and her ladyship was much frightened, not knowing what was about to be done. I was also very much alarmed, being nearly as ignorant as Lady B. of the facts appertaining to a levy. I even thought the goods were about to be carried away that instant and, in my flurry, bethought me of a silver drinking-cup which my lord highly valued, it having been his mother's, and generally kept in his bed-room, on the toilet-table. I determined on securing that, at all events, and rushed into the room for that purpose, securing it under my coat. Lady B. was in her dressing-room, taking off her things. When Lord Byron came up the stairs, meeting his wife, who, in her horror of the

execution, accused Lord Byron of having squandered her fortune in extravagance, especially on the ladies of Drury Lane Theatre, I heard her say, "You married me for my money, and are spending it on gay women." Upon which hearing, Lord Byron raised his arm, *as if to strike her*, but immediately let it fall harmless, while SHE shrieked out, rushing up the two top stairs, to take refuge in the bedroom, and nearly fell into my arms, as I stood within-side the door, the door being partially open. She fell down flat on the floor, and his lordship then entered; after which I knew nothing of what passed, until afterwards, when her maid told me that Lady B. was quite convinced her husband was mad and that he would do her violence if she continued to live with him.

I was given to believe that they agreed to separate for a time, and I know that Lady Byron left her husband's house of her own accord, against his wish, with a view to meet together at the residence of her father and make certain arrangements. He, Lord Byron, did not order her out or desert her, but seemed to fall into her humour for the moment, with a view to an amicable result.

Previous to this event, Lord Byron had given way to passion, being much irritated by his coadjutors in the Drury Lane management; but I could never learn the exact rights of that matter, not being, at that time so much in his confidence as afterwards when on his travels.

I conscientiously believe the foregoing to be the sole cause of his disagreement, no other ever having occurred to my knowledge.

BYRON'S INFATUATION FOR THE GREEKS.

Byron's love for Greece and the modern Greeks, was a species of insanity; and here I take leave to record my humble opinion that his Lordship by reason of his infatuation in that as well as other matters, was really not in his sound senses; for *we*, or at least, *I*, found the Greeks a thoroughly bad lot, there is no beauty in the women, no honesty in the men and nothing worth looking at in the country except its ruins. But he found beauty in everything, was in raptures with all, suffered himself to be robbed through thick and thin, and believed a set of villainous thieves to be noble patriots, while they jeered at him behind his back. This madness on his part was hereditary to my thinking, for his mother was certainly eccentric enough to be called mad, while his father was most certainly so, from his actions as reported. Lord Byron was rather proud of the strange deeds reported by his ancestors, and once declared to me

that it must be a fine thing to live in a world of delicious imagination beyond the control of reason. With all this on my thoughts I loved him dearly, never counting his madness a serious flaw, as it led him to conceive high thoughts and lofty images, and I begin to think, that if he had been as vulgarly sane as all the rest of the world, he could never have written "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," or the "Corsair."

LORD BYRON'S MODE OF WRITING, &c., &c.

He wrote fast and furiously, but only when the fit was on him, very often writing several sheets of faultless poetry and next blundering for hours over a few verses, making corrections in every line. Within the last two years of his life I was permitted to read his writings and even to give my opinion on them. I used to pick up the sheets he threw upon the floor, number them, page them, cross his *t*'s and dot his *i*'s, but sometimes when I put in a comma or a semi-colon, he told me that they were wrong and said that the printer generally did that work.

The last poems on which he passed his time were Cantos 17 and 18 of Don Juan. I was suffered to read both and was extremely surprised that he *burnt down* Newstead Abbey, under the name of Norman Abbey, and asked the reason of his so doing, as all the world would know and recognise the locality. He then said, "I have described the best of battles (Ismael) and the worst of shipwrecks, it was now time I described an awful fire," continuing, "The old place has gone out of my possession. Let Old Nick have it."

These were the last words he ever spoke to me touching his poems, and I know that Cantos 17 and 18 were completed for publication, but suspect they were destroyed, and the world deprived of a pleasure beyond all price.

BYRON'S FRIENDS AND OPINION OF THEM.

Of all those who were honoured by his friendship, Mr. P. B. Shelley was the one most beloved and honored, in fact, I believe he was the only one in his entire confidence, and I may say I took a dislike to that gentleman for the reason that while *he* was my Lord's companion *I* was somewhat snubbed, for his Lordship neglected telling me his little confidences, as heretofore, giving them to his bosom-friend of high degree; for which I tried to retaliate on Mr. Shelley in a way that needs not telling. When however that poor gentleman was drowned, I wept over his body

because my Lord was so broken down. He never entirely got over that loss, and used to say that if Shelley had lived he might have rivalled Shakespeare, his powers of imagination being greater than those of any poet since the days of Homer, who was Lord Byron's ideal. For my own part I could not abide Mr. Shelley or his works and thought "Queen Mab" sad trash.

I don't think my Lord took to any other friends, poet or otherwise, as he took to Mr. Shelley. He greatly admired Mr. Thomas Moore, but it was in a playful, patronising way, patting him on the back as it were, and twitting him for his amorousness; for Mr. Thomas Moore assumed to to be a gallant gay Lothario with no particularly great success. For Mr. Leigh Hunt, my Lord at one time held great respect but, somehow or other, that dwindled down. For Mr. Scott, afterwards Sir Walter, he had the very highest reverence, standing somewhat in awe of him. He also liked Mr. Samuel Rogers, a banker and poet; Mr. Spring Rice, a Mr. Dallas, and Mr. John Galt were greatly in favour; he called Mr. Galt a learned man, and was very thick with Mr. Spring Rice, whom I always disliked, even more than I disliked Mr. Shelley, and believe him now to be a snake in the grass.

Concerning other literary acquaintances I do not much remember. I believe he hated Mr. Southey, thought very little of Mr. Coleridge, and looked with utter contempt on Mr. Wordsworth, concerning all of whom I knew nothing.

Lord Byron's affair with Countess Guiecioli was his fate —she courted him, seduced him in fact, threw herself at him in such a way that flesh and blood could not withstand. Had he been a very Joseph, she was a Madame (Senora) Potiphar not to be repulsed. She was an abominably indecent woman, with no modesty about her, and only failed to retain her hold upon him through a want of that delicacy without which even loveliness cloys. He gave her up at last, and I cannot help feeling that there must have been a consciousness of misbehaviour on her part, or she would not have left him so quietly.

The friends his Lordship made in Greece were all parasites, hypocrites, and blood-suckers, flattering him, cheating him—and grinning behind his back. I believe the Greeks were utterly unworthy of the sympathy he bestowed on them.

THE SUMMING UP OF LORD BYRON'S CHARACTER.

He was born a good man, with every noble quality of God's bestowing, but was spoiled through circumstances. Bad examples spoiled his youth, sudden adulation spoiled his earliest manhood and his wife did almost all the rest, for she was no true wife in a proper sense of the word; of course, the freedom of his opinions on matters of religion, as evinced by his works, brought on the reproach of many worthy people, and his "Cain" certainly was very impudent; for I am a Christian, whom his Lordship could never turn aside—not that he ever sought to do so, otherwise than by smiling at what he termed my credulity. The writing of "Cain" brought down upon him the taunt of being an Atheist, which he certainly was not, and the false charge of his having ill-treated his wife drove his passionate nature into rebellion against society, Don Juan being his revenge. Had the world treated him more tenderly he would have smiled upon the world, instead of frowning, as he did. Hypocrisy, falsehood and meanness were each and all so repugnant to his nature that he could not avoid showing his contempt the outcome of which was, that he waged war against society, and society wrongfully gained the day, as might ever gains against right in the long run, however much it is the fashion to assert the contrary.

Thus much I have extracted from the MS. left by my father having had to supply a few deficiences through words blotted out, or indecipherable. Much more had been written but told only what had been told before. I myself saw nothing more of Fletcher till several years afterwards, when he kept a Pickle or Italian Warehouse in London. I then sought to know further, but Fletcher was a soured man, very melancholy and disgusted with the odium showered on his idolised master and friend. He told me nothing more and, after I had passed some time in France, I lost sight of Fletcher, not having since learned how he continued to live, or how he died.

There is nothing I can add to this account of my own knowledge. That which is now put down is what Fletcher told, whether true or false. Concerning the *facts* of the matter there can be no doubt of the absolute truth, while Fletcher's own opinion must be taken at its worth of credibility alone. That he was a faithful servant is beyond all doubt, though there may be some kind of *brag* as to the degree of familiarity

with which he claimed to be honored. Men of rank are not accustomed to make confidants of their extreme inferiors. But there are circumstances surrounding this peculiar case which render it just possible that the truth has been told.

It is now forty-nine years since Byron's death. Very few men are now living who can, in any way, dispute or corroborate Fletcher's account, this revelation must therefore rest upon its merits, be they great or small. For my own part I believe in every word written down by my late father, whose besetting fault was an extreme modesty and timidity of purpose which led him as a POET, a PAINTER and a MUSICIAN to hide his light under a bushel and so shrink from all ideas of publicity.

Home Rule.

A REJOINDER.

DURING the 1881 Session of Parliament Mr. Gladstone, who had been twitted with the economic heresies of his last Irish Land Act, was reported to have stated to an astonished House of Commons, which had long been used to identify the Liberal Party with the advocacy of sound economic doctrines, that political economy was all very well for the inhabitants of the Planet Jupiter. The inference suggested, if not expressed, was, that the affairs of sublunary mortals in general and of Irishmen in particular, must be regulated by a regard for principles, other than those which would be rigidly in accordance with the doctrines of that science. Though not disposed by any means to acquiesce in the particular application of the Prime Minister's sentiment, we must nevertheless admit that there was a good deal of sound sense in the spirit of his remark, and what he stated to be true of political economy is doubly true of the science of logic. Logic is the art of reasoning correctly, of deducing consequences from known premises, and at first sight it seems utterly absurd to state that it is inapplicable as a method for solving questions of statecraft. The charge of absurdity against such a statement would no doubt lie, were logic a much more perfect method of analysis than it is, but in this respect it suffers from precisely the same inherent defects, as the kindred science of pure mathematics, viz., that the conclusion, *i.e.*, solution of the equation increases enormously in difficulty as the premises are more numerous, and more complex in the statement. In the case of mathematics, the processes are to a large extent mechanical, and hence *comparatively* easy of application, but even in mathematical reasoning

as at present practised, limited human intelligence soon reaches the end of its tether. When the independent variables increase in number, the order of the equation which expresses the relationship becomes so high, and the number of the terms so great, that though the problem can sometimes be accurately stated in symbols, no solution can be arrived at, simply because we do not possess a sufficiently manageable method of analysis. If this be true of the processes of mathematical reasoning, facilitated as these are in their application by the employment of mechanical methods, how much more is it so when the symbols by which reasoning is carried on are words, which by their very nature cannot be thus dealt with.

As an illustration of what can, and what cannot be effected by pure reason, we may mention first the motions of the heavenly bodies. The causes which regulate these, (considered of course apart from the ultimate source of the causes) are so few and so simple, and can consequently be so easily stated that mathematicians can deduce with certain accuracy when such bodies as the sun, moon, and earth will occupy certain positions in space relatively to each other, and consequently such phenomena as eclipses, and tides can be foretold with certainty. In fact as far as this class of knowledge is concerned the mathematician is endowed with full powers of prophecy, and not only can he tell in advance when such phenomena will take place, and the manner of their occurrence, he can also, extending his reasoning backwards, ascertain with ease when they have occurred in past ages.

Let him, however, endeavour to apply the same method to political prophecy. The relationship of England to France, say, is the result of all the circumstances, immediate or remote, which in any way affect the question, and which conceivably are all ascertainable. All the future circumstances which will continue to affect the relationship of the two countries, grow out of those already existing. If the existing circumstances could be ascertained and stated, and the effect of each of them upon all the others taken into account, we should be able to prophecy with the confidence now possessed by the astronomer, all the future relations which will at any time exist between the two countries, such for instance, as wars, treaties of alliance, &c. The idea of doing any such thing is of course too ridiculous to be thought of. The complication of the process of reasoning would be so great that the mind recoils, baffled, from the mere contemplation of it. Probably the world does not contain

sufficient writing materials to enable even the statement of the problem to be set down. Amongst other things, for instance, we should have to take such account of all the existing human beings in the world who affect, or whose descendents will ever affect the question, and of the laws which regulate the propagation and development of the human species, as would enable us to ascertain in advance, the characters and abilities of all those who would in the future be directly or remotely concerned in the guidance of their country's destinies.

The foregoing remarks have been made, merely to show clearly, how limited is the use to which we can put logical reasoning, when dealing with large questions of State, which are in general by their very nature affected by such a large number of circumstances, that the scientific deduction of consequences becomes an impossibility. But though logic may fail him, man is not left wholly without the means of selection of the course of conduct which he will follow. He possesses a faculty which enables him to set aside mere processes of reasoning, and to arrive at results with an accuracy which varies greatly in different individuals, according to the perfection in which they may possess the faculty, which is called judgment. Judgment is to man's intellectual nature what conscience is to his sense of right and wrong, and just in proportion as man's intellectual nature is less developed than his moral being, so is his judgment behind his conscience in rapidity and accuracy of action. Still imperfect as the faculty may be, it is a far safer guide in complex cases, than any attempt at following up chains of reasoning.

These remarks do not appear on the face of them to have much to do with the question of the policy of granting Home Rule to Ireland. They are, however, suggested as a criticism on the principle of a paper entitled "Home Rule, a Constitutional Right and a Conservative Measure," which appeared in the first number of this magazine, and which seems to have been written by an author of a more than usually logical turn of mind. He states, and proves to his own satisfaction, four propositions, and upon them founds a conclusion favourable to the measure. The article, which is fascinating in form and persuasive in its reasoning, packs the whole case within the limits of a nutshell, but only by the process of rigidly excluding everything that cannot be got to fit the nut. We quarrel in the first place with the logical method as applied to the solution of this question, because to our mind it is necessary to establish many more than the four propositions

stated by the author, and because if this be done, some of the propositions being in favour of, and others distinctly against the principle of such a measure, it will be impossible to arrive, by mere process of logic, at any satisfactory conclusion; but we do more than this, we quarrel also with the proof of some of the author's own propositions, and consequently fail to follow him in the conclusion which he has drawn from even his own limited statement of the case.

Before attempting a detailed criticism of the paper in question, it may be as well to say a few words about the historical aspect of the case as it affects the mind of the author of the present article. The Act of Union which deprived Ireland of the independent Parliament it had possessed for about fourteen years, and which promoted her into being an integral part of the nucleus of the greatest Empire which the world has ever seen, has, to the mind of the modern politician, nothing whatever of an immutable character about it. The terms of the compact have already been broken in essential particulars, and there is no reason why the remaining terms should not be broken, repealed, or modified, provided existing circumstances demand a change. If the welfare of the Empire as a whole, which is a consideration of first-rate magnitude, and the welfare of Ireland in particular, which is a consideration of the next importance, taken together render a change advisable, by all means let the Act of Union go. We have no sympathy with those who would preserve the Union, simply because the Act of Parliament which carried it into effect was intended by its authors to be internal in its operation, or because it has been a blind and unreasoned tradition with the majority of English and Scotch politicians that the Act should not be tampered with. We deny in principle the right of any generation to pledge posterity; so that we fairly claim the power of approaching the question with a mind unbigotted by the traditions of politics, and influenced solely by questions of expediency. If considerations of the highest expediency demand that Ireland shall cease to be a portion of the head of the Empire, and shall relapse into the position of a limb, territorially a mere magnified parish, by all means let her undergo this degradation. But we doubt very much whether such really is the demand of the present Irish Party in the House of Commons, though the author of the article on "Home Rule" evidently considers it to be so. They are too fully conscious of their advantages, as members of the first legislative body in the world to wish to sacrifice their position. What they are understood to demand is

that Ireland shall be as fully represented as heretofore in the Imperial Parliament, and in addition shall have her own separate Parliament which shall concern itself exclusively with local matters. That is to say, being at present placed on precisely the same footing as England, Scotland, and Wales, their demand is to remain on that footing as at present, and in addition to have the sole power to deal with matters which they consider affect their own country exclusively; powers which are not possessed by any portion of the sister island.

Let us now examine the propositions and conclusions of the author of the article above referred to. He bases his demand for Home Rule on the following four propositions:—

1.—Ireland is entitled to rank as a separate community.

2.—Ireland is entitled to be governed upon the principle of popular *consensus*, and not of subjection.

3.—The present Government of Ireland is wanting in constitutional credentials.

4.—There is no Imperial necessity which requires that the constitutional rights of Ireland should remain any longer in abeyance.

He previously refers to the well-known division of the British Empire, into Communities which are governed by Viceroys, and Legislative Councils, for example India, and the Crown Colonies, and those which are governed by Parliaments, and Representatives of the Sovereign, such as Canada, the Australian Colonies, and New Zealand. This division, says the author, "leads us to inquire into the reason of the distinction in question, when we immediately see that the only possible *ratio decidendi* consists in the presence or otherwise of a pronounced public opinion, as to the method of Government in each case. In the event of any community clearly expressing a wish to arrange its own relations with the Imperial Executive it is allowed to do so, while until such wish is known it remains governed in whatever manner may be determined by the British Parliament." We altogether differ from the foregoing statement. The largest and most populous portion of the Empire is governed by a Viceroy and Legislative Council, in spite of the *pronounced public opinion* of the great mass of its inhabitants. No one, who has read the expressions of native opinion on the subject of the so-called Ilbert Bill, can doubt for a moment that over the more civilised portions of *Hindustan*, there exists the most intense and burning desire, on the part

of the native population, to be allowed to determine their own relations with the Imperial government, but they are not permitted to do so, and will not be permitted, because there exist weighty reasons which clash with their desires. This is one instance, but there have been cases of an opposite nature, where Communities have been made self-governing when there was no decided popular opinion in favour of the measure. The true *ratio decidendi* in each case is expediency. Self-government is not an inherent right of every Community of British Subjects. It has only been granted in our own time to the majority of our Colonies, and the reasons why it has been granted are simply reasons of expediency. In the first place the affairs of our Colonies and dependencies, have become in our own time so complex, on account of the extent of the Empire, that they cannot possibly be managed, with advantage to the Communities interested, from such a distant spot as the Colonial Office in London. That would be a task beyond human intellect, what can be known in London of the interests of the people dwelling on the Sasketchewan, or the Peace River? How many of the average members of Parliament could tell us where these places are; how much less then could they legislate in their interests? Hence there is a strong *primâ facie* case in favour, not merely of granting, but of foisting self-government on these distant Communities. Other questions of expediency finally decide the case. Amongst these are the capacity of the people for governing themselves, and for defending themselves from local, as distinguished from Imperial enemies.—The question whether it will be for the advantage of the Empire as a whole, as well as of the special community, that the political tie existing between it and the mother country should merely be the tie of the Crown. For instance, local self-government would hardly be granted to a Community made up largely of antagonistic races equally balanced in numbers, and which would, were they left to themselves, probably engage in civil war. It would hardly be voluntarily granted to a people, the majority of which were of a hostile race. These are but examples from a multitude which might be chosen to show that the pronounced public opinion is merely one element, and perhaps not the most important one of a large question. Nevertheless upon this paramount right of public opinion when pronounced, the author ultimately bases the whole of his claim for Home Rule for Ireland.

We are here led to speculate, with some degree of interest, upon the

actual political type to which the author of the article belongs. He can hardly be a Radical, for the most characteristic feature of modern Radicalism is the assertion of the right of the many to coerce the few. Hence, the English Radical would never be prepared to grant self-rule to a colony on the mere ground that there was a pronounced local opinion favourable to the measure, for, the interests of the many of the Empire are not to subordinated to those of the few of the Colony. He will not be recognised as a Conservative. His four propositions would receive but scant recognition from what Mr. Bright so amiably designates the "stupid party." Not even the effect of Mr. Disraeli's long process of educating that party would gain him this advantage. A Whig! Surely not. Throughout the article there is not one word which would suggest such an idea. Alternately admiring the principles of neo-Conservatism as expounded by the late Lord Beaconsfield, and advocating the opinions expressed by Mr. Bright, not once does the author even mention a plain Whig principle, and what Whig was there ever born who could indite even a paragraph without alluding to these precious principles, which, we have been lately told on the authority of an eminent ex-member of the party, a man receives at his birth with the breath of life, but can never acquire. We are forced to the conclusion that our author belongs to no known political type. He is perhaps a member of that fast-increasing new school, who are enemies of all authority, no matter from what source derived. The partizans of this dangerous brotherhood are, by no means, enemies of order; on the contrary, it is their innate adhesion to orderly conduct which makes them resent the mere semblance of coercion. They will not suffer themselves to be driven into doing that which their well-ordered, well-trained intelligences teach them is right; but if undriven, they will never give authority occasion to intervene. They resent Spiritual influence, because they have no need of religious principles. Their judgments lead them to act in conformity with Christian teachings, but they alike contemn the terrors of hell and disdain the hopes of heaven. Amiable and cultured as individuals, they are supremely dangerous as politicians, because their sympathies always lead them to side with the insubordinate, provided that the rebellion against authority is not directed against themselves. They are fore-runners of what we shall all be in Eutopia; but in this century of socialism they are a little out of place, waifs born out of due season. If, as we are told, the Whig *nascitur non fit*, the representative

of this new school must be his very opposite, for he essentially *fit, non nascitur*. Surely no other type of politician would advocate self-government for a community on the sole ground of a pronouncedly-favourable local public opinion. They are a curious and interesting product of the civilisation of this century, which has trained their intelligences into a state of orderly decorum, but has refused to their judgments the power of discerning that the great wars of their fellow-men are, as yet, but one step removed from primitive barbarism. There is, however, more hope for the members of this type than for the Socialists or the modern Radicals. Let them once rub shoulders with the mob in a revolution, or be even confronted with serious insubordination in their own households, they will quickly become the most zealous upholders of authority. Such will probably be the political evolution of the author of "Home Rule," should he ever live to see the result of his principles when put in practice in Ireland.

These speculations as to personal character, though they may appear, at first sight, to be a digression, are of use in enabling us the better to understand the value of the political conclusions of the author. Let us now consider his first proposition—viz., that Ireland is entitled to rank as a distinct community—and the means by which he endeavours to make good this claim. "In the first place, then, we have to prove that Ireland is a distinct community, or, in other words, that the lines of demarcation between it and the other members of the Empire are so distinct as to render the expression of Irish thought and feeling a separate, independent note in the Imperial concord, and the material circumstances of Ireland an integral element of the Imperial policy. . . . Geography, enthnography, philology, history, all conspire in adducing facts which prove the Irish nation to be completely distinct from all others; and it has not only been admitted, but constantly affirmed, and re-affirmed by every political party, that Ireland requires special laws and special institutions adapted to the peculiar features of her position, climate, physical productions and other material circumstances." We take strong exception to much of the foregoing, and from what we may admit, we fail to draw a conclusion in favour of legislative autonomy. Ireland can hardly be called a distinct community, except in a geographical sense. Her people are of exactly the same races, distributed in the same manner, as those of Great Britain. The bulk of our population is Anglo-Saxon; in the North we have the Lowland Scotch, while in the South-West, the central

West, and the extreme North-West we have the remains of the ancient Celtic races. In Ireland the distribution is precisely similar. The mass of the people in the Centre, East and South are of English or Anglo-Saxon descent, the North is for the most part Lowland Scotch, while the true Celtic Irishman of pure blood is found generally on the Western Coast, and more particularly in Kerry, Connemara and Donegal, the Cornwall, Wales and Highlands of the Sister Isle. Ethnographically, therefore, Ireland is the counterpart of Great Britain and can from this point of view found no claim to be ranked as a separate community. The distribution of languages follows the races; there is, however, this important distinction, that whereas the various dialects of the Celtic tongue are living languages in parts of Great Britain, one of them at least being possessed of a literature and of all the characteristics of a progressive vitality, in Ireland on the other hand the original native tongue is dead or fast dying, being spoken only by the dregs of the population on the Western fringe and the written language only known to a few amateurs and University Professors of Celtic literature. It may be that the peculiar features of the climate and other material circumstances, require in some respects a special legislation for the country. We are far from denying that this may be so, but we do most emphatically deny for reasons which will be adduced in their proper place, that the proper body to produce this legislation is a native Irish Parliament. The Imperial Parliament has shown that it possesses a very keen sense of the differences between Irish and English circumstances. It has marked its sense of these differences by the amount of time which it has devoted to Irish affairs and by the remarkable series of measures designed to benefit various classes of the Irish people which it has passed since the Union, but more particularly during the last fifteen years. We have no guarantee that the work would have been done nearly as effectually by a native Parliament, drawn from a narrower, a less enlightened and less educated electorate than that which returns the existing House of Commons. Anybody practically acquainted with the intense class and religious hatreds which prevail on the other side of St. George's Channel can well understand that it required all the authority and all the prestige of the Imperial Government to obtain currency for these measures which, had they been passed by any native representative body, would have produced profound distrust in England and certain civil war in Ireland. Let no one suppose that

Englishmen can ever afford to be indifferent to even the local politics of a Parliament sitting in Dublin; for the relations and inter-relations of the two countries are so intricate, the common tie of property held on both sides of the water by dwellers on either side is so strong, the bond of family-relationship drawn so close, that neither people can ever afford to look on the other as a separate community.

The second proposition, viz.:—"That Ireland is entitled to be governed upon the principle of popular consensus, and not of subjection" has been already partly dealt with. We have endeavoured to show that no part of the Empire possesses an inherent right to set itself up as a separate community, merely because of a favourable consensus of public opinion; that the interests of the Empire as a whole in the first place, and local interests in the second place, must be carefully considered before local self-government can be permitted, not as a right, but as a matter of expediency. We protest strongly against the use of the words which conclude the above quoted proposition. Let the author show us, if he can, upon what principle of subjection Ireland is now governed. Is that a principle of subjection which recognizes as belonging to Ireland equal political rights with every other inch of British soil? Is the principle which holds that Ireland shall rank with this country as the head of the Empire—that portion which, for good or for evil, controls by its will the destinies of the rest—which has conceded that Ireland shall be represented in the Imperial Parliament by a number of members, large out of all proportion to the numbers of its electors,—which has admitted Irishmen to the highest councils, and has oft-times, since the Act of Union, enabled them, with the fullest confidence of the whole country, to hold the chief posts of home and colonial government and the chief commands of the Imperial armies, in a word, the chief conduct of the Empire,—is that principle one of subjection? If it be, then is subjection not a reproach, but a privilege.

"The present government of Ireland is wanting in constitutional credentials," so runs the author's third proposition, and if it be true, so equally is the government of England, and of Scotland, and of Wales, and of every other portion of the Empire which does not possess the right of local self-government. Our answer to this statement is contained in what we have already written regarding the two first propositions. And we shall have something further to say on the subject when considering the fourth part of the foundation on which

this extraordinary claim in favour of Home Rule is built up, viz.: that "there is no Imperial necessity which requires that the constitutional rights of Ireland should remain any longer in abeyance." Disregarding the words "constitutional rights," let us at once discuss the essence of this statement, that there is no Imperial necessity why Ireland should not possess the privilege of Home Rule. To us there appear to be numerous insuperable reasons, partly of an Imperial and partly of a local nature, why Ireland should not possess this unique privilege.

In the first place the community of interests and the intricacy of relations between the two islands is so great that separate legislation, except in very special cases, would be productive of much inconvenience and confusion. When separate legislation is necessary, it is to the last degree desirable that it should be carried and enforced by the authority and prestige of the Imperial Parliament. Let any Englishmen, no matter to what Party he belongs, ask himself what he would have thought of the last Irish Land Act, had it been passed by an Irish Parliament. It would have been denounced as a measure to the last degree dangerous and communistic. It would no doubt have resulted in serious agitation throughout the country, and that numerous class of Englishmen whose interests have been injuriously affected by the Act would have made it so hot for the Government of the day, that a severe strain would undoubtedly have been put on the relations between the administrations of the two countries. It is quite conceivable and even probable that, if the demand were conceded, the passing of an Irish Act might cause an English political crisis and change of Government. Such a condition of things would be intolerable.

Again, the Irish Party wish for one of two things, either they desire that their country shall have a separate Parliament and shall have no connection whatever with the Imperial Legislature, or else, as is more probably the case, they desire to retain their present representation in the Imperial House and wish for a separate National Chamber to sit in Dublin. In the latter alternative they claim something which is not at present permitted to any other portion of the Empire, and to which they can therefore have no shadow of a right. In the former the granting of their demand would be attended with all the inconvenient consequences above alluded to, and with many others, upon which we can but briefly touch. Foremost amongst these are the questions of taxation and of the Imperial services, whether military or civil. In these days when

Parliament is so much occupied with legislative projects, it is often nearly lost sight of that the very first and most important function of the representative Chamber is the control of public expenditure and taxation. It is this control of the purse-strings, this power of refusing supply which alone has secured for the House of Commons its present preponderating position, which alone enables it to ensure its wishes being complied with. Now let any of us over here ask ourselves the question, if we would willingly abandon to a purely Irish Chamber the power of refusing the National quota towards keeping up the Imperial Army and Navy and the Civil Service, and towards paying the interest on the National Debt. Even if Ireland were granted a separate Parliament, it would clearly be necessary to remove all questions of supply for Imperial purposes from the sphere of its operations. The immense bulk of the revenue raised by Parliament is exclusively for Imperial purposes. Hence, broadly speaking, the proposed Irish House would have to be deprived of any voice in the raising of revenue and the control of expenditure. Without these powers it would be the merest *simulacrum* of a Parliament as it would have no means of resisting the encroachments of the Crown, *i.e.*, of the English Administration of the day. We presume also that all such international relations as treaties of commerce would be reserved for the English Administration. In fact, if we broadly scan the whole operations of Parliament, there would be little or nothing left with which to occupy an Irish House, except the passing of private bills and the consideration of such measures as are dealt with by the Local Government Board. We are not prepared to deny that private bills might with advantage to Ireland be better dealt with by an Irish body than they are under the present system. The Parliamentary expenses of obtaining Acts are at present so heavy, that many small but useful Irish projects have to be abandoned in consequence; but no practical politician would propose the creation of the cumbrous machinery of a local parliament merely for the purpose of dealing with measures such as these.

There is another weighty reason why the Sister Isle should not be granted the privilege of Home Rule. The most ardent advocate of the measure will hardly deny that, though the majority of the nation may be favourably disposed towards it, there is an almost unanimous opinion against any change on the part of the well-educated, the well-to-do, and the Protestant classes. The great majority of the northern provinces

will hear nothing of a severance from England. The same remark applies to the landowners throughout the length and breadth of the land, and to the well-to-do classes in the large towns. Are the wishes of these classes to be ignored, while concessions are made to the political prejudices of the wild Celts of Connemara, a people who have with accuracy been described as the least civilised dwellers in Europe? The spirit of political sentimentalism is hardly yet sufficiently developed to advocate such a step.

Yet another reason against the measure. Are the Irish as a people fitted to rule themselves? We can only judge them from their efforts at municipal government, and it cannot be denied that Irish cities and towns are amongst the worst administered in the world. How shall they that have been unfaithful in a few things be made rulers over much?

There are many other points in the article which might with advantage be noticed if space permitted, notably the author's effort to surround the Home Rule movement with the halo of Lord Beaconsfield's sanction. There is however one point to which we must allude before concluding. The author reminds the Conservative Party that England has now for many years "been governed in direct opposition to the wishes of her people," in consequence of the combination of Irish and Scotch Liberals with English Whigs and Radicals. It is a well-known fact that the purely English constituencies have returned a majority of Conservatives to every Parliament, excepting the present one, since the passing of the first Reform Bill. The author more than hints that if the Conservative Party will but aid Ireland to obtain Home Rule, and thus oust from the House the large body of Liberals whose votes have been so useful to English Whigs, that thereafter the heritage of government in the Imperial Parliament shall be theirs. The Conservative Party and the English people have long been aware of this state of things, but if they have consented, the one to remain out of office for so many years, and the other to be governed continuously by politicians alien in feeling to the majority of the electors, it only shows that they have each preferred the interests of the Empire to their own narrower advantage, and furnishes one more proof, if proof were needed, of the immense importance attached by all classes in this country to the Act of Union. Never, we venture to assure the author of "Home Rule" will the Conservative Party, or the electors of England, accept the bribe which he has so plausibly offered.

Grim Tales.

II—AN OXFORD MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

Broad Street.

"IF you would win her you must act at once; if the evening passes by without seeing me, your opportunity is gone for ever: for ever." The words were certainly not spoken to me, for they were thrown out in the course of an ordinary conversation and I, at the time of their utterance, was standing entirely by myself looking into that front of Shrimpton's shop which faces Broad Street. What then was it that made me start round with such a violent emotion as to bring the blood like a stream of lava to my cheeks and cause my whole frame to tingle as though under the influence of a galvanic battery? The words were simple and easily understood; and doubtless the allusion they hid was perfectly plain to the person for whose ear they were intended. Yet, at the moment they were spoken, I had an inner conviction that they were meant for me and for me alone, though not apparently addressed to me; and I had a curious feeling too, which I cannot even now explain, that, though uttered in a fairly loud voice, they were pitched in such a key as to be heard by no one else save myself, just as to some ears above the hubbub of a quick conversation the ticking of a watch is painfully acute.

I was standing, as I said before, at the corner of Broad Street, Oxford, just where Turl Street runs out past Jesus College into the main road. The shop was, as usual, crowded with cartoons on the current topics of University life. Two, I well remember, were at that moment attracting very considerable attention. The one, the picture of a gigantic undergraduate, some six feet eight inches in height, but very slim and lean of build, who had lately joined one of the oldest colleges,

who was represented as towering up far into the blue space of heaven leaving lamp-posts and the loftiest of hansom-drivers clustering, like small children about his knees. Far below them was seen the figure of a short and stumpy proctor (of course attended by the inevitable bull-dogs), who was vainly attempting, with the aid of a large speaking-trumpet, to reach the giant's ears with the one Oxford question, which, at mirkest night or sunniest noon has power to shake the heart of the stoutest undergraduate-champion, as the trumpet-blast of Joshua did the walls of Jericho, 'Are you a member of this University, Sir?' The second cartoon was that of a very puzzled student, who alone occupied one side of a largish table, on whose other side were ranged three examiners, one of whom was represented as leaning half over the board, while his right hand, which was slightly extended, was crushing down the point of a quill pen on the green baize surface before him. With malicious triumph in his wicked eyes he held his other hand close to his ear, so as, with greater precision, to gather up into one the feeble translation which was to doom the victim opposite him. That victim, with a bewildered look and the shortest of short gowns, sat on the very edge of his chair, with both hands rammed close up to his ears and every hair on his head bristling with terror. The instrument of torture was in his own hands: no corded knot or iron boot, but a small volume neatly bound in sober brown leather, out of which he is vainly struggling to decipher and render the Virgilian line—

Obstupui steteruntque comœ et vox faucibus haesit.

Strange how one can interest oneself in trifles when one's whole life-essence is stealing away from one, and one trembles on the verge of a second being! Little did I know that I was on the very edge of a trial which would rend and shatter my existence—body and soul with a far fiercer blast of agony than that of the student pictured before me. The words I heard were destined for me to be (and, strange to say, I felt something of this conviction even as they were uttered) either the damning blare of the final trumpet of doom, or the ringing clarion which shall nerve my soul for keener conflicts in this world or the next. And even now, as I write these lines, with the fresh hurricanes of March buffeting the world outside, myself sitting snug inside my cozy cabin on board the P. and O.'s steamer ———, even I do not yet know to which end they beckon. But I have hopes, I have hopes at least of soon realising their full import

somewhere far out in that dim and distant East, which bounds in with its eternal mysteries of faiths and empires the dull, matter-of-fact workshops of modern Europe—just as this toiling, dingy Babel of London is circled round by the fresh, ever-moving mysterious waves of ether, or some desolate, stony island by the unsounded deeps of the blue ocean. Even as I write the great engines begin to throb like a human heart; the anchor will soon be lifted and in a few hours I shall at least be a little nearer the haven of my rest.

But to return to my story. Startled by the words I had just heard and possessed, as I have just said, by the idea that they were meant for my ear only, I turned round to see the speaker, if that were possible, and immediately on turning round, my eyes fell upon the figure of a tall man, dressed in Oriental garb, who was apparently gazing into the same window as myself. His features were of a strongly-marked Semitic type: the aquiline nose, dark complexion, glistening teeth and somewhat small head, all proclamed the race which had at least a share in his being. But there was one feature which beyond all others attracted my notice. On my first view of him, only one side of his face was exposed to me; but, almost the very second I turned round, he followed my move and our eyes met.

Never in my lifetime have I seen, nor even in my dreams have I dreamt of such an eye as was now resting upon me. It was dark, jet dark, but sparkled with all the brilliancy of a black diamond, if such a freak of nature could really be found. The very moment our eyes met I felt a struggle begin between my will and his, and I felt sure that his must conquer if he were not pitiful and did not forbear to exert his full strength. The struggle of the two wills was apparently not going on in his mind but in mine. His will had, as it were, leapt out into mine and was locked with it in mortal struggle. I do not suppose that the conflict can have lasted two seconds, but it seemed an eternity of exertion at least to me. At last the bright eye slowly unfixed itself from mine, the head was turned slightly to one side and I once more breathed free.

But I still stood trembling in every limb, just as I remember to have stood years ago when, as a small boy, before I had learnt to swim, I foolishly bathed in the ebb tide on a small sandbank that shelves out seaward from the beach that skirts a small French village in Brittany. All unconscious or unthinking of the cruel outward sweep of the water, I

was borne by the tide gradually but surely into deeper parts, till at last the bank seemed to slip away from beneath my feet and there was no bottom to be found. Three times I sank under the waves, striving to tread the water in such a way that the breath I gained each time my head rose above the surface might be sufficient to support me as I was again sucked down. But it was of no avail; my gasps grew shorter and shorter, till at last, nerving myself for one final effort, I struck out vainly as if swimming. I must have made some little headway; for this time, as my feet went down, the tips of my toes just touched the edge of the sand; my nostrils were just above the water-line and there was a heavy pressure against my breast. It was the weight of the retreating tide. Then, and then only did I realize the fact its cold embrace was bearing me away to death. My ears and nostrils were filled with water; my two companions had swum out some hundred yards to sea (and as I afterwards learnt were hurried out by the current like myself) so that my faint cries never reached their ears. That one moment, when my feet were resting on the crumbling sand and I realized my inevitable doom, I had up to the date of which I am now writing, looked upon as the most fearful of my existence. How I managed to struggle back by impotent strokes and against the tide to my sand fortress I have never known. Suffice it that I did somehow achieve this, shaking, quivering, gasping and nearer death (so I thought) than life.

It was in some such state that I now stood before the Oriental stranger: waiting for what I knew must follow, the living voice addressed directly to me. And only too surely the words came: uttered in a voice into which he appeared intentionally to have thrown something of a foreign accent, and in a strain of speech strongly flavoured by Orientalisms, which, for his own purpose, he would in aftertimes often use in his intercourse with me. "My son," he said, speaking slowly and deliberately, as though each word were weighed in a balance before it was struck into the coin of speech:

"My son," he said, "you have a strong will; and with it God has given you that which is a still rarer boon; you have a pure soul. With two such gifts a man may do much, may do much."

Once more as he uttered these words, he turned his eyes on mine. But this time there was no struggle of opposing wills. The quiet pathos of his words had lulled all sense of resistance in my soul. My

will leapt out and embraced his or, to use the expression which most adequately expresses my feelings, was melted into his. I instinctively fell into his mode of speech and, without any thought of how strangely unlike my old self the words were, took up the relationship which his words implied, and in his own style made answer.

"My father, I am but a weak child as it were: yet under your guidance I would at least endeavour to do something."

There was no answer for fully two minutes: and I felt that I could not break the silence which my master preserved.

When these two minutes were over, the stranger looked across the road and beckoned with his hand to some one who I am quite certain was not standing in front of the Trintity gates before the words were uttered that I have commenced my narrative with.

It was indeed a strange figure which now crossed the road in answer to his beck. A strange, sharp-featured man, likewise of a somewhat Semitic cast of countenance, naturally short of stature, but rendered still shorter to all appearance by a most pronounced stoop, which seemed to reduce his height by a third. A red kerchief was twisted round his head in place of a hat and his long flowing garb nearly touched the ground. With a low salaam, this individual now came to his master and stood mutely at his side awaiting his commands.

"Selim, repeat what you said to me just now so that this young man may hear."

"If you would win her you must act at once; if the evening passes by without seeing me upon the subject, your opportunity is gone for ever."

I started, I fairly own I started. I was confident up to this time that the master had uttered the words, which both master and servant now agreed in attributing to the latter. And, what was stranger still, Selim, so far as I could observe, could not have been anywhere near when the sentence in question was uttered. His voice certainly was curiously like his master's and might perhaps have been roughly taken for it. But how could his voice have reached my ears from far away, across and beyond the road? Of one thing at least I was certain, that he was not near me when I began to look into Shrimpton's windows. And I was likewise certain that he had not moved across the road in the short interval that had elapsed since.

"Selim," said the stranger once more in his deliberate way, "answer

the young man his suspicions; he is somewhat unnerved, do you then ask the question which is half struggling for expression in his mind. The hours are precious, and he is useless to us so long as one shadow of doubt remains undispelled."

And then to my greater wonder, there slowly shaped itself into words from the lips of the crippled Selim the doubt which I felt was really lurking somewhere in my cowardly soul, but had not the manliness to confess itself. In the dialogue which took place I took no part but I felt all along that Selim, who quietly kept his eyes fixed on mine, was uttering my own thoughts clearer than I could myself.

"Like our fathers of old," said Selim, "he seeks for a sign. Shall one be given me? Otherwise how shall he know that our designs are pure?"

"There shall be no outward miracle: of what avail would that be to the modern sceptic who would at once refer its phenomena to deception, or to the working of some as yet unknown physical law."

"Yet there are ways to satisfy even the mind of a young European that we are not impostors. Where we suspect jugglery in a stranger's performance, we have yet trust in the discernment and truth of our leaders."

"You mean, Selim, that though the young man could not be convinced by his own senses yet he will accept testimony as to character, if vouched for by the friendship of his own soberest teachers: and, once believing in sincerity of a man's character, will yield to the inner voice of friendship that conviction which not even the mightiest blows of scientific proof could force."

"Even so, my master."

"Speak then Selim once more; which of all the Professors in Oxford, does he consider to combine in the highest degree solidity of judgment and uprightness of purpose."

And now there occurred one of those mental struggles which have mysteriously happened during the last few years. My will had, up to this moment, lain perfectly passive, hearing, as it were, its own doubts expressed by the voice of Selim and these doubts answered by that of his master. I feel perfectly sure that, at this moment, Selim must have removed his eye from mine. But in any case, be the cause what it may, my own will leapt into existence once more and, in an agony of doubt *lest* Selim should mention some name in which I could not put perfect

trust—that of some scientific experimentalist or dull plodder over Semitic roots or Greek particles I called out in an agony of haste:

"There is one man in whose integrity and judgment I have perfect trust, one man of whose friendship, if you possess it, I should reckon more than of any two others; one whose common sense is never thrown astray by gusts of unwarranted enthusiasm or dwarfed by unmeaning prejudice. If you can refer me to the Regius Professor of Modern History, I will believe in you."

For one moment a quiet smile passed over the face of the Eastern stranger, showing all his glistening white teeth and lighting up his eyes. Then, in the softest of voices, which yet had something of latent irony in it, good-natured but very distinct, he made answer—

"A most excellent choice, so far as judgment is concerned, and shrewd in its discernment. I differ, it is true, from Professor Stubbs in many points, more especially as regards the power of the people in the early Witenagemots and the causes of the Peasant revolt; but yet I think it can be managed in my own way, in my own way I think it can be managed."

Those who remember the November of 1879, the time at which the events of my narrative occurred, will perhaps recollect that, as the month drew to a close, there set in a keen frost, which continued (though not I think without a break) right into December, till the Thames was frozen hard, and the skaters were out upon Port Meadow. On the day in question, the frost was strong in a clear sky and a fresh wind brought up from the frozen streams and meadows a sharp whiff of the cold that had thralled them. It was so bitter that I could only have stood the two or three minutes I did gazing into Shrimpton's windows by virtue of a brisk walk, which had freshened the blood in my veins, and a silk kerchief that was wrapped round my neck. A great coat I had all my life disdained as the unnecessary luxury of a degrading civilization. How these foreigners, in whose pulses played the quick blood of the South and East, could have stood there in the free air with their loose clothing flowing about them as each gust beat against the corner of Turl Street, to divide its stream, I could not imagine.

"We will part now," said the stranger, "for business calls me away. But, if you are not gifted with a strong memory, you had better take careful note of my features, for I am not always like my own self;

in fact," he said, in a half-sad tone to himself, "I sometimes think I do not really know what my inner-self is."

There was a moment's pause—and then he added, "You know me now? Farewell till our next meeting." He turned round as if to go, and then, as if to mark his contempt for my unspoken thoughts as to the severity of our winter, half lifted from his head the light cap that covered it, letting the wind pass in and out of his clustering dark hair. Was I certain that the words I heard were his own—or did my ears deceive me?

"It is sultry with this bright sun above; my head is like a boiling cauldron."

As he spoke his face was turned from me. Something bright shot out among the dark locks into sudden light, as a gust of wind seemed to lift it from its fellows. It was a lock of bright red hair which lay hidden under the black mass. For one moment before my astonished eyes it flashed out like flame, and then—the hat fell down over the head—my eyes swam for a moment and, when I recovered my self-possession, stranger and attendant had alike vanished.

CHAPTER II.

A RETROSPECT.

I do not know that I had ever been what people call religious, that is to say, I do not think I was ever possessed by a passion for the next world to the exclusion of this. For me it was from my earliest years enough to breathe in at every pore the delights of life, and to let my being expatiate in every pure enjoyment without thinking of the spiritual future that lay before me. In my boyhood I could dream of the triumphs of manhood, of senates held spell-bound by my eloquence, of a whole nation's heart beating to the triumph song of my verse, or poring over the fiery volumes in which I had written the annals of a race. Many and many a Sunday at school, while the preacher was droning overhead, has my mind been far away upon the stormy debates of Parliament, or wielding the 'fierce democracy' of a mob. But I could never bring myself to take much thought for the next world, or to cast my mind beyond the boundaries of this life. As I grew older, the tenets of the repulsive creed in

which I had been brought up began to fall away from my mental vision, like the scales from the eyes of St. Paul, till at last I thought I saw clearly in the light of truth alone. It is hardly more than four or five years ago that I used to pride myself upon believing in nothing except the perfectibility of human nature and the ultimate triumph of goodness. To the accomplishment of such hopes I could look forward with all the ardour of a nature which I can quite believe was then, so far as in our age is possible, wholly unselfish. But for this unselfishness I would take no credit to myself; for I believed then, and I still believe, that it was but the natural expression of the fulness of my inner life. Capable within my own soul of all the emotions which, in their subtle complexity, go to building up the fabric of a man's existence, I could at any moment withdraw into myself and experience all the bliss of the actual struggle which engaged my fellow-men, without in any great degree partaking of their troubles. So more and more, as the days rolled on, did I tend to become my own little world, and to develop my own feelings, without special reference to those of other people. This I took it was to be the law of my being upon earth. Of the future life I knew nothing for certain, and recked as little.

Yet, with all this realization of a mission to live for myself and in my spirit-world, there was one trait in my character so deep-rooted, that were I to omit to any allusion to it in these pages, I should present but a very partial view of my character. From my earliest years I had revolted against the idea of a supernatural power, which would consent to entangle itself, so to speak, with the complications of our orderly earth. I had had no scientific training; but the scientific feeling that will believe in any multiplication of causes rather than accept the plain solution of a mystery given by calling it a miracle, and so removing it from the sphere of legitimate scientific investigation—this feeling I had with all extravagant tenacity of a Hæckel or even a Ray Lankester. Not that I disbelieved in a God, but that I held, if He existed, it would be only the token of a childish incompetency to govern the world He had created, were He to permit any deviation from the iron laws with which He had shackled His universe. Into the hands of His children He had committed all the crude materials for erecting the splendid temple of life, to His glory and to their own delight; and having done this, He rested from His labours, and left mankind at its own risk and toil, to lay all the miseries it had itself created and rectify all its own mistakes.

But I was no dull materialist. This glorious fabric of the material

world was for me filled with soul. Man was the master-musician of the universe, and his passions and feelings and hopes and sorrows and sympathies were but the single note of the various instruments which, mingling together, built up the grand symphony of human existence. This being the case, I had readily recognised from my first crude efforts after thought, that no two men could have exactly the same mission to fulfil. Each must work out his own destiny on its own lines, and for myself nature had stamped her token on my bosom with an unmistakable signet. There were two things to which my whole being yearned—for the one with infinite regret; for the other with infinite longing—the visions of the past and future: in other words the study of history and of imaginative literature in all its forms, especially poetry.

To poetry from my earliest years I had sworn allegiance: every stray hour at school or (in the holidays) at home was given up to its perusal, or better still to wandering along the roads or the fields by myself, shouting aloud all the most glorious passages of Milton or Scott, till in the exultation of my soul the blood bounded through my veins like a warhorse. It was not till later, as the years of boyhood passed away, that I began to feel other interests in any very strong degree; but gradually, without any diminution in my affection for my first love, I found a second one growing up beside it. Just as I felt, that when I died I could rest quiet in my grave if men forgot me, and my name were not resounding from lip to lip, so it seemed to me must have been the thoughts of the dead men and perished races when they yet trod our earth. Oh! the pathos of those countless millions whom death had frozen into forgetfulness and annihilation under every quarter of the heavens. Man was content to forget his fathers; nay, he would even dishonour their bones and their crumbling memorials. Year by year, nay almost month by month, some priceless cromlech from a lost world was ruined, or some unvalued manuscript destroyed. We were not tender of the memories of our parents. And yet it was they who made us what we are: it was some faint filtering of their fresh strength that still coursed along our veins; it was the suppleness of their unfettered limbs that gave whatever grace and strength our modern form possessed. It might be impossible to recover the annals of lost individuals; but we might yet piece together some fragments from the history of races. And this I determined should be my task.

It was specially among the prehistoric races that my own interest

ran. The nearer a man to my own era, the less attraction he had for me. A certain far-offness was necessary to invest a race with charm in my eyes. Accordingly I determined to make my earliest studies, even at Oxford, bear so far as was possible on archæological subjects. From the various schools open to the student there I selected that of modern history, because, while working at that, I should be most nearly working in the line of my future life's work. Of the many periods from which a choice was allowed, mine naturally fell on the earliest of all; and I may safely say, that the only books I really read for the schools dealt with the antiquities of the subject—of which even Oxford lecturers fight shy.

But I would never allow myself to forget my other mission which I might one day (so I thought) be called upon to justify even at the expense of history. Poetry and literature were still my passion. But new idols had now succeeded to those of my first boyhood. Milton no longer sat upon his throne alone, but was one of a mystic Trinity: on either hand sat Keats and Shelley, and round the foot of the empyreal mount on which these three were seated circled the innumerable host of other bards

> "Whose stars yet burn through the dark night of time."

For, to say truth, no foreign poets had for me the charm of these three; nor Shakespeare's self. Even Dante, except at times, could not stir me, as a chance line of Keats would do or thrill me as a single stanza of Shelley.

It will be readily understood by those who have any experience in the science of examinations that, after letting my reading run in such unusual channels, as the time of my final examination drew near, I found myself in the awkward predicament of not having read any of the books specially set for the Schools. I had mastered scores on which I should never have a question set; there was no obscure treatise on the Salic law procurable at Oxford, into which I had not glanced at least; no theory as to the origin of the Goths which I had not investigated so far as my opportunities served. I had verified nearly every quotation or reference given in the books I read, if they bore in the slightest degree on the subject of my interest; but it was only some six months before my schools commenced, that I saw my error so far as university success was concerned, and determined that, though in my own person

I should never regret my course of action, yet, for the sake of my friends, I would endeavour to buckle down to regular humdrum life.

Accordingly, filled with this resolve, I determined to remain the greater part of the long vacation in Oxford and read persistently for eight hours every day. This plan I faithfully carried out with I think only two exceptions; and it is on one of these two exceptions that the whole of my narrative depends.

It was a splendid day towards the end of July, when a friend of mine (himself an Oxford man, who had got leave to stay up for a few weeks to bear me company,) strolled into my rooms, in Ship Street, just before lunch time. He was smoking a cigarette, a thing I had never known him to do before lunch till this day.

"Carston," he said, "you're overdoing it. You must have a rest. Let's give up for to-day those miserable two hours on the river and walk across the fields to Islip."

I hesitated: "But look how it rained last night. It'll be one mass of mud. And then you know I *must* work."

"Oh, you'll do twice the work to-morrow, for to-day's holiday. Come along and bother lunch."

"'Twice the work to-morrow.' You are forgetting how well I know you, Rayton, and your old common-places. I'm not a paunched don or an imbecile alderman, to be gulled by such patent sophistry."

"Well! it's true, although I grant you its common-place. So will heaven be in six months, if we ever get there. But I've a better reason for you than that.

"Well?"

"I very much want you to see a pretty little girl, whose acquaintance I made a couple of days ago up at Headington. I'm sure you'd like her."

I laughed.

"In other words Mr. Rayton wishes to renew his own acquaintance with a very pretty little girl, who unfortunately lives seven miles away, a distance which is too much for his butterfly affections to traverse alone and he would be glad of my company. Thank you for your self-denial. And am I to sit dangling my hat between my knees while you spoon? Or, perhaps, I'm not even to be taken into the house: but left outside for five minutes, *alias* two hours, while my friend is teaching her my name and *his own*."

Rayton bit his lips, but almost immediately looked up with a smile.

"There's no chance for an introduction for any one, so your morals are quite safe. I don't even know her name, nor the house she lives in, but I think I have an idea of the last."

"Ah! then even you will walk seven miles on the chance of admiring the right brick wall. Never laugh at my archæology again."

"No, I never will, I promise you, especially if you've a pretty girl-flower with you to blossom among the ruins. But you'll come, won't you? It'll do you good, and——"

"Forbear, Rayton. Spare me this once. I know all the old plausibilities. The old father-serpent himself never had so many; and to escape them I will come. But it must be the last time this summer."

"Yes! yes! It shall be the last time. But come along."

With these words Rayton caught up my straw hat and crashed it down on my head, merrily whisked round his own by its elastic band and dashed down the stairs three at a time.

There is no need to dwell upon our walk. To those who have entered within the walls of heaven there is probably left no recollection of the last few furlongs on the other side. And so it is with me. The few minutes of my reawakening life at Islip have drowned all clear recollection of the way there. One thing alone I remember distinctly. About half-way from Oxford there is a small stream ordinarily crossed by a wooden bridge. When we reached the place where this should be, we found the boards covered with water and the fields flooded for some twenty yards on either side.

Rayton, afraid of soiling his feet, was for making a detour. I at once made up my mind to take off my shoes and stockings, roll up my flannel trousers and wade across. A little persuasion prevailed on my companion to imitate my example, though he made a considerable fuss over the matter. Once safely landed on the other side, we dried our feet in the grass as well as we could (for, despite the last night's rain, the sun was hot) and then continued our walk till we reached Islip.

Now I did not care to follow Rayton in his monotonous mooning round the little village, in quest of the lady of his light affections. As we got close to the old church-yard, I said in laughing mood—

"Good-bye for the present. You'd better go on the quest by yourself, and I'll thoroughly examine you as to the architectural points of the village when you return, for I guess you'll find little else to amuse you here. But you're sure you'll be able to recognise the young lady if you

meet her? Remember it's almost two whole days since you saw her."

"Know her! Of course I should. And what's more, I'm certain to find her out, if she really does live here."

"What aren't you certain even of that? And here you've dragged me seven mortal miles when I ought to be working."

"No! I'm not quite sure if it's Islip. I heard her say she was living at an old village seven miles from Oxford with her uncle—and she said there was a railway station, and—"

"That's enough, and you guessed all the rest. Well, I've known you do more foolish things for the chance of seeing a pretty face. Well! good-bye for the present. I'm going to turn into the Church. One word of advice: don't find another girl visiting here who you fancy lives seven miles further off, and expect me to go hunting after her, for I tell you plainly it's no use."

"Of course not. That would be stupid. I know how valuable time is to you now."

So saying, Rayton strolled away, leaving me to enter the churchyard gate and sit down on an old gravestone near the porch. I had not been seated there long, when I fell into one of my half-dozes, from which I was only awakened by the sound of an organ or harmonium played within the Church. For some few moments I listened without moving from my place—as Handel's "Lascia ch' io pianga" followed the first movement of Beethoven's tenth sonata and passed away into one of the loveliest of Schubert's impromptus. As this last was being played, I rose quietly and stole through the open porch into the Church, sitting down in one of the pews to get a closer view of the performer. Whoever the performer was, he must have passed me as I was dozing on the tombstone, for the door was certainly not open when I first sat down. Unable to see distinctly who was playing, I drew cautiously and noiselessly farther up the aisle towards the chancel. Then turning sharp round the corner I came—much to my surprise—almost full upon the musician.

It was a young girl seventeen or eighteen years of age. So I judged from the mass of glistening hair which was still allowed to fall down over her shoulders and her back. It was an awkward position to be in; for, as she was sitting at the harmonium with her face to the window, she could hardly be conscious of my presence. What was I to do under *these* embarrassing circumstances? I determined to cover an advanced

position by a show of boldness and, making some slight noise behind, came forward apologising for my intrusion: I had rambled into the old Church, being somewhat of an antiquarian, without knowing that a lady was there.

She turned round to answer with a smile:

"I have yet to learn that an apology is due to anyone for entering God's house."

As she spoke she looked up into my face and our eyes had scarcely met, when I was conscious of a dark shadow passing over her face. Her whole countenance changed for a moment, as if swept over by a sudden wind of pain. It passed away almost at once, and then with a blush and a little hesitation she broke out—

"Will you pardon me if I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," I said, "I only hope it will be in my power to answer it."

"Well, then; it's a queer one to ask, but I see from your riband you are an Oxford man and, if my memory were a good one, I ought to know your college by the same token. But no! it seems so foolish to ask it."

"I assure you I shall not think it foolish whatever it may be. My only fear is lest I should be too ignorant to answer it."

"Oh! you Oxford men know everything; and even if you did'nt, you must be able to answer this—it's only a yes or no question, and I promised to ask it you—only it looks so foolish!"

"You promised to ask it *me?*"

"Yes, I promised to ask it *you:* this morning at breakfast."

"But you do not know my name?"

"No! but all the same I promised. I knew I should see you to-day; nay more I could almost have told you the very hour."

Was this some roguish trick of Rayton's. A moment's thought served to disperse this notion. For Rayton could not have known that I should have entered the church at Islip. Was the girl mad? A sadness came over my mind with the thought, but as I looked up once more into her face all my doubts vanished.

"I see you cannot make me out," she went on. "Well, let me see if I can mystify you still more. Are you sure that your feet are quite dry, and that you have not taken cold!"

What did the child mean? How could she know of our adventures this afternoon? And it was plainly this she was alluding to. Bah! she must have seen us from behind. Instinctively I pulled out my watch, it

was hardly half-past four now, and I could only have been dozing on the stones for a quarter-of-an-hour at the most. Both Rayton and myself were quickish walkers, and no girl could have gained fifteen minutes on us in three or four miles.

"What, you won't answer. And yet I assure you I am really anxious about it and your friend too."

I was too bewildered to reply, and could simply stand thinking in a half bewildered manner, till she could give some further explanation, which after a minute or two's enjoyment of my surprise she deigned to do.

"You must know that I am rather a sceptic, and last night our conversation turned on the question of second-sight. I plainly said that I believed in no such thing; it was all imposture or delusion. Now, you won't laugh if I tell you exactly what took place, will you? I'm sure you won't. As I said these words, my uncle, close to whom I was standing said, 'My dear child, I have seen stranger things than second-sight out in the East, things which you too shall some day see with your own eyes and know of your own heart. If all goes as it should, in four or five months my old friend Achmet Ali will come to visit me. He always keeps his word, and he promised to come before the close of the year. He, my child, will be able to convince you where I can only weaken your unbelief. But let me see if I can do even this. Are you willing for me to try?'

'Yes, Uncle, in half a minute. Now, what am I to do. Sit down in that chair?'

'Yes.'

'Now is there anything you want to know in particular, and we will see if I have power to forecast it for you.'

'Yes! I should like to know how soon this old Achmet Ali will be before he arrives. But stop! you said he was not coming till the end of the year, and I am sure I could never wait all that time to see if the answer were true. Let me know what will be the most remarkable incident in my life to-morrow? Then I can go to sleep on the hopes of it to-night and awake to its realization with the morning.'

'It is a hard thing to know the future with precision, but I will try.' My uncle made a few passes across my forehead and I fell into a kind of mesmeric dream, and in that dream I distinctly saw you, yes, you and your friend, at the swollen brook. I saw his unwillingness to cross

over and your determination that you would not make a round. Then I saw your will conquer, the boots taken off, the flannels rolled up and the passage made. There now I suppose, you'll tell me you don't believe me. And perhaps too I *am* only gulling you. Don't you think so now?'"

For one moment I looked into her eyes—but for one moment only and conviction came.

"No, most assuredly not. I believe you as I would my own sister. But did you see nothing more."

Once more the dark shade flitted across her face; but it soon passed as she faltered out.

"Yes, but it doesn't matter. It wasn't much."

"But please tell me. I am feminine in my curiosity, and I should so like to know. Besides, I think I have half-earned your confidence. Look how readily I have believed you."

"But it wasn't worth telling, and you would laugh."

"I most certainly should do no such thing. But do as you think best. Only remember I should really like to know.

"Well then, I'll tell you all. I don't suppose it'll frighten you as much as it frightened me. I'm only a girl and you're a man. I thought I saw some one watching you carefully from behind. There was no body so far as I could make out, but only a pair of brilliant eyes shining out of a dark complexion. They were not altogether unkindly eyes, but eyes that had in them something of a sad purpose, which seemed forced upon the will behind them. Then I saw the head slowly turned away as though the shadow-body was departing. The back was turned towards me and, as it disappeared in the distance, I noticed one remarkable thing, a single lock of bright red hair that lay by itself, different in colour from all the other locks, and still continued glimmering in the distance, when all the rest of the figure had melted into haze."

To be continued.

Some Poetry of To-Day.

IV.—A LOVE SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

I love my love in the springtime,
  When the buds are on the spray,
And the bonny, bonny songbirds
  Are singing all the day,
For her voice is sweeter music
  Than the thrushes on the tree—
O, I love my love in the springtime,
  And my love loves me!

I love my love in the summer,
  For her cheeks are like its rose,
And her blue eyes like the violet
  That in the garden grows,
And her breath is like its breezes,
  And her spirit just as free—
O, I love my love in the summer,
  And my love loves me!

I love my love in the autumn,
  For her hair is like its gold,
And her love as rich and fruitful
  As the harvest-gladdened mould;
I have reaped it and I've stored it
  In my heart's sweet granary—
O, I love my love in the autumn,
  And my love loves me!

I love my love in the winter,
For her neck is like its snow,
And her love for me is secret
As the ice-bound streams that flow
To the ocean;—my fond bosom
Is her love-stream's destined sea—
O, I love my love in the winter,
And my love loves me!

V.—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Soft in the evening's smile it lay,
The little vale where he was born,
The linnet sang its roundelay
In bowers of the blossomed thorn;
He thought the birds ne'er sang so sweet,
He thought the flowers ne'er bloomed so fair,
The daisies clustered round his feet
As they would hold him ever there.

He turned and saw false Jessie stand
With empty pitcher by the well,
Another sweetheart held her hand,
And told the tale he used to tell;
He dashed a tear-drop from his cheek,
He set a stern face to the blast—
"Farewell; although my heart should break,
This tear-drop is the first and—last!

"Sing on, ye bonny linnets, sing,
My heart once troll'd as blithe a lay,
Bloom out ye blossomed boughs of spring,
My heart once bloomed as fair a May;
Flow on, sweet Ouse, through valleys fair,
And tell this tale to all the land:
That woman's vows are light as air,
And fickle as your shifting sand!"

Recent Legislation.

IT has often been observed, and with truth, that man is a gregarious animal, and it might with equal justice be remarked that when forming one of a flock he displays qualities, excusable perhaps in a sheep, but certainly unworthy of a reasoning and reflecting animal. The public are content to take noise for argument, and assertion for proof, and the phrase "public opinion" imports what does not exist in reality; for an opinion on any particular subject cannot fairly be attributed to any one who has not given any thought to it, and the public as a body never gives a thought to anything.

Let any statement with only the flimsiest foundation in fact be loudly and frequently asserted, and it will soon be accepted by the public, as truth without examination.

The London Press with scarcely an exception, whether Liberal or Conservative, Tory or Radical, has at frequent intervals during the past and present year, lamented the scandalous waste of public time in Parliament, and all parties have accused their opponents of being the cause of a "barren session."

The phrase has become almost a byword and, the way having been led by the newspapers, with true ovine imitativeness, the public, without attempting to examine the truth or falsehood of the statement, have followed their leaders and in all parts of the country have flocked to public meetings, to pass resolutions condemning this and that practice in the House of Commons, urging the Government not to advise Her Majesty to prorogue Parliament until all the measures enumerated in the Queen's Speech have been passed, or at least dealt with by the House; the reason given for all this turmoil being that legislation is rendered impossible by the tactics of the "other party."

At present it is not possible to forecast with precision the result of this Session but, if anything like the amount of work be got through

that was accomplished last year, the Government may dismiss Parliament with an easy conscience.

The clamour has been raised that the Government and Parliament ever since the Conservatives were ousted from office have been exclusively occupied with Irish Affairs, that England has been neglected, that notwithstanding their overwhelming majority, the Government have not passed any important measures, and much more to the same purpose.

Never was there a cry with less foundation. We venture to assert that in no year of the present reign has there been placed on the Statute book a collection of Acts of Parliament of greater importance and significance, than those which are the outcome of the Third Session of the Twenty-Second Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

It cannot be denied that an enormous amount of time is spent in the House of Commons in talking; but with many of the constituencies, one might almost say with most of the urban constituencies, talk is the measure of intellectual capacity. Let a man be silent and the local press will probably take that as an evidence of his want of knowledge and ideas; but let his empty mind urge him to pour forth a torrent of words in "one weak washy flood" and he will be accepted as an intellectual giant. Many of the most confirmed talkers in the House of Commons without being empty-headed themselves, thoroughly recognise the necessity of talk from this point of view and, though apparently addressing the House, are really talking to their constituents. To this cause may be traced the inordinate number and length of the speeches made by certain knots of members on subjects for the most part of secondary importance.

Meanwhile, however, the work of legislation proceeds unintermittently though unregarded.

The popular measures, which are convenient as party cries, do not perhaps get carried through with the promptitude their reputed supporters profess to wish, very likely in consequence of party opposition; but what actual difference does it make in the condition of the people whether they are passed or not? Which individual of all the enfranchised lodgers can be selected whose peace of mind and comfort of body have been increased by his having had the right to vote given him by the last Reform Bill? It would probably but little affect the moral or material prosperity of the small tradesman that the great measure for conferring the parliamentary franchise on the agricultural labourer, which has been

flourished before the nation for several sessions, should become law; and, for the matter of that, it is probable that the advantage to Hodge himself would not be much greater. But it is surely an advantage to the tradesman, that his debtor cannot now by crossing the border into Scotland or going over into Ireland legally evade payment of small debts incurred in England. This was practically the case before the Act of last Session; but now the trader can sue in his own court where the debt was incurred, and a county court judgment, obtained in Cornwall, can be executed in Caithness, or the equivalent judgment obtained in Glasgow executed, say, in Galway.

The real truth is that while the men whose names appear as taking part in every debate in the House of Commons are talking, there are a large number of members who are steadily working on Committees and otherwise, and the result is that every session much practical work is done.

It would probably be news to some of the leaders, one might almost say inventors, of public opinion to be informed, that last session there were in actual numbers, more Public General Acts of Parliament passed than in any single year since 1875; but without laying too much stress on this fact we cannot but think that those persons who noisily assert that the Government are prevented from passing useful and much required measures by obstruction, veiled or naked, cannot have taken the trouble to consider the important measures really passed by the present Government, and the almost revolutionary changes in the law of the land effected by the legislation of the past session.

The variety of subjects dealt with is remarkable. We do not contend that every Act passed is beneficial, but our object is to show that a great deal of work was done.

Passing by the interesting Act for providing for the Establishment of certain Royal and Serene Highnesses, which only concerns the public as having to furnish the provision, out of the eighty-two Public General Acts passed last year quite twenty are of immediate importance to the people of the country, as either dealing with their comforts and convenience or altering the law in important respects.

Under the former head may be classed the Act authorising the issue of reply post cards, (c. 2), and the Parcels Post Act, (c. 74). *The Act providing that moneys paid for Common Lands taken under compulsory powers by Railway Companies or other Corporations* shall, to some extent at least, be

applied towards keeping open spaces in good order, and purchasing other lands to be dedicated to the public. This act is intended to supply a remedy, partial only it is true, for the abuse by the Railway Companies of the maxim.—"What is everybody's business is nobody's business." Commons and open spaces are absorbed by enterprising promoters of new lines, and the compensation (if any) paid in exchange has principally found its way into the pocket of the Lord of the Manor, the Commoners as a rule being, like the conies, a feeble folk and, having no cohesion, fall an easy prey to the speculator, and the public therefore suffer by having their Commons curtailed, (c. 15). *An Act vesting further extensive and almost tyrannical powers in the Metropolitan Board of Works*, (c. 14). An Act enabling any local authority to make provision for the decent lodging and accommodation of fruit and vegetable pickers, (c. 23). An Act enabling Local authorities to purchase land and erect public baths and wash-houses outside their own parishes and districts, (c. 30). *The Municipal Corporations Act, (c. 50), consisting of 260 sections and nine schedules.* This Act is a consolidation of all the previous legislative enactments on the subject and is a most important measure. The Artizans Dwellings Acts, (c. 54), is a well-meant endeavour to deal with some of the evils, sanitary and social, consequent on the crowded state of the Metropolis and other large towns, and we think that if the Marquis of Salisbury had studied this Act before making his recent speech in Southwark, honesty would have compelled him to admit that the subject, on which his strictures of the Government were principally founded, had by no means been neglected by them. *The Electric Lighting Act*, (c. 56), a measure which marks a new Era in the lighting of the country, and gives the nation an opportunity of escaping from the thraldom of the gas companies. The Ancient Monuments Protection Act, (c. 73), an Act passed at the instance of the Archæologists and aimed at the Iconoclasts; and the Allotments Extension Act, (c. 80), which provides a means of turning to account as gardens for cottagers, lands otherwise unproductive.

Under the second head of altering or codifying the law in important respects we may cite: the Documentary Evidence Act, (c. 9), a useful measure, putting a stop to a legal quibble invented by an ingenious advocate; the Interments *(felo de se)* Act (c. 19), which puts an end to the burial of suicides where four cross roads meet, at dead of night, with a stake driven through the body, a survival of barbarism interesting no doubt to a student of ancient customs, or even to the ethnologist as

affording evidence of primeval savagery, connecting our race with earlier ones whom we should despise as ancestors, but still out of place in the nineteenth century; the Inferior Courts Judgment Extension Act, (c. 31), which we have alluded to above and which is a most beneficent measure for tradespeople supplying goods in small quantities; the Settled Land Act, (c. 38), perhaps the most important of all, and one which we shall allude to presently; the Conveyancing Act, (c. 39), which extends the usefulness of the Conveyancing Act, 1881, a monumental work of another barren session; the Musical Copyright Act, (c. 40); the Bills of Sale Act, (c. 43); the Bills of Exchange Act, (c. 61), and last, but by no means least in importance, the Married Woman's Property Act, (c. 75).

It will be conceded we think that the above by no means exhaustive catalogue is fairly lengthy for a barren session.

It is not possible within the limits of the present Article thoroughly to analyse the changes effected or to be expected from any of the above measures, but we may perhaps be forgiven for pointing out the salient features of one or two of them.

The Bills of Exchange Act which repeals entirely, or in part, seventeen Acts of Parliament extending over a period of nearly 200 years, from the ninth year of the reign of William III. down to the forty-second year of the reign of Queen Victoria, cannot be considered an unimportant measure. Indeed, codifying as it does the whole law on the subject which has either been laid down by Statute, or built up by successive judicial decisions during the past two centuries, this masterly enactment would alone be no mean achievement for the session.

But there stand out from all the other Acts before referred to, two great measures, the effect and extent of which it is impossible to foretell, marking as they do new departures in reference to the subjects with which they deal; we allude to the Settled Land Act and the Married Woman's Property Act.

The Settled Land Act may without exaggeration be said to have abolished what is somewhat loosely called the law of Entail, so far as the keeping of landed estates in particular families is concerned. The custom of entailing land has of late years been so much held up to public reprobation as the cause of agricultural depression, that it may not be out of place to consider for a moment what the law on the subject was, and had been for more than four centuries previously to the Settled Land Act, 1882, and how that measure has altered it.

The custom of entailing land appears to have been imported into this country by William the Conqueror and his nobles. There being little of what we call personal property the principal thing that the invaders could seize was the land. It is evident that the land in itself was of no value, but could only become valuable as a means of raising crops, or feeding cattle, or of extracting a rent of some kind from those who put the land to this purpose. William, having by the defeat of Harold, obtained the virtual sovereignty of the entire country, distributed the properties of the conquered Saxons amongst his Knights and Nobles, on what are called feudal conditions of military service, and perhaps some rent in kind, and these feudatories in their turn divided their properties amongst Knights of less consequence, on similar terms. The feudal superior, whether King or Lord, would grant the land on the stipulated conditions to his immediate tenant, but with a view of securing the lands to himself again, in case there might be no person to perform the military service, the land was granted to the tenant, and the heirs male of his body, as the phrase goes. If therefore the heirs male of the tenant were to fail, the lands would revert to the original lord, who would grant them to a fresh tenant, or hold and cultivate them himself. This strict limitation of the tenant's rights in the land soon became irksome and, notwithstanding vigorous legislative attempts to restrict the power of alienating the property, the judges in the reign of Edward IV. (at the instance it is said of that astute monarch, who wished his attainders of disaffected nobles to have a further reach than merely the lifetime of the actual occupant of the estate) by giving their sanction to what an able commentator has called a piece of solemn juggling, by one and the same decision rendered the name of Taltarum immortal with the lawyers, and gave all future tenants in tail in possession of landed estates the right to dispose of them as if they were their absolute property.

These slowly-acquired rights of disposing of the settled property have never been curtailed, but until last year they had never been extended, so that the owner of an estate could ensure its being kept intact in his family for two generations at all events and by judicious family pressure at the proper psychical moment the expectant heir was generally induced to tighten the family hold on the property for a generation further. The method adopted was something as follows:— the retired tradesman, having bought an estate and begotten a son, feels a desire to found a family; so, in imitation of my lord his neighbour, he

directs his solicitor, when the son aforesaid is about to be married, to tie up the estates as tightly as possible, so that in all future ages there shall never be lacking a man of his name or family, in that part of the county. To his chagrin he finds that in consequence of the litigious disposition of Taltarum above mentioned, his desire to keep his newly-acquired property in perpetuity in his family was baulked some four hundred years before he conceived it and he learns how little the popular newspapers are to be trusted as guides to the law of the land, seeing that they violently declaim against laws of entail and settlement, which have had no existence since the celebrated case alluded to.

However, our friend, the intending settlor, directs his lawyer to do the best he can for him, and straightway the settlement is prepared.

The settlor's ownership is cut down to the right to receive the rents of the property for his life and a similar restriction is put on the ownership of the son who is about to be married. But the settler finds that the next generation is beyond his control; for the grandson will be tenant in tail and then the spectre of Taltarum's case comes in and enables this unborn young gentleman, in due time, to sell the property and scatter to the winds the provision laboriously made by his grandfather.

"But how is this?" he asks his lawyer. "I can settle money or any other personal estate as strictly for all practical purposes as I can land, and yet no newspapers make any outcry against the iniquity of tying up the rights to personal property." The lawyer, not being paid to answer riddles, probably pays no attention to the question, but proceeds to point out, that the best thing the prospective grandfather and father can do, if they want to keep the estate in the family, is to allow young hopeful (when he comes), to have his fling at school and college, with a moderate allowance which he is sure to exceed, and then, when in the depths of despair, he may be bribed by payment of his debts, and perhaps a small sum in cash to join with his father (and grandfather too, if then alive), in disentailing the family estates and resettling them for another generation. Our friend thus finds that it is not the law which keeps estates in the same families for centuries, but merely the desire of the successive owners. We will imagine the deed prepared with all the formality length and expense attendant on such matters previous to the Conveyancing Act of 1881, (another "barren session" by the bye in which great legislative changes were effected), and the owner riding over his estates contentedly reliant on the future, when his family shall have taken root

in the county. It is true he has some misgivings, for his heir is not so steady as he might be and grumbles already at his allowance and at the small percentage the farms, many too unlet, pay as interest on the capital sum sunk in their purchase. But the old man points out that land, as a property, possesses advantages that no other investment can have, not the least being the sense of proprietorship, in being able to see the property itself a feeling the sight of quires of debenture mortgage bonds could never inspire and he secretly hugs himself with satisfaction at knowing that, however much the son may grumble, he cannot sell the land, for he has only a life interest in it. Vain delusion! The settled Land Act of 1882 becomes the law of the land, the last shadow of respect for the venerable statute, *De donis conditionalibus* is brushed away and our friend the settler sees all his labour in vain, for he knows that his son will sell the property as soon as he comes into it, so as to get a higher interest for his money, and the little grandson whose curly head the old man so proudly patted, as the future heir to the estates, may think himself lucky, when he gets possession of the property, if his father have not already by the sanction of a revolutionary Court of Chancery, sold the mansion house, which the first settler took such a pride in building.

So much for the effect of the Settled Land Act.

(To be continued.)

A Poet of To-day.

JAMES THOMSON, Author of "The City of Dreadful Night."

IF ever there was a thoroughly representative poet, it is James Thomson (or B. V.) He does not dive very deeply after the pearls of truth, but he boldly and vigorously says what so many of us almost, or altogether think. He has won—and will hold against all attack and intrigue—a foremost place in the second order of the nobility of poetry. Although theologians would gladly ignore or deny it, yet he is the mouth-piece of no inconsiderable number of his contemporaries, and that no diminishing number. Yet the poetry-reading world was only awakened to the fact of his existence a little time before he died, when hurled forth, *en masse*, the treasures of his genius and seized upon the honours he has won, to be enjoyed for too brief a space before death cut short his life, 'though not the praise.' He died last year in University College Hospital, at the comparatively early age of 40. As were all the truest and purest poets, so he was 'cradled into poetry by wrong, and learnt in suffering what he taught in song'—only too much so, for his fault is rather that he is too subjective, which were unpardonable did he not choose our common woes to write about. It is easy to blame him; to call him peevish, fretful and unsatisfied, full of bitterness and cynicism (poor, sad and hungry brother!); but, if we are enjoying the feast, we must remember that he was standing aside. Yet his warm and quiet sympathy for the fellow-men, his fellow-sufferers, which gives even an air of inconsistency to his wildest utterances, creates in us much of that love which must be felt for the singer before we can hear his message aright. With Dante, Petrarch, Shakespeare and Burns, Thomson's earlier years were overcast by some great shadow. He could not shake off sorrow, with an indignant *apage*. It is a brave thing to *live* in despair

> Rebus in angustis, facile est contemnere vitam
> Fortiter ille agit, qui miser esse protest,

though perhaps some kinds of unconquerable hope are braver still. Keats and Shelley, Heine and Leopardi to him were friends rather than masters; if with them he shared some of the scorn of the ignorant, he also shares the affectionate regret with which we regard their memories. He will never be a popular poet. His embittered thought, his Bohemianism, his deep pessimism, all preclude this, but he will maintain his place in the libraries of those who can feel for his sorrows and doubts, even though they may not choose his method of enduring their own.

Some of the poems in the two books, *The City of Dreadful Night* and *Vane's Story*, were written, as the dates show, at a very early age. When only fifteen years old, his *Withered Leaves*, a Browning piece, though with no dramatic power to speak of, shows more than promise. His jovial ballads, after the same poet's cavalier ballads, are less successful productions. In the following year, a pretty piece, *Cypress and Roses*, showed he had drunk from Heine's springs, and presaged the success with which he unveiled the great Heinrich in his "attempts at translation." It was hoped that his dainty appreciation and exquisite delicacy of workmanship might have survived in some more of these "attempts." They are most felicitous in diction, and catch the spirit as well as convey to us the letter of the inimitable Leider. Of these he has succeeded most perfectly in rendering "Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder," second to which is the translation of "Im Rhein, im Schönes Strome." We subjoin the first.

CHILDHOOD.

(TO HIS SISTER.)

My child, we both were children,
And merry days we saw,
We used to creep into the fowl-house
And hide ourselves under the straw.

And then we set up a crowing;
The people who passed on the road—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!—they thought it
Was really a cock that crowed.

The cases that lay in our courtyard,
We fitted them up with care
And made a magnificent mansion
And lived together there.

And the cat of our next door neighbour
Came to visit us too;
We gave our best bows and courtseys,
With compliments fine and new.

As to her health we asked her
With friendly and earnest air;
How many old cats have we since asked
The like with the like deep care.

And often we sat discussing,
As if we were old and grey;
Bemoaning how things were better
Better indeed, in our day.

How Love, Truth, Faith had vanished
And left the world all bad,
How the price of coffee was shameful,
And money was not to be had! . . .

Past, past are the sports of our childhood,
And all rolls past in sooth,
The World, and Time, and money,
And Faith, and Love, and Truth.

This is beyond criticism. Even Heine's sad rhythmic cadence is exactly caught in the last verse:

Vorbei ſind die Kinderſpiele
Und alles rollt vorbei
Das Geld und die Welt, und die Zeiten,
Und Glauben und Lieb'und Treu.

The others are good, especially "Im Rhein, im Schönes Strome,"—but "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" has been done better not seldom.

Instead of more of these *bonne-bouches*, his literary executors have thought fit to give us a poor skit, in questionable taste, upon a defunct form of credulity; the only point of which seems to be to show that Thomson was not far from rational Christianity, had he chosen to attack the forts of folly by positive and not negative utterances. What honour can it bring a man of real genius to have it proclaimed that he wrote such stuff as this too?

This modest Hall for Club and Institute
Which are now open; May it bear good fruit!

These minor Froudes have well learned their lesson.

Thomson has no markedly original style, which has led some superficial critics to mark him at once as a servile copyist. Indeed, some of his earlier pieces are more to the credit of his critical rather than his

creative faculties. Who does not see Shelley in every phrase in the following well-composed piece?

> How pure and beautiful! what stayed my lips
> When parched and thirsting, near such œnomel,
> From clinging unto thine, for bee-like sips;
> From pasturing o'er thy brow's white asphodel;
> Sealing thine eyes in passion's dear eclipse
> With pressure on the full blue-veined swell,
> And thrilling o'er the silken lashes fine
> Mid interdraughts of their deep violet wine?"

This is patchwork by the side of the fine needlework of his maturer years. His force and sweetness, his strong grappling on to ideas and magnificent insistence upon them, his pure literary taste in his own lines of reading, his wholesome morals, his spiritual view of love, these are his chief excellencies. To many, his attacks on what is supposed to be Christianity give great offence, and some such critics would dismiss him with a lofty wave of the hand. Those who never have fought the spectres of the mind, who habitually slay them before they are born (to the detriment of their own souls' health), are wise in avoiding Thomson; but for men, there is no truth but what can stand "four-square to all the winds that blow." There is a rugged original, too, of Christianity, which will remain when all the ornamental flimsiness is carried away by the tempest. "Even I," says Thomson, with genuine fervour, "poor heathen and cynic, am nearer to you, ye holy ones, than are ninety and nine in a hundred of these" poor parodists of the aspect of the saints; and yet Thomson truly, for his part, should have thought better of men, that that pure, undiluted falsehood can bamboozle them for so long.

The beautiful story of Weddah and Om el Bonain, the loves of a warrior youth and a maiden of the beautiful and chaste tribe of Azra, "who die for love," is a finely-fashioned story, told with the rich inspiration of Keats and culminating in a passage of extraordinary heart-spoken pathos, suggesting a comparison with Burns' epitaph on himself. True, sad, manly and free from any cant, we have the poet perhaps at his best in the following lines:—

> May Allah grant eternal joy and youth
> In fateless Heaven, to one and all of these!
> And, for himself, a little grain of ruth
> The bard will beg this once, while on his knees;
> Who cannot always see the very truth,
> And does not always sing the truth he sees,
> But something pleasanter to foolish ears
> That should be tickled not with straws but spears.

This is poetry "from genuine springs." Could he have always seen clearer and sung louder such music as this, would his life have been so black and his pessimism so intense? Intense it is, and wilfully, petulantly so, relapsing into Egyptian darkness after he has come out into the open light. His poems do not bear reading in chronological order. They must be read as he has arranged them. The "Idylls of Cockayne" certainly after the "City of Dreadful Night." This latter poem has the organ-like grandeur of a dead march. It moves with a stately majesty of grief, now pausing for a passionate outburst of agony, and again moving on, a wail

> Of some one desolate, fate-smitten,
> Whose faith and hope are dead, and who would die.

The poet tells his love, that has died untimely, his faith that has failed at the hour of need—his hope (which alone saves the world from being a charnel-house) utterly departed. He paints a huge city, typical of the world, with scene after scene of deadly agony, a soul first struggling with fierce revolt, and finally culminating in a more terrible calm of despair, all strong with the eloquence of passion—dirges wrung from the depth of his being by the beating of fierce storms of fate. He finds comfort in the exhaustion which this worst great possibility resolutely brings on, and, in this dreadful calm, finishes the poem. The last two cantos are the finest of all. In the penultimate one, the attitude of man towards the riddle of life is shown by a series of vivid, weird pictures—first, as a winged angel, with a sword, uplifted before a sphinx; then as a man, having dropped the wings; then as a man, crying, with uplifted hands; then as a fallen and broken statue. It is impossible to give an extract from this canto. It must be read altogether, so complete is it:—

XX.

I sat me weary on a pillar's base
And leaned against the shaft; for broad moonlight
O'erflowed the peacefulness of cloistered space,
A shore of shadow slanting from the right:
The great cathedral's western front stood there
A wave-worn rock in that calm sea of air.

Before it opposite my place of rest,
Two figures faced each other, large, austere;
A couchant sphinx in shadow to the breast,
An angel standing in the moonlight clear;
So mighty by magnificence of form,
They were not dwarfed beneath that mass enorme.

Upon the cross-hilt of a naked sword
The angel's hands, as prompt to smite, were held;
His vigilant intense regard was poured
Upon the creature placidly unquelled,
Whose front was set at level gaze, which took
No heed of aught, a solemn trace-like look.

And as I pondered these opposèd shapes,
My eyelids sunk in stupor, that dull swoon
Which drugs, and with a leaden mantle drapes
The outworn to worse weariness. But soon
A sharp and clashing noise the stillness broke,
And from the evil lethargy I woke.

The angel's wings had fallen stone on stone,
And lay there shattered: hence the sudden sound:
A warrior leaning on his sword alone
Now watched the sphinx with that regard profound;
The sphinx unchanged looked forthright, as aware
Of nothing in the vast abyss of air.

Again I sank in that repose unsweet,
Again a clashing noise my slumber rent;
The warrior's sword lay broken at his feet:
An unarmed man with raised hands impotent
Now stood before the sphinx, which ever kept
Such mien, as if with open eyes it slept.

My eyelids sank in spite of wonder grown;
A louder crash upstartled me in dread:
The man had fallen forward stone on stone
And lay there shattered, with his trunkless head
Between the monster's large quiescent paws,
Beneath its grand front changeless as life's laws.

The moon had circled westward full and bright,
And made the temple front a mystic dream,
And bathed the whole enclosure with its light,
The sworded angel's urecles, the sphinx supreme:
I pondered long that cold, majestic face
Whose vision seemed of infinite void space.

Finally, comes a wonderful picture of humanity, a description of Dürer's Melancholia. Thompson saw what the artist intended by "the bronze colossus of a winged woman," with folded wings, as of a mighty eagle,

But all too impotent to lift the regal
Robustness of her earth-born strength and pride.

He describes her perfectly, with sea, comet, rainbow and snaky imp, and views her—

> Fronting the dreadful mysteries of Time
> Unvanquished in defeat and desolation
> Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration
> Of the day setting on her baffled prime.
>
> Baffled and beaten back, she works on still,
> Weary and sick of soul she works the more,
> Sustained by her indomitable will:
> The hand shall fashion, and the brain shall pore
> And all her sorrow shall be turned to labour
> Till death, the friend-foe, piercing with the sabre
> That mighty heart of hearts ends bitter war.

In her face he sees

> The sense that every struggle brings defeat
> Because fate holds no prize to crown success;
> That all the oracles are dumb or cheat
> Because they have no secret to express;
> That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
> Because there is no light beyond the curtain;
> But all is vanity and nothingness.

Is this the expression on the face of humanity? Does toiling man and work-worn woman look up to her,

> The strong to drink new strength of iron endurance;
> The weak, new terrors; all renewed assurance
> And confirmation of the old despair.

Or has the poet here, as in the picture, not noticed sufficiently the broad arch of the rainbow and its indefinable hope?

After the weight of the tragedy, it is with wonder and bewildered pleasure we turn to "Sunday up the River," and "Sunday at Hampstead." "The City of Dreadful Night" repeats with the force, or violence, perhaps, of Mr. Swinburne, Leopardi's note,

> Però ch' esser beato
> Nega ai mortali, e nega a' morti il fato.

These idylls are the completest contrast possible; a couple of lively musical operas, rollicking, human, tender, breathing quick life, with a sweet spring-day air. Exquisite Matthew Arnold may find them unpalatably robust, old maids of either sex and starched conventionalists

may be shocked at them, society may vote them vulgar, but for natural healthy-minded humans they are irresistible. The prancing metre, the childlike, innocent glee, with which "Sunday at Hampstead" (the better of them) begins, take one by storm. A clerk and a shop-girl with three other pairs of similar persons agree to meet for tea at a public house on Sunday at Hampstead. With full sympathy Thomson carries one off by storm to enjoy the day's outing, breathe the fresh air after the smoke and luxuriate in the green, quiet country after the worry and bustle of London work. We are, at once, in a mood to enjoy unconventional deportment.

Through all the weary week, dear,
We toil in the murk down there,
Tied to a desk and a counter,
A patient stupid pair!

But on Sunday we slip our tether,
And away from the smoke and the smirch,
Too grateful to God for His Sabbath
To shut up its hours in a church.

Away to the green green country,
Under the open sky;
Where the earth breathes sweet incense
And the lark sings psalms on high.

On Sunday we're Lord and Lady,
With ten times the love and the glee
Of those pale and languid rich ones
Who are always and never free.

They drawl and stare and simper
So fine and cold and staid,
Like exquisite waxwork figures
That must be kept in the shade:

We can laugh out loud when merry,
We can romp at kiss in the ring
We can take our beer at a public,
We can loll on the grass and sing.

All the stiffness of our artificial life is gone in a minute, there is a delicious shock of free, pure air. It is not vulgarity, it is vigorous liberty. Life has changed entirely. We enter into the laugh against Mary and Dick with their finery "parading proudly suburban streets;" and Mary showing off her bonnet at chapel; without profanity we laugh naïvely with Fanny at Solomon's rascalities, and again are quite ready to settle

down by the time the story-telling begins. Then such tales of the æons! wealth of fancy and sense too; sense, but no dull sensible-ness! Just as our high spirits evaporate, comes the tender, playful and real Train-song of the return.

> As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
> The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
> But the starry heavens above the plain
> Come flying on our track.
>
> All the beautiful stars of the sky,
> The silver doves of the forest of night,
> Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
> Companions of our flight.
>
> We will rush ever on without fear
> Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet,
> For we carry the heavens with us, Dear,
> While the earth slips from our feet.

Back again, and the simple regretful farewell:

> "Good night, little one,
> God bless the darling.

completes the idyll. This is bewitching. It humanizes, as well as pleases. He is a seer, who can see so much divine beauty in the common everyday world. Can any preacher give us a better sermon on loving one's neighbour as oneself? Can a man sneer at 'Arry (also a brother) quite so unrestrainedly as before, when he knows this poem? We human beings want more of this sort of thing, we are bored with the tight-lacing of our artificial life. Afternoon-tea poetry is growing monotonous. All honour to the vigorous May-day singing of Thomson and all similar poets of to-day. May they for ever flourish and abound. Life is not half exhausted; it swarms with new themes for poets. Has anyone for instance except Thomson interpreted the lower middle class of towns-folk? As for that dim mysterious creature the working man, he has never been even approximated to by a poet, and therefore of course by no other writer. George Eliot knew nothing of the London poor, Thomson had only got as far as the desk and counter-folk, and these valuable interpretations bear but a very small proportion to the rest of his works. Society is the blaze, which at once shows, attracts, and singes the poetic moth. We are sick of kid-boots and Brussels-carpet poets, redolent of essences and languidly gazing out upon trim gardens and always explaining themselves. Even Wordsworth's intolerably dull and beefy dalesmen, or

Morris's mythic paradise folk, who are simply the old familiars, *en déshabille*, are welcome changes. But poets must not leave Tom and Polly for Galahad and Godiva, unless they can find the counterparts of these latter even here.

One cannot say adieu to Thomson without a word as to his political and social programme. He was of course a fierce republican. What prophet of our times is otherwise at heart? He did not regard the people as a body of Cerberean ferocity to be propitiated by the intermittent sop of a popular measure. The people were his constant thought; their miserable state stung him to fiercest wrath, and he is always pleading for—

> Some scant justice to our countless hordes,
> Who toil half-starved, with scarce a human right.

He jeers rightly enough at the Union,

> "Our half-way house on the road to hell,"

(except that it is nearer there than half-way), but he does not up and face the problems of wages and poor law, with sternness, such that no conservative wriggling and evasion shall escape it. We protest against this cowardly hungering after the bread of death, when there are so many battles swaying doubtfully all around us. To blow a *sauve qui peut* just now is treason to humanity. Life would be well worth having, if only to win Land Nationalization and the other nationalizations which are to follow it. A spirit still breathes worthy of all our self-sacrifices, unnamed, unnamable, but infinitely inspiring—

> And so my heart must soar away,
> To where alone its treasure is;
> Despite my dream, that it would stay
> Entranced in unfulfilling bliss,
> What fiery longings burn my breast
> To reach, to gain, to be possessed!
>
> Then fade dim dream! and sorrow cease!
> While I can trust, where'er you be,
> That you are waiting my release
> To live out to its depth with me
> In bowers or dens, through nobler spheres
> The love suspended all these years.

Can it only be a lady-love who inspires such passion as this in the poet of to-day? or is the lady-love the mouth-piece of some living oracle within?

Sent to Siberia.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

(*Continued from page* 223.)

AFTER he had been two days in the jail of Odessa, Petrowsky was visited by the Colonel of Police, his chief secretary, an interpreter, and another person. All four seated themselves on chairs, which had been brought, while the prisoner stood by the table.

"M. Scharff," said the Colonel, "I want to put some questions to you. Be good enough to tell me the truth. What is your name?"

"Francis Scharff. It is on my passport."

"I don't believe that is your name. I shall not write it down."

"Very well."

After a pause, Petrowsky, who was feeling faint, spoke out.

"Excuse me, Sir. I am very weak from the treatment I have received. I can scarcely stand."

"Take a chair, if you please," said the Colonel, politely.

"What subject are you?" he asked of the Pole.

"English,"

"Are you married?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What is your wife's name?"

"Matilda Jane."

Matilda Jane having been solemnly booked, the Colonel then proceeded to ask about Petrowsky's family. Petrowsky stated that his father was named Francis, like himself, and lived now here, now there, according to the demands of his business. The last place known to Petrowsky was Roumania.

"What town in Roumania?"

"Galatz."

"What street and number?"

Petrowsky said he had forgotten. He then explained that his father and mother had sent him out into the world to travel and be educated. When he was twelve years old his father had taken him to Paris.

"Where did you live in Paris?"

"Boulevard Strasbourg."

"What number?"

Petrowsky had again forgotten.

"You have a very bad memory, I think."

"Yes, Sir."

"Where does your wife live in London now?"

"I do not know now; but before, it was in Marylebone Road."

"What number?"

"I quite forget."

The Colonel then opened Book 15, relating to criminal law, and read a passage, to the effect that prisoners who tell the truth will receive less punishment.

"Excuse me, Colonel," said Petrowsky, on hearing this, "that is not for me; that is for very young people, not for men. I am not a mouse to be caught with cheese."

The party then left, and Petrowsky lived undisturbed for three months, during which time, it is presumed, the police were prosecuting their enquiries at Galatz and London.

He was allowed 7d. per day, like a noble prisoner, and could order what he liked from the prison kitchen by paying for it. He could read, smoke, and was allowed a little wine; but, being a temperate man, he seldom took any. It was no hardship to him there, except in so far as he was deprived of liberty. Occasionally the Colonel came to see him and spoke kindly to him; but Petrowsky could not learn when his trial would take place. The Colonel, however, listened to the particulars of his arrest, as told by Petrowsky, and entered it all in a book. These prison registers of Russia could doubtless tell a tale.

As time passed on and Petrowsky could get no information as to the date of his trial, he began to turn over plans of escape. One day, while reaching up to look out of the high and narrow prison window, he found a file upon the stone sill, and hid it carefully. How it came there he never knew; but it seemed the instrument of his deliverance.

He now concocted a definite plan and proceeded to put it into execution. There was an iron bedstead in the cell; and underneath it, in a dark corner, he proposed to cut a hole through the solid wall. Having broken through the building in this way, his design was to choose a dark, foggy night, and crawl into the courtyard, like a worm from its hole; then speeding across the yard, to mount the Inspector's house by a rain-water spout which he had observed; and, once upon the roof, to climb

the prison wall from there and drop outside into the street at a low part near the gate.

To do this, he required a rod, with a hook at the end of it, to catch into the bindings of the spout; but he saw his way to get this surreptitiously from the servants going to the market.

The first thing to be done, however, was to cut the hole; and though the wall was three feet thick, Petrowsky set to work. Every day, after breakfast, he crawled under the bed and picked into the wall with the end of his file. The white, Black Sea limestone was moderately soft and he soon began to make some headway. But the task was necessarily slow and painfully laborious, considering the cramped position in which he lay, and the miserable tool he worked with. Not only by day, but far into the night, he picked away with a will, only resting to refresh himself and ward off discovery.

The dust and fragments prized from the wall were carefully collected and pushed down a small hole, which he had cut for the purpose in the wooden floor under the bedstead. Fortunately, the cell was somewhat isolated from the rest, and was entered by means of a passage, at the end of which was a second door, which was kept locked. Every time he heard the padlock of this door rattle, he would hastily hide the file and rubbish, and slip out from beneath the bed.

After some six weeks at this work, another prisoner was put into his room, and he was forced to suspend operations. The man appeared to be a peasant, and being brethren in distress, Petrowsky, on the third day opened his heart to him.

"George," said he, "I'll let you into a secret which may be good for both of us, I have begun to cut a hole in the wall to get out. If you will help me we will both escape."

The man agreed, and Petrowsky revealed to him the mysteries. For two or three days they worked together, Petrowsky or he taking turns at the cutting, whilst the other watched and rested. In this way they made more rapid progress: but unfortunately on the third day after, the man was called away and never came back.

Left to himself, Petrowsky resumed his solitary task that night: but next morning, while looking out of his window to get the air, a Polish prisoner in an adjacent cell whispered to him to beware of danger, for his cell was to be searched that morning.

His fellow-prisoner had played the spy upon him; and it is probable enough that he was put beside Petrowsky for that very purpose. But *r the length of* time allowed to elapse, it might also be inferred that

the file was probably left upon the window sill, either to tempt the prisoner, or to test the vigilance of the officials.

Thus warned, Petrowsky set about removing the traces of his labour. He made a paste of bread and water with which he filled up the hole in the wall. This he covered over with a sheet of paper, and smeared the surface of it with whiting, till on looking under the bed the dark wall seemed unbroken. He also filled up the little hole in the floor; and waited patiently for the searching party.

About 9 a.m. the Colonel came in, accompanied by seven armed soldiers, and proceeded to examine the room. They sounded the wall under the bed, and then removed the bedstead a little, so as to let one soldier probe the wall with his bayonet. The sharp steel ran through the paper and soft backing, and struck against the rugged stone behind. Petrowsky's passage was discovered.

The little Pole stood silent, but his heart was beating quickly. The Colonel looked at him askance, and said somewhat sternly—

"M. Scharff, I think I have been kind to you—and now you want to make my coffin."

"Colonel," said Petrowsky, taking refuge in denial, "There have been many prisoners in this chamber besides me. I have not done this."

The Colonel and his party now went off and, soon after, the Governor of the prison came. He examined the broken wall and, after asking a great many questions, ordered Petrowsky to be removed to another room attached to the prison hospital. Here he was again submitted to examination; but the questions were of the same tenor as those which had been put before.

Week after week passed by; and at the end of several months Petrowsky was brought up for trial. He was taken before a number of Government officials, including the Colonel of Police, and others whose styles and titles he did not know. The first question addressed to him by the Colonel was—

"Will you tell us your true name?"

"Francis Scharff."

The Colonel had a roll of paper in his hand, and, opening it before Petrowsky, he replied,

"M. Scharff, if you will not tell *me* who you are, I will tell *you*. This is your name."

He pointed to the paper, which Petrowsky recognized as one of his

own letters sent from Odessa to his sister at Kharkoff. The letter was signed "Ivan Petrowsky."

"Well," said Petrowsky, "since you have found it out, I own that is my name."

"And you are a merchant from Kharkoff."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any friends in Berdomsk?"

"No."

"Why did you go from Berdomsk to Constantinople?"

"Colonel," said Petrowsky, "Why do you ask such a question as that? I must go to Constantinople from some port or other. I cannot go from two places at once."

The Colonel, like Dogberry, made a note of it.

"What kind of ship did you sail in?"

"I don't know."

"What was the Captain's name?"

"I never asked."

"Have you many friends in Kharkoff?"

Petrowsky said he had acquaintances. He was then asked about his sister; and a great many questions on points connected with his past life. To all these Petrowsky returned evasive answers, as he knew that not only his own fate, but that of others depended on them. He thought it best to help the enemy as little as possible. At last the Colonel of Police lost patience with him, and exclaimed hotly;

"John Petrowsky, if you do not tell the truth it will be the worse for you."

"Colonel," returned Petrowsky with equal fire. "I suppose you mean that you will send me to Siberia for a great many years. But you will not frighten me by that. I don't care a fig for your years or your punishments. You must take my answers as I give them, though I should swing for it."

The Court was silent, and Petrowsky went on:

"Colonel, if you will only finish my trial quickly, I'll go to Siberia with a light heart for half a century if you like. No punishment can be so bad as this uncertainty and waiting."

The Colonel answered in a very few words. He was a polite man, and not so excited now. Looking hard at Petrowsky, he said, very quietly,

"Mr. John, you will escape to London."

(To be continued.)

Irish Assassination Societies.

"WE believe that the policy, no less than the duty, of those who seek to reconcile the people of England and the people of Ireland is to state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on all questions at issue between them." This maxim was set forth in a leading London organ of opinion, so far back as 1870. To-day its truth is as self-evident as ever, even though the question at issue touches such a revolting and provoking subject as the aims, objects and actions of "Irish Assassination Societies."

Natural indignation and intense, if suppressed, anger for the moment blinds political vision in England; a rising spirit of wounded pride and despairing exasperation closely verging on retaliation has thrust back the conciliatory attitude assumed by the Irish party immediately after the "Kilmainham Compact." In an atmosphere like this the truth can never be known. Years to come the historian will smile at the phantoms that now find flitting existence midst the dust and din of party strife and party passions. So far as unbiassed judgment will aid me my task is to lay a few of these ghosts—to state the case as the historian of the future will state it. To state the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, concerning "Irish Assassination Societies."

I have purposely written "Assassination Societies," for the one now brought to light in Dublin is not the first one that has had existence in Ireland. The original Assassination Society, too, flourished in Dublin. I should not be far out in dating its existence from the 3rd January, 1866. On that day a cabinet-maker named Barry hired premises in Loftus Lane, at the back of 204, Great Britain St., Dublin, ostensibly for the purposes of his business. In reality the place was used by a Fenian assassination society. The windows were sealed up, light entering only by the roof, the ordinary doors were barred, and a secret passage effected; every

precaution was taken against surprise by the police. Here sat what was known in Fenian Circles at the time as the "Committee of Safety"; a committee appointed to ensure safety against informers by the exercise of terrorism by a decree of death if necessary.

Stephens at the time was in flight and deposed from chief command of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Colonel Kelly (of the Manchester rescue), Captain McCafferty an Irish American, whose name is at present prominently mixed up with the Invincibles, and Colonel Ricard Burke, (afterwards known in connection with the Clerkenwell Explosion) had assumed joint control of affairs, forming what is known as the "English Directory." They were commissioned by the American Section to commence the actual hostilities so long promised and promised in vain by Stephens, and in the carrying out of this project they relied for chief support on the Fenian organisation in England. It was particularly strong at this time and intact, having escaped the fate of the Irish Section. Hence the "Chester Raid," the "Manchester Rescue," the "Clerkenwell Explosion," and the other little abortive attempts that created such temporary scares at the time here in England.

The failure of 1865 the new leaders were determined to profit by. That failure they attributed to informers like Corydon and Nagle, and henceforward, informers within and without the ranks they were determined to punish, and the punishment was to be death. The ice was broken. A new element, the element of assassination, was introduced into the "Irish Question." It was a little seedling then. The "History" that has "been made" since then records its rapid growth and lamentable fructification.

In Loftus Lane the society regularly sat, and strange to say the first victim, an innocent one too, was one of its own members. The "No 1" at the time was a notorious scoundrel named "The Doctor," who was at the same time in the pay of the police. He betrayed the establishment in Loftus Lane, and to avert suspicion from himself, actually denounced an innocent member named Clarke. A meeting was called; the "Doctor" himself selected the man for the deed, telling off two other men to shoot him if he showed the least sign of faltering. Within forty-eight hours the first victim of the Irish Assassination Society was a dead man. The first blood was drawn, and the scent of that blood has never since been wholly lost.

This process of "exemplary punishment" was deemed so effective

that continuance and enlargement of it followed as a natural consequence. Talbot, the police informer, next met his doom; a guardsman in London was riddled with bullets under the mistaken belief that he was the informer Corydon. D'Arcy McGee in Canada was done for on a similar principle, because it was supposed his influence blocked the way in the O'Neill-Roberts invasion of the colony. A further enlargement still, was developed in the course of time. What was good for informers it was argued, must be good for enemies, so enemies without the ranks of the brotherhood soon got included in the "Black List." The enlarged assassination policy was fully set forth in a broad sheet issued at the time (1868).

"They were resolved to establish a reign of terror from which they expected great things, by shooting down leading personages one after another, these deeds to be committed in the most impressive manner. There was to be no dogging, no ambush, no secrecy. All was to be done openly, and by men who could not hope to escape the penalty of their deeds."

The Manchester executions inspired a sort of hero worship. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in his "New Ireland," says it was the contagion of this enthusiasm that drew Mr. Parnell into the popular ranks. Under its influence numbers of Irishmen at home and abroad were ready to emulate the deed of those who slew William the Silent and Henry Quatre. The attempt on the life of the Duke of Edinburgh at Melbourne was the first overt-act in this new direction, and happily it was the last. A revulsion of feeling set in the Fenians, as a body, disowned such dishonourable means of warfare. The O'Neil-Roberts fiascos in attempting the invasion of Canada laughed the Fenians out of countenance in America leaving some 200 of the leaders in prison. The organisation languished at home, and with it faded from public memory all recollection of the first Irish "Assassination Society." But it was not killed, it only slumbered; it is easier to imbibe poison than to expel it from the system. True, indeed, it might have slept a last long sleep, and pages of Irish history might have been left unwritten but for one man. Fate deemed otherwise. The evil spirit that prompted fate was Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa. You do not hear his name at present directly mixed up with the Assassination Society or the Phœnix Park Massacres, nor his identity coupled with the mysterious "No. 1," but he is *the* "No. 1" nevertheless, in spirit if not in the flesh. He is as guilty of

the Phœnix Park Assassinations as if it was he who actually handled the fatal knives. His policy led up to it, his dynamite and coal oil, infernal machines, and skirmishing fund. Persons die, but their works live; the bad ones longer than the good. Alexander, Cæsar, Bonaparte, Luther, Loyola, and Voltaire, "Where are they?" Crumbled to dust, but their spirits live as well as their names in the results that have flowed from their life's actions. To-day Rossa is a drunken bar-man in a New York Tavern—a drivelling, mouthing idiot; half fool, half knave. The man is forgotton—so evanescent is fame—but the seed which he scattered broadcast in his hey-day of power is fructifying an hundred-fold. This buffo desperado has actually written pages of Irish history, aye, of English history too—of the world's history to boot. Let us bow and make his better acquaintance.

Fifty-three years ago he was born in Rosscarberry, a remote district in the County of Cork. His father was a country weaver, and died when the lad was sixteen years old. All the rest of the family soon after scattered and emigrated, leaving young Rossa alone in the world. He drifted into the neighbouring town of Skibbereen, got employment in a hardware-store, and in course of time was enabled to set up in business for himself. His name up to this time was Jeremiah Donovan—"Jerry Donovan" as he was called—but soon over the doorway of his shop there appeared in Celtic characters "Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa." The change was characteristic of the man; he always loved notoriety. The newly-acquired patronymic he derived, or rather claimed, from Rosscarberry, the titular district of his clan.

It is not generally known that this obscene Skibbereen grocer was the introducer of Fenianism into Ireland. Stephens gets the credit, but Rossa was the virtual "No. 1" in the business. He was the first disciple Stephens sought out after returning to the work of conspiracy in Ireland in 1858, and up to the last he remained his favourite lieutenant. Rossa sold out his business in Skibbereen and went to Dublin to assume the managership of the "Irish People," the official organ of the Fenian conspiracy. He was essentially the working partner in the concern. Kickham, half blind and scrupulous, could but write poetry; O'Leary and Luby, with the sensibilities of gentlemen, relished but the intoxicating influence of revolutionary journalism. Stephens was more of the intriguer and organiser than the revolutionist. Rossa was the man of all work. He was equally at home penning a blood-thirsty article, cudgelling a constitutional meeting

at the Rotunda, or rollicking with the "boys" at a racecourse. According to his own account he visited every parish in Ireland, and every important centre in England in furthering the propaganda. At his trial he rejected counsel, taunted the judge (Keogh) with political recriminations, and bullied the court. In prison he pursued similar tactics. It was war to the knife between him and the officials. He threatened to murder them, and in return they visited on him the unexampled punishment of thirty-five days solitary confinement with his hands manacled behind his back. This led to a revulsion of feeling; the Devon Commissions condemned the punishment, and the release of all the political prisoners soon followed.

Rossa released was like a lion uncaged. He was a rebel since he was born—so said Judge Keogh—but now his hatred of England developed into ungovernable fury. His landing in America marks a new era in Irish disaffection. It meant the substitution of murder for honourable warfare. At first he did not openly proclaim this doctrine, nor at the time, probably, did he himself see the depths of the gulf he was drifting into. Unbridled hatred of his late tormentors first manifested itself, then an itching to have revenge. Impotent craving of this kind soon suggested the "skirmishing fund," the dynamite policy then unfolded itself, and so on, with a morbid sense of notoriety egging him forward step by step. The "Skirmishing Fund" served as a rallying point for thousands of Irishmen driven from Irish soil with the curse of landlordism burning on their lips. England looked upon Irish landlordism as its stoutest pillar. In reality it was a parasitic prop. Rossa showed the short cut to sweet revenge, and Rossa and his Skirmishing Fund got supported in the want of a better substitute. Hence the dynamite scare, with the attempted outrages at Liverpool, London, Salford, Shrewsbury, Edinburgh, and elsewhere.

Rossa in time was accused of peculation, and deposed. He drops from the scene, but not so his works. He had set the ball rolling and others kicked it along. The two next actors that appear are John Devoy and Michael Davitt. Devoy was released from prison with Rossa, and Davitt some seven years after. As soon as Davitt was released in 1878, he started for America, and took counsel with Devoy; from both issued the manifesto known as the "New Departure." It advocated a dual policy: the toleration of constitutional agitation, to get from England what could be got by that means; the toleration

too of revolutionary principles to recover the remainder. Devoy took charge of the latter department, and forthwith seized on O'Donovan Rossa's skirmishing fund, whilst Davitt started for Ireland, to hoist the banner of Land Reform. The progress of the land war from the Irishtown meeting on the 28th of April, 1879, to the present time, is well known. It marks the career of Davitt, but the progress of his collaborator is less known. Though Devoy and Breslin seized on the skirmishing fund, they did not mean to further the intentions of the original donors. Indeed it is but fair to state that Devoy, at present Editor of the *New York Irish Nation*, is one of the most conspicuous opponents of the "dynamite policy." They used the funds to further the interests of the original Fenian movement, and with this mission, Devoy came secretly to Ireland in 1879. From this visit dates the revival of Fenianism in Ireland. This knowledge it was, that dictated Lord Beaconsfield's famous letter to the Duke of Marlborough. It was not the old Fenian society with its chivalrous notions of honour that was now to be faced, but Fenianism saturated and leavened with the Nihilistic teachings of Rossa. The old "vigilance" precautions of Kelly were introduced on a brand new Yankee pattern. This was in 1879, three years before the Phœnix Park Assassinations, and two years before the enrolment of the Invincibles, but the missing links can easily be traced.

From Rule 41, in their secret code of regulations, published at that time, I quote—

"Every centre shall appoint a vigilance committee, of not less than three or more than nine members, who shall be known to no member or officer of the circle save the centre."

Rule 42 says—

"The duties of the Committee will be to watch all traitors, spies, swindlers and *other criminals*."

Whilst Rule 43, further adds, that——

"All members are obliged to perform any duty required of them, and to obey the orders of the centre in carrying out any punishment decreed."

No power could be more absolute than this. The life of any man was practically at the whim of whoever happened to be Fenian centre in the locality. The promoters designed the power to protect the organisation from informers, but it soon merged into other channels.

It was moulded and handled and abused as circumstances dictated. Its complexion varied in different localities, according to the individual wishes of individual and practically irresponsible leaders. In the metropolis it soon gave birth to the Invincibles; in Connaught, its dreadful power led to the Maamtrasna tragedy; in the South of Ireland, it developed into "Moonlighting;" in Leinster, it assumed the complexion of cattle-maiming, and so on. The Phœnix Park Assassinations were only incidents marking the climax. It was all the same agency. Rossa's teachings oozing through various channels. The parent stem was the Kelly "committee of safety." How well the parental likeness is preserved throughout! The daring audacious manner in which the late outrages in Dublin were perpetrated is astonishing; the demeanour of those charged with the crimes is more astonishing still to most minds. The most surprising thing of all is their dogged neglect to seek safety in flight, when for months at least such means was within reach. Well had the letter and spirit of the fundamental articles of their creed been imbibed: "all was to be done openly, and by men who could not hope to escape the penalty attached to their deeds."

Now comes the connection between the Land League and the Fenian Society, between the organisation started by Davitt, and the re-kindled embers of conspiracy set glowing by his colleague, Devoy. The first fact to be grasped is that the Fenian Society was in existence before the Land League. Its organisation was complete before the League had formed a single branch, and the Land League therefore is not primarly responsible for anything that afterwards sprung out of Fenianism. In the light of after events it is easy to moralise and speculate what might have been; what should or should not have been done; but let us look at the matter, as those had to do who first "coquetted" with the revolutionists. That is how the historian of the future will judge it. Had Davitt flouted the Fenians and denounced conspiracy, he would never have been able to hold the Irishtown Meeting. At first, the existing organisation was jealous of the new one, nor indeed have the relations ever been cordial. Not long ago, Davitt himself was roughly handled at Oldham, and immediately after the Phœnix Park Assassination, it was a notorious fact that Mr. Parnell's own life was in danger, nor was the danger imaginary. On the D'Arcy McGee principle, it would have been in keeping with Irish revolutionary ethics to "remove" the foremost representative of constitutionalism. None of

the "Invincibles" were members of the Land League, and were they ordered to do so, the slayers of Mr. Burke—a Catholic and an Irishman of old Celtic blood—would as readily plunge their knives into the heart of Charles Stewart Parnell, without the slightest misgiving or compunction.

By degrees, however, the relations between the two forces became closer. The Fenian organisation took the Land League on its back, and ran it for its own purposes. The League preached social ostracism; the local "circles" went a little further, and added "exemplary punishment." A few individuals went further still, and perpetrated deliberate murders. This is the key to the "Land War." John Dillon truly said, if he spoke to these people denouncing outrages, they would not believe he really meant what he said. The Fenians never thought the League was in earnest in disapproving of this species of intimidation. Nor did they care much. Mr. Parnell himself could only intercede with the Sheridans and Boytons and others who had "influence," to use this influence in suppressing disorder. He knew the under-forces at work, over which he had no control whatever. Parnell's only crime is that he ever coquetted with this force, that he ever had anything to do with these "Sheridans" and "Boytons." So far indeed he is guilty; but to say he never should have associated with them, or availed of their services, is practically to say that he never should have engaged in political agitation at all. He took the materials laying at hand, regardless of their composition. The organisation proved useful in a hundred ways. It hoisted the "No Rent Manifesto," got up local meetings, and generally speaking, "spread the the light." The enemy was in front, and he had no time to split differences with his followers. At one of the American Meetings a man put down 35 dollars:—five for bread and thirty for lead. He took the thirty-five without the slightest compunction, would have taken the whole Skirmishing Fund if offered. The teachings of the "Irish World" was nothing to him, so long as it collected and forwarded dollars. This is not moral conduct, nor righteous conduct, but it is the action of a successful general. Success justifies a good many things. Great generals are notoriously careless of the private's morality, so long as he makes a good fighting soldier. It was not Parnell who started the Land League, nor Sexton, nor Mr. Healey, nor any other of the men who have since acquired notoriety in connection with it. It was Michael Davitt. The Irishtown meeting was on the 28th of April, 1879; on the 8th of June

Mr. Parnell attended at the first meeting, and not until the October following was he appointed president.

Apart from the general connection between the Land League and the Fenian society, stronger links still are furnished by the political histories of those who held positions of trust in the former organisation. That was the strongest point in Forster's indictment. A man is generally known by his company, and Parnell was in very bad company indeed.

Davitt was a leader in the old Fenian movement, and at that time had not seen the "Vision" that afterwards "dawned on him in his prison cell," the possibility of peacefully conquering hate by justice.

Brennan, the Secretary to the Land League, too, was a Fenian, in all probability was an active rebel at the time. Writing to the "Freeman" so late as the 23rd of February last, he does not "admit nor deny" this imputation. He was employed as a book-keeper in a store in Dublin—the very stores partly owned by Patrick Egan, ex-treasurer to the League—and through this brought a good deal of business experience to bear in establishing the business ramifications of the organisation. He was a ready, telling, florid speaker to boot, and was kept as a hack man at many of the meetings. When a speaker was wanted at the spur of the moment, Parnell generally inquired: "Where is Brennan?" He does not sign M.P. to his name for the simple reason, that, like Davitt, he could not conscientiously swear allegiance to England.

The Secretary in England, Mr. Frank Byrne, is not a red-hot rebel of this description; according to his own account, he never belonged to a secret organisation, but the charge which Carey brought against his wife and the subsequent charge brought against himself have rightly or wrongly blackened his character. Here, too, Parnell and the Land League have suffered by the connection. Mr. Byrne is a typical specimen of Lever's Irishman. A Dublin man by birth, he fought as a Volunteer on the side of France in the war of 1870. He afterwards unsuccessfully attempted business both in Liverpool and in Dublin. For eleven years he has been Secretary to the Land and Labour League of Great Britain, at a salary of £3 10*s.* per month, and occasionally has acted as Correspondent to a News Agency.

Sheridan, the reputed outrage-manager, is a veritable "ne'er-do-well," one of those natures that fatten in the riot of disorder. He was originally intended for the priesthood, hence his aptitude in assuming

priestly disguise. He has tried many cards in his time. When he became one of the organisers under the Land League, he had a hotel at Tubbercurry. At the present moment he is on the staff of the *Irish World*. Unfortunately for Mr. Parnell, his connection with this gentleman was only too intimate. Sheridan was actually one of the traversers on the state trials.

The list might be pursued to a considerable length, but there is no need. Mr. Parnell himself, in his reply, did not disown his associates. His plea was that it did not concern him, so long as they serve the immediate object he had in view. Mr. Brennan's political opinions, Mr. Boyton's connection with the "Invincibles," or the teachings of the "Irish World" were nothing to him, so long as one and all helped the Land League. If he did not say this in so many words, his action meant it. He must take his stand on this, before the bar of history. It is simply the truth, and nothing but the truth.

As Mr. Chamberlain put it, the question of the hour is "what about the future?" Are the "Invincibles" an isolated body, or do their principles find silent echo in the depths of Irish political feeling. Are the Phœnix Park Assassinations to be repeated? Are other "leading personages" to be done for? Are some more "pages" of Irish History to be "made?" What about the "other fund" Mr. Parnell alluded to, as being raised by the "Irish World." In plain English this is another skirmishing fund, to be used as the former one, in burning British cities and British shipping, but it will never reach any dimensions, nor find any support in Ireland. Ireland is too Christian to become Nihilistic. Every day the number of Irishmen desiring conciliation with England is getting larger. It was the mere accidental coincidence of the land agitation that gave the Rossa faction a footing in Ireland. When once the land question is settled as it now nearly is, the bulk of those having a stake in property will desire a settled order of things. What else but small landed proprietors and small capitalists, keeps France conservative. The Fenians as a body denounced dishonourable means of warfare; only a few firebrands, representing no one but themselves, *traffic* in dynamite and murder. The future in a great measure lies in the hands of England herself. Conciliation will do much, but should she miss the tide, never again, perhaps, will such a favourable opportunity offer. Above all let her not misread the signs of the times. The cheering of the rabble round the Kilmainham Court-house does not bespeak popular sympathy

with crime. It only expresses sympathy with "political prisoners," as the hissing of Carey, presents the traditional odium in which informers are held. Things have got wofully mixed. It is to be feared, despite assurances to the contrary, that the Phœnix Park Assassinations have reversed British Statesmanship in Ireland. Well were it if the noble example set by Lady Frederick Cavendish were generally followed. "I pray that neither the unspeakable greatness of my sorrow, nor the terrible wickedness of these men, may ever blind myself or any of the English people to the duty of patience, justice and sympathy in our thoughts, words and deeds with regard to Ireland and its people at large." Noble words these; nobler never emanated from noble womanhood.

The Vision of Saint Helena:

A MODERN PILGRIM'S TALE.

CHAPTER III.

Mystical Emotions and a Revelation.

WHEN I had reached the age of sixteen, I became conscious that I was no longer happy—that I had, in fact, long ceased to be happy. I was still as fond as ever of my solitary rambles in the forest, of reading and of contemplation; nevertheless a great change had come over my spirits. That native gladness of heart one experiences in early youth had become strangely subdued in me, so that even when I was most happy, my gaiety was darkened to a certain amount of melancholy. There was now a feeling I could not comprehend in my heart, which had not been there in former years, or, at any rate, not strongly enough to make its presence known. Yet now that I was conscious of it, I did not know to what to attribute it—this emotion, apparently without cause or object, yet capable of affecting me so powerfully. It came to me at all times, day or night, when I read or sat idly dreaming my day-dreams or gazed on the red disc of the sun setting behind the distant mountain range. It made me sadder than I had ever been before, yet with a sadness exquisitely sweet, inexpressibly dear to my heart. The more I indulged it, the stronger its hold upon me grew, until it seemed—this mystic meaningless emotion—the one great all-absorbing thought of my life. I was always watching and waiting for its coming: I knew the books and subjects of contemplation, the scenes and the seasons most favourable to it. Yet it never lost its mysterious character. I looked in vain for indications of its presence in others; they were never disquieted by that vague feeling affecting me; the sights and sounds of nature, the

brilliant hues of the afterglow, the moonlight on the woods, the cries of passage-birds far off in the clouds, all these things brought no responsive change to their faces. Nor did they ever seek the solitude in which only an emotion like mine could be indulged.

Sunset was always the time when it affected me most powerfully; and every day would see me stealing off at the approach of evening, palpitating, eager as a young lover to meet his mistress at the appointed place, filled with a hundred sweet anticipations. Half-an-hour's rapid walk would bring me to a spot where the woodland country sloped down towards a broad marshy plain, overgrown with rank grasses, aquatic shrubs and reeds. Beyond this marsh the country rose again in broadening undulations towards the range of hills in the distance, and behind which the declining sun would set. Seated on a grassy knoll on the border of the wood over-looking this scene, I would prepare myself for the mysterious visitation. Every change in earth or sky would bring to me a corresponding change, while a deeper shade of melancholy would settle on my spirit. Every moment my expectant mind would grow more in unison with nature—nature as it appears to us at that soft shadowy hour when daylight and darkness, with the gladness and the sorrow dwelling in them, mingle into one. The deep silence that precedes the close of day in the wilderness would fall on the earth, broken only by the sigh, scarcely audible, of the wind in the forest. Flocks of birds would wing their way chirping to the nightly shelter of the reed-beds and there, alighting, burst forth in a chorus of joyous liquid notes. From time to time, when, seemingly, the quiet oppressed them, and the ineffable sweetness of their existence made them suddenly mad with joy, these outbursts of melody would be renewed; then long and still longer intervals of silence would intervene, with only the sighs from the trees and the rushes. Earth for a few moments would burn with surpassing glory, the far-off mountains changing from stony blue to violet, and the still waters beneath and the hoary pillars of the forest, all around me kindling into visionary flame. Behind the hills the great red disc of the sun would vanish and the etherial splendour pass away from the earth, while the light of the western heavens would slowly deepen into the scarlet and saffron hues of the after-glow. A longer, deeper sigh would rustle the foliage and out of the bosom of the marsh, the water-fowl answer one another with shrill melancholy cries. These were the moments worth everything in life to me! This was a joy I

alone possessed of all the children of men and, underlying it all, a sadness and a despair no heart but mine could know! Often at these times the tears would rush to my eyes, while the strange emotions filling my heart to overflowing almost found expression. I was alone—utterly alone in the world; why had I been created to feel this that others did not feel? Why was my spirit only for ever mocked by the concord reigning throughout this mystic house not made with hands, binding all things, animate and inanimate, into one harmonious whole, making all alike participate in the universal joy and sadness of nature? I was God's child: He was my Maker and Redeemer: He visited me every day, and would sustain me all my life long, and at last receive me into His everlasting kingdom. And I was not happy—was not satisfied! The assurance of that far-off immortality, so inconceivable to the mind, did not prevent me from pining for the nearer earthly something, which passed me by to dwell in wind and cloud, in insect, bird and tree. For, in my excitement, I no longer thought rationally; to my mind all things were endowed with conscious life and were sad and sorrowful as sunshine or cloud prevailed. My heart could frame, though my lips dared never utter a prayer that I might be permitted to resign that higher destiny, isolating my life and have in place of it a part in the general communion and concord I saw around me. I wished to forget the past and take no thought of the morrow; to be one in nature's great family, with no hopes in which the others could not participate; to pour out my present joy like the wild bird, then to sleep in careless oblivion; to come and go and change with the cloud and things that perish, or to wander like the wind, invisible and without form, whispering the mysterious thoughts that were in me to the leaves of the forest.

At length when the brief and beautiful twilight had given place to starry darkness, I would rise up and return, pale and exhausted, to the house and hide myself for the rest of the evening in my room. It was my belief at that time that the emotion so strangely agitating me, had never before been experienced by any human soul; for no person I knew appeared to possess it, nor was there any trace of its influence in the books I read. It would have been a consolation to me had I believed in the existence of any other person like myself, one capable of understanding the solitariness of a heart like mine, and of sympathizing with its vague longings for a closer union with nature. I had no such belief; and as month after month went by, and I became

ever more absorbed in these purposeless musings, and ever fonder of solitude, it began to be observed by those about me how thin and melancholy I had grown.

One day I was left alone in charge of the house, my father having gone in search of medical advice to the neighbouring town, accompanied by his daughter and her husband. Through that long summer day, the time hung very heavily on my hands. After my solitary mid-day meal, I went into the book-room for something to read, and, after turning over a great deal of theological lumber, on a lower, neglected shelf I discovered a large coverless volume I had never seen before, entitled "Modern Poets." It contained the lives and notices of the works of the English Poets, chiefly those who had flourished during the early part of the present century. Up to this time I had never read any poetry, except hymns, and the only idea I had formed of this species of composition was that it consisted of a kind of devotional language arranged in metrical order. There was no poetry in my father's library, and that such a great book as this should have been written exclusively about the poets of one age filled me with surprise. Carrying the volume to my father's easy-chair, beside the open window, I sat down to read, thinking I might possibly be able to while away an hour in finding out something about these singular writers. Before I had read many pages, I began to feel deeply interested in the subject. With an ever-increasing eagerness I read life after life,—Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, Scott, all these great children of song, whose names I now learnt for the first time. What fascination I found in the story of their lives, their wonderful thoughts and unfamiliar language! A joyful excitement almost amounting to delirium possessed my mind. At last, by a happy chance, I had discovered that which I had so long been unconsciously seeking, the knowledge of poetry! All my vague dreams and indefinable longings, all the feelings disquieting my heart, had been crying out within me for this, and now it was mine. Yes, now my feet were on the very threshold of this blessed home, this Eden of Poesy, beautiful with amaranthine flowers, rich in fragrance and melody, fresh from the hands of the living God! And in this garden dwelt others like myself, who could feel all that I felt, who would be my companions and teach me their divine language! That form of expression which in the hymns I had known, had always seemed so stiff and artificial, now struck me as singularly appropriate

and beautiful. It borrowed the wild music of birds and whispering winds and dashing waves; in such form of expression only could the poet pour forth the heavenly passion that possessed him.

Only when it grew so dark that my aching eyes could no longer distinguish the characters on the page before me, I rose from my book, and glancing at a looking-glass hanging near, was startled at the reflection of my flushed face and excited eyes. I dropped on my knees and poured out my gratitude to God for sending me this revelation; for such I now regarded it. He had made all things clear to me now. Not the shadow of a doubt disturbed my mind. I *knew* that I was a poet, and I would as soon have doubted the Written Word, as this glorious truth that had been sent to illumine my life. I went out from the house, and the starry heavens and the murmur of the wind in the dark foliage no longer depressed me; already I began to feel a closer relationship with nature, a bond, infinitely sweet, drawing me to her, and I murmured words and broken sentences in that new inspired language in which I was henceforth to speak. From that day I began to recover from the melancholy that had long oppressed me; a delightful serenity possessed my mind and, in company, I could always be cheerful, and even gay, though my passion for solitude continued great as ever. I was now like one just freed from some obstacle interposed between his senses and the outer world; every ray of light, every leaf, every note the wild bird uttered had acquired a fresh beauty, a sweeter melody, a new significance, and my life was happier than I can describe. From the moment I became conscious of the poetic faculty, I began to exercise it, using as models for imitation the extracts quoted in the work on Modern Poets. My first efforts were feeble indeed, yet even when they seemed most inadequately to express my thoughts and feelings, I never doubted that the wished power would come in due time. I compared myself to the young bird not long out of its nest, when, sitting amidst the foliage where the golden summer sunshine falls, it first feels the melodious instinct moving its heart, then, attempting to sing, only produces harsh and guttural sounds, yet is not dissatisfied with the performance. The pleasure I experienced in these first attempts was sufficient for a time, and I did not concern myself about the future, nor did I impart my secret to anyone. After a time, however, communion with nature failed to give me complete satisfaction. I craved also to converse with poets in their works. A single line of their burning, inspired language stirred my heart more than a whole day's solitude in the

woods. I was always searching in my father's library for any poetical work that might by some lucky chance have got hidden there; and it was a wonder to me that so many books had been brought together with never one of this divinest kind of literature. At length my search was rewarded by the discovery of an old copy of "Lalla Rookh," that had belonged to my mother, for it had her maiden name written in it.

This was the first book of poetry I ever read, and I can still vividly recall the sensations it gave me. Day after day I would hide myself in the forest with my wonderful new-found treasure; taking it from my bosom, I would kiss it with fond reverence, addressing it by endearing names, then read it with tears of rapture in my eyes, believing that never since the creation of the world had anything so exquisitely beautiful been written. I could not yet bring myself to ask my father to procure me works of the same description, for I was sure that in this matter I could not count on his sympathy.

I was not ashamed of my poetical feeling; on the contrary, I regarded it as something sacred, an inspiration from the Deity, in fact, that raised me above my fellows. But I was not yet prepared to give a convincing proof that I possessed this supreme gift, and did not care to run the risk of having my pretensions derided and my hopes discouraged. I was, therefore, compelled to nourish my mind secretly on such food as my one little book supplied, hoping in time to be able to produce something in the way of original verse, with which I might confidently go to my father. This hope, however, as will be seen presently, was not to be fulfilled.

(To be continued.)

An Indian Mayor of the Palace;

OR, REMINISCENCES OF SIR SALAR JUNG.

LETTERS are before me that arrived now many weeks ago from Hyderabad, in which full references are made to the plans then maturing for the State visit to Europe of His Highness the young Nizam, —to be accompanied by, and under the care of His Excellency Sir Salar Jung, who was looking forward with pride and hope to this journey to the West as a sort of crowning consummation of his thirty years' service to the kingdom and family of the Nizam. But since then, as a sudden stroke of fate—

> "Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun—"

thread of wise resolve and reasonable hope. Pitiless, at times, seems the ways of Providence; but one must become inured to the stern story of life.

Though the British public has some general knowlege of the life and career of the departed Minister, it is desirable here to recall a few of the more personal particulars that serve to define the position he held, and through which one may trace the influences that went to the moulding of his character. His name was Mir Turab Ali, the latter one of the tribal-suffixes which the Shias adopt.* "Salar Jung," by which he was known to all the world and will go down to history, is only an honorific title equivalent to "Grand Commander." The remaining half-dozen designations associated with his Excellency's name indicate offices and status. Here it is desirable at once to indicate how significant is the circumstance of the late Minister being of the Shia division of the Mahomedans. His Sovereign, the Nizam—two of whom,

* *Mir*, is also a generic name, indicating the wearer of it being a *Synd* or descendant of the Prophet; besides Ali, the names of Hussan, Hassein (the martyrs of Kerbela), and other near descendants of Ali and Fatima (the cousin and daughter of Mahomed) are used by the Shias in this way. Thus *Turab Ali* signifies "the dust of Ali," *Tufail Ali* and *Kelb Ali* are, respectively, the "hostage of" and the "dog of Ali."

besides the present young prince, he had served under—are of the Suni or predominant division of the Mussulman world. Most of the Hyderabad nobles are also of that order, as are a large majority of the Mahomedans of the city and state. His being thus representative of a minority, and therefore so far dependent on the forbearance of the sovereign, his near relatives, and courtiers, may be regarded as one of the continuous obstacles with which the patient persevering servant, but real guardian of the kingdom had to contend. For my own part, I do not think this counted for much; except that friction would thereby be increased during the later trying period (1877-81) when an adverse colleague in the Co-Regency, who was also a near relative of the Nizam's family, was forced on him and in a great measure by pressure from our British Resident. The Shias may, so to speak, be regarded as the Broad Churchmen of the Mahomedan world. Though not less faithful, as they aver, to the Koran and the Prophet, they have, as it seems to me, more eclectic faculty, greater readiness of resource and adaptability than one finds in the more numerous Suni division. Hence I have sometimes been inclined to refer these qualities, which were so obvious in Sir Salar Jung, partly to this influence of creed and traditional habitude, as well as to his own more special personal idiosyncracy. To those who as with myself, have closely watched his steady persevering career, his quiet but firm front towards an opposition often truculent and menacing, and his passive, even respectful resistance to pressure put on him by representatives or agents of the Paramount Power, this quality of adaptability and staying power was very remarkable. There was in him none of that ready outward subserviency so common amongst many Orientals, which often serves as outward semblance of compliance whilst delay or even resistance is being determined upon. On the other hand, his imperturbability was almost immovable. None but his most familiar friends could perceive from his countenance when he was grieved or angered in discussions on affairs of state. During the years I have known him, his face has worn that aspect of langour which, in the well-known large photographs, gives an impression of settled melancholy; but to accept that would be misleading. In conversation his features lighted up, his smile of welcome was very pleasing; and though, by reason of his constant industry and unflagging zeal in public service, he cared little for social pleasures on his own account, he did not regard them as intolerable.

Sir Salar Jung was a native of Hyderabad, having been born in that city in 1829. He appears to have been brought up mainly under the oversight of his uncle, Suraj-ul-Mulk, who died in May, 1853, having only a short time before induced, one may say compelled his Sovereign the Nizam to sign the Treaty really extorted by threat of military occupation, by which was effected the assignment of the Berars to the British power. Only a few days afterwards, the young noble, then only twenty-four, became Minister of the Hyderabad State, the affairs of which were then in an almost desperate condition. But the young statesman proved equal to the perplexing task of restoring order and solvency to the distracted and plundered kingdom. Doubtless he was much aided therein by the generous encouragement of the then British Resident, Colonel Davidson, whose relative and predecessor General Fraser, had done what little was possible to stem the contention and hostility that prevailed. The new Minister began by himself refusing to accept the perquisites and lavish gifts thrown in his way by courtiers and subordinates as the conditions precedent of their own aggrandisement and venality. These farmers of revenues and scramblers for jaghirs* had been all-powerful at the Court, and they speedily made the Nizam uncomfortable because of the reforming young minister. But the haughty monarch had the good sense to see that the very safety of his realm depended on the new Dewan, who offered to resign if his measures were not supported. Thenceforward he secured the confidence of the sovereign in spite of desperate intrigues and various murderous attempts on the life of the Minister. Within four years the tide of disorder had been effectually checked. But that was only just in time to enable Sir Salar Jung to save all Southern India, as he undoubtedly did, from all the horrors of revolt and the terrors of the subsequent subjugation that must have followed. It was just after the outbreak at Meerut in May, 1857, that His Highness the Nizam died, having first called the Minister to his side and committed to him the charge of his son and successor. With the promptitude and prescience that were characteristic, Sir Salar Jung placed the young Nizam on the *musnud* (throne) at once, well knowing there was not an hour to be lost as the surge of insurrection was already rising around. Colonel Davidson, as British Resident,

* Estates free of the land-revenue demand, granted ostensibly for public services and usually held during many generations, but really resumable at the will of the Sovereign power.

attended the installation ceremony, on his return from which he sent for the Minister to communicate grave news, namely, that Delhi had fallen to the Mutineers. It is a significant trait of Indian politics that ill news fly fast. One can readily imagine with what a flash of his dark luminous eyes over his impassive countenance Sir Salar Jung responded to the Resident's communication of Lord Canning's telegram by the quiet observation that he was already aware of the catastrophe, for it had been known to himself three days before. Thus a fearful strain was already on the young Minister. All the fiercest elements of revolution were around him—the sordid creatures whom his strong hand had deprived of their spoils, the fanatic zealots of the largest Mussulman kingdom in India, and the determined emissaries of revolt from Hindustan, were clamouring to sweep the hated Feringhees (infidel foreigners) from the land. But the Minister never faltered. He called his Arab guard and faithful native adherents to his aid. The turbulent population of the city were restrained by due military precautions, and everything was done to aid Colonel Davidson in protecting the British Residency. As these days and weeks of intense excitement and anxiety wore on, whilst our weak forces were gathering for the leaguer of Delhi, the Mutineers looked eagerly for the great uprising that should give them Hyderabad as the centre of all power in the Deccan. In the last week in July the attempt was made in a determined attack on the Residency ; but it was too late The Minister's precautions proved effectual; and when, by the dispositions of the Resident and the gallantry of his small force, the rebels were repulsed, Sir Salar Jung's troops captured all the prominent assailants, and from that time the capital of the Deccan was safe, so that the Nizam's traditional distinction as "Our Faithful Ally" was firmly established.

Still, at that time, Sir Salar Jung's life-work was only well begun, and many perils and trials yet awaited him. The maternal bear, robbed of her offspring, is a proverbial type of furious resentment; but her animosity, though fierce is transient. Not so with proud nobles and predatory classes, who have been wont to flourish on the spoilation of a State, and to batten on the produce of the helpless peasant. These creatures knew their natural enemy, the upright and incorruptible Minister, and never forgave him. In March, 1859, as Sir Salar Jung, who had been to an audience at the Palace was returning, walking close at the side of the British Resident, a shot was fired at him, hitting his

foster-brother; the assassin then rushed forward with drawn sword, but was cut down before he could reach the Minister. Again, in 1868, when proceeding in a palanquin to pay a ceremonial visit to his sovereign, a scoundrel, evidently hired for the occasion, fired twice at him, one ball hitting the cover just above the Minister's head, the other killing one of the attendants. On both these occasions Sir Salar Jung's calm courage was manifest. In the latter instance he interposed to prevent the miscreant being cut to pieces on the spot; and on returning from the Palace he rode in an open carriage to show that he was ready alike to defy assassins and trust the general body of the city population.

Besides these criminal attacks, there were many political and palace cabals that threatened His Excellency at various critical points in his career. One of these was in 1861, when his opponents prevailed with the Nizam so far as to induce His Highness to inform the Resident that he desired to dismiss Sir Salar Jung. To this intimation came a very decisive note of disapproval from the Governor-General, and it was not until 1867 that the Minister was again threatened with the loss of his seals. He was again supported by the British authorities; and in 1869, on the decease of the Nizam, Lord Mayo desired that during the minority of the present Prince, full authority for administration of the Hyderabad State should be placed in his hands. This he substantially held to the last; though in 1877 his work was hindered, the progress of the State impeded, and his life embittered by an inimical co-Regent being forced on him. This was done—with deep regret it must be written—at the instance of the British authorities of that period, who thereby played into the hands of unscrupulous, reactionary, and turbulent classes, against whom Sir Salar Jung had struggled successfully during so many years. Happily this period of retrogression terminated towards the end of 1880; so that the persevering and courageous guardian of the State had the felicity in the latter months of his life of contemplating the prospect of making over to his young sovereign a restored kingdom, a prosperous and thriving State.

Here it may be permitted me to briefly summarise certain statistics I have by me of the remarkable restoration in the financial condition of the Hyderabad State during Sir Salar Jung's administration. In the last year of Suraj-al-Mulk's service, 1852, the income of the State (giving it in round figures) was £1,602,600, and the expenditure £1,915,700, thus showing a deficit of £313,000; whilst the Treasury was

empty, the credit of the State at the lowest ebb, and much of the crown regalia in pawn. In 1878 the income had risen to £2,818,880; and though the expenditure was £2,804,750, shewing only a modest surplus of £140,000 (nearly half-a-million improvement on the former position) there was a cash balance of £356,000, heavy debts had been paid off, the State jewels had been recovered, mortgaged lands had been redeemed, public works to the value of £800,000 had been constructed, an efficient police established, and improved administration in all directions paid for. Sanitary measures and famine relief had been duly provided for; so that we may put the increased legitimate and productive expenditure defrayed from the Minister's successful finance and revenue management at a sum of about two millions during the twenty-seven years of His Excellency's management. Detailed statistics are before me from which it would be easy to show in still more striking light the remarkable and substantial progress during the Minister's Administration. As, however, most of these figures and quantities are expressed in technical terms not readilly followed by English readers, I will merely state a few of the total results. Thus, in the twenty-four years from 1851 to 1875, the additional area brought under profitable cultivation in the Nizam's domions showed an increase of more than 132 per centum. The increase during the same period in the land revenue received by the State showed an advance of nearly 160 per cent., that is in the twenty years from 1854, when the Sir Salar Jung had assumed control, to 1875, to which our figures apply. And all this increase in the State's resources was concurrent with the relief of the peasantry from unathorised exactions, and with increased prosperity of the cultivators, in every respect. These solid and satisfactory reforms had been effected, be it observed, mainly if not wholly by native agency; but skilled officers for this purpose could not readily be found in the Nizam's dominions where education in the modern sense had been systematically neglected. Hence the Minister had to look elsewhere for the kind of help he needed. With his accustomed sagacity he selected men, who, having been carefully and strictly trained in the British service in our districts of Hindustan, were ready for his work; while, being mostly Mussulmans, they were less likely than other strangers to excite jealousy amongst the old-fashioned local officials who had been brought up in the evil times of old. Having known several of these gentlemen selected by the Minister for his special services, I can testify to their remarkable apti-

tude, and can well understand how largely they have contributed to the success of his new organisation. Notable among them is Maulavi Mahadi Ali who, as Revenue Secretary, has rendered invaluable assistance in assimilating the land assessments to modern methods, and in securing clear financial statements now quite equal to those in British territories. Synd Hussein Bilgrami, as Private Secretary to His Excellency, also rendered him invaluable assistance.

The English press, on the whole, spoke handsomely of the statesman thus cut off in sight of the rising tide of his final success. Yet very few English journalists can appreciate the difficulties with which Sir Salar Jung had to contend, the worst being those hedged up around him by British representatives. As I knew him well—not so much by direct personal intercourse, though partly in that way—let me here jot down a few reminiscences of His Excellency that occur to me, and note the impressions which, by various peculiarly advantageous chances, I have been privileged to form regarding this Mussulman Indian statesman. Somehow, he did not give one very readily, that sense of what we Westerns call "force of character." Perhaps his reticence and mildness of manner caused one to defer any final judgment under that head. There are various Hindu politicians and officials, whom I have known, of much more obvious intellectual power than was apparent in the Minister of Hyderabad. Several notable men, both of Mahratta and northern Indian races, might be cited as his superiors in analytical perception and dialectic skill. To set against those qualities there was more frankness in this Shia nobleman; albeit, he owed much to hereditary official aptitude. As I often used to think, there was in him a fine simplicity, a courageous openness of disposition, such as one is not accustomed to associate with Oriental men of affairs. If I were required to characterise Sir Salar Jung very briefly, it would be done best (in spite of alliteration) by saying that he was eminently endowed with prudence, perseverance, and patience. Then, as to practical success, he was greatly served by his own unflagging industry, his equable disposition, and his generally good health.

Though essentially a man of the bureau, he never shut himself up too much, but used to go abroad freely and was a good horseman from his youth up. Here let me recall a scene. It is more than ten years ago; I had travelled all night along dusty Deccan roads in the bullock-shigram of the period, and was inhaling the freshness of the morning at the foot of the Cave-temple hill of Ellora. We had just passed a group of the

Hyderabad State elephants, wearing gorgeous "jhools" (body-cloths), browsing on their leafy breakfast, but did not know that any of the Nizam's deputation were near on the plains. Presently, hearing the sound of galloping horses coming near, I betook me to a mound on the road side, just in time to recognise and receive a passing greeting from the Minister as he led the way through the dust, riding hard to climb the hill towards the encampment on its summit; which, later on, I attained by the slower pace of an elephant's laborious step.

It was that evening, or perhaps the next, when, having met His Excellency while sauntering abroad 'between the lights,' he asked me to step into his tent, where we had some slight conversation on the passing topics of the camp, and of the half festive occasion that had drawn it together. Then arose a little incident which, though the manner of it is too slight to favour this mode of description, left on me an abiding and pleasing impression of one side of the Minister's idiosyncracy. Knowing that I had taken a strong interest in, and in former years had written much on the question of the Assigned Districts, he suddenly remarked—"Well, I have asked for the Berars." Though, I did not, for the moment, frame any verbal response, he, quick as thought, observed that my countenance fell as if in deprecation or apprehension. Thereupon, in his simple direct way he answered me, before I spoke, with—"but, why should we not seek for their restoration, they are our best provinces?" I scarcely needed to assure him of my own conviction that his course was abundantly justified in every respect; but I could not so well explain that the apprehension I had involuntarily and silently expressed had regard solely to himself personally. Understanding, only too well, the dogged determination on the part of our authorities not to yield what reason and political rectitude demanded in this matter, I foresaw, as in a glance, how the Minister's faithfulness to his State and Sovereign would bring him into disfavour and difficulty with the British authorities,—as, indeed, he bitterly experienced for years after that period.

In fact he speedily—though almost unconsciously to himself—gave me an indication of the turn of the tide of disfavour that was to set against him from Simla and from Westminster alike, merely, because he—"had asked for the Berars." For he had asked in a way and with a force of argument that shewed he really meant to attain his end if possible. Thereupon the bureaucrats repented them of the praises they had heretofore bestowed on the Minister who had served

the British Power as well as he had served his own sovereign, but from allegiance to whom he would not swerve.

The indication refered to was on this wise: the Minister, passing from the Berars' topic, went on to mention how that he had just made a sort of general appeal to the then comparatively new Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, to the effect that 'he trusted that in any matters he had, as Minister, to place before him on behalf of the Hyderabad State, his Lordship would give a fair hearing, and, above all, that nothing should be finally decided without full opportunity being given for him and his Government to make their own representations.' The Minister repeated to me, in manner and gesture, the laconic and cautious response, which—though His Excellency seemed not to have been unduly repelled—was, to my apprehension, most significant of the true Whig hauteur and puritanic frigidity of Her Majesty's then representative. And I could not but recall how totally different, how abundantly more reassuring, would Lord Mayo's manner have been in response to such a manly trustful appeal.

Strangely enough it was in connection with an episode that ought to have obliterated every trace of irritation on the part of the Simla Foreign Office—we mean H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's visit to India—that Sir Salar Jung was next made to feel the resentment of that secret, but, as regards the Native States of India, all-powerful bureau. The Prince was to land early in November; and in September intimation was given by Mr. Aitchison, the Foreign Secretary, that it would be highly desirable for the young Nizam to be present to "assist" at the reception of the heir-apparent on his landing at Bombay. The heir-apparent of the Hyderabad State was then a boy of barely eleven years of age. There would have been no objection, merely on account of his juvenility, to his thus forming part of the picturesque and suggestive tableau, which on November 9th, 1875, was at the dockyard, Bombay, unfolded before the future "Emperor of India." But the boy was weakly. He was the sole hope of the direct succession. The family anxieties in respect of his physicsl welfare had always, as I well know, been kept at the keenest tension. The Minister and his then worthy colleague, the co-Regent (the latter being a near relative of the Prince) shared these anxieties, and also felt to the utmost their grave political responsibility for the safety of the young Nizam. Hence, when the request for the Prince's attendance developed into

something very like a demand, Sir Salar Jung found himself compelled, though with the utmost courtesy and diplomatic tact, to take up a very firm attitude in declining to accede to the peremptory request from the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook. The request came at last to be backed by a threat, to wit, that if the young Nizam did not come to the ocean shore at Bombay, then H.R.H. would have to decline to visit any portion of the dominions of H.H. the Nizam. Moreover, the Foreign Office refused to entertain the alternative proposal that the Minister and the co-Regent should be received as formally representing their Prince. To this political bullying, for it was nothing less, Sir Salar Jung returned a suave and courteous rejoinder, of which it is not practicable to give any summary here; but I should take leave to cite His Excellency's attitude and carriage in that trying little episode as a critical instance, alike of his personal and innate courtesy, as of his diplomatic tact and political fidelity. Suffice it to say here that the Minister won: the young Prince was not exposed to the trying journey and the still more trying excitement of the reception; but Sir Salar Jung and his colleague, together with other leading nobles of Hyderabad, had their proper and foremost place at the Dockyard, representing the kingdom of the Deccan and the 'India of the Rajahs.' Being present on the occasion myself, where Sir Salar Jung, in the marked simplicity of his attire and quiet dignity of his personal bearing, was conspicuous, I can testify how gratifying it was to those of us who were acquainted with the real history of the ordeal he had passed through, to witness how all that made no difference to the affable and gracious manners of our Prince as he cordially greeted the justly-renowned and faithful Minister. His Royal Highness also in the formal receptions that followed in the busy week in Bombay duly received and returned the state visits of the Minister and his colleagues.

But later on, Sir Salar Jung fell into still worse hands—those of the "Vice-Empress," who, as regards the Hyderabad State, did indeed prove himself "everything that a Governor-General should not be."

In the "History of the Famine of 1876-8 in the Nizam's Dominions," edited by Sir Salar Jung, there is mention of Lord Lytton's visit in August, 1877, to Southern India to 'look at the famine.' But that date serves to fix in the mind of the present writer that one incidental object of that visit was to put the utmost possible pressure on the Minister of

"our Faithful Ally," to coerce him into accepting as colleague a factious noble, who had become the centre of intrigues of which our Simla Foreign Office and its representative held the threads. It may scarcely seem credible how, but it was so, that the "Vice-Empress" had so far put himself into the hands of those intriguers that, as I am well assured, a plot had been matured to place Sir Salar Jung under arrest and deport him to the Fort at Bangalore, if he remained firm in his refusal to accept the mischeivous colleague. No terms would be too strong to apply to this wicked and insane scheme. Happily for British India, the good sense and infinite forbearance of Sir Salar Jung saved our demented authorities from themselves. At the last moment, yielding to the earnest persuasions of one of his own most trusted advisers, he consented to forego his opposition to the appointment forced on him by the influential intriguers aforesaid. His Excellency was not aware of the plot of arrest and deportation until after the incident was over. He then exclaimed, that 'if he had only known, he should never have yielded,' so that the "paramount" conspirators might have done their worst. Thus this obscure but authentic incident, serves to throw striking light, as it seems to me, on the character of the departed statesman. Subjected to the pressure from those whom, as he knew, wielded irresistible power, he held his own with unflinching firmness; his prudence and patience induced him to yield, not to *force majeure*, but to the persuasion of his nearest and wisest friends. Nevertheless his capacity for enduring—as many of the best men in history have done in times past—the vengeance of tyrannous power, was amply demonstrated.

Now that and other severe trials are forgotten; his work is done, and Sir Salar Jung's name will be evermore held in honour in the Deccan.

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TO-DAY:

A MONTHLY GATHERING OF BOLD THOUGHTS.

No. 4.—AUGUST, 1883.

"And though all the windes of doctrin were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously by licencing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falshood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the wors in a free and open encounter? . . . . . For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty?"—MILTON. "Areopagitica." 1644.

"Ainsi me suis-je accoutré, non pas me gorgiaser et pomper, mais pour le gré du malade lequel je visite auquel seul je veux entièrement complaire, en rien ne l'offenser ni fâcher. . . . . A bien sûrement et plaisamment parfaire le chemin de la connaissance divine et chasse de sapience deux choses sont nécessaires: guide de Dieu et compagnie d'homme."—RABELAIS.

"Our interest lies so much with the past as may serve to guide our actions in the present, and with so much of the future as we may hope will be affected by our actions now."—CLIFFORD.

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SONGS OF PROVENCE.

1181 A. D.

II.—THE ROSE AND THE LARK.

The Lady Iseult, walking abroad with the early morning, findeth her lover Sir Raymond laid to sleep at the foot of a tree; and his lute beside him:

The lark rises up in the morning,
Filled through with a happy delight,
For the rose has herself been adorning
With pearls for him during the night.

All night had he conned his love-ditty,
That he with the morning might say:
"Queen Rose, will you take on me pity
And yield me your heart up to-day?"

For he knew not the rose had been lying
Awake for him half of the night;
That her bright little eye had been spying,
The earliest twinkle of light,

Locking fast all the gates of her treasure,
So she, too, with morning might say:
"Lord Lark, will it be your good pleasure
To taste of my perfumes to-day?"

TO-DAY.

No. 4.—AUGUST, 1883.

A Story of To-Day.

CHAPTER IX.

In Groves of Academe.

DISTINGUISHED foreigners and others who drive to the Crystal Palace by way of Brixton and Dulwich, must deem the British builder to be a man of soul. Just before reaching the ancient and famous "Half Moon," they pass by a region which is of to-day, but has had no yesterday, and looks forward to to-morrow with open uncertainty. A plain of desolation, strewn with brickbats and rubbish, gaping with clay-pits, and sallow with fast-dying market gardens, has suddenly bloomed into rank life. The brickbats have marshalled themselves as carcases for the home-coming of the suburban tenant; the rubbish has crept into the clay-pits; the cabbage has made way for the rose; and the grim wrinkles of deep rutted roads, wry fences and slouching footpaths, have given place to the broad but dry grins of a labyrinth of thoroughfares all paved and piped into wearily straight lines, and bordered by dull terraces, and still more dull "villa residences" of fungus constitution, and too delicate for laughter.

The naming of these thoroughfares has been the budding-forth of the British builder's soul. Barrel-organs and street pianos here develope an Orphean view of sweetness, and brass bands blare more gently than they are wont to do in ruder regions. A Milton, a

Swinburne, or a Tupper might be expected to break forth into instant blossom of light and sweetness, should he wend his way through this abode of the muses, for the whole district is monumental of poets. Scoffers have indeed described it as a cemetery of glory, rather than a Pantheon or Walhalla of fame; but sweet were the slumbers of the speculative Adam when he ceased from his labour of love and proudly regarded the crowning of his work. The brilliant idea had sprung forth with its angel-wings fully fledged, straight from the cellars and basement of his brain; and the poets of all ages were invoked to hallow the work of his hand, by giving their names to the ways he had made through the wilderness. A Dante Street meets you at this turning with a shrugged look of abandoned hope, and a Spenser Road greets you at that, with well-ordered rows of stanzas in the shape of semi-detached villas. A Chaucer Avenue is broad and rough of travel; a Pope Terrace harbours a complete essay on man of the nineteenth century; a Goldsmith Crescent pompously explains why villages are deserted; and a Gray Row lends a too willing ear to the breezy call of every east wind that blows. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris, Gladstone, and poets of smaller note are represented by similar works of imagination, and lend a glamour to the fancies of the local house-agent.

Here was the chosen home of the gentleman who did the poetry for Messrs. Fittem. He had been led thereto by more than one consideration. First, the wife of his bosom, his Clara Lucinda, had marked the budding names as she strolled with him along the Dulwich Road. Secondly, he knew that the early bird who lights upon a new building estate, may oftentimes live rent free if he will but wear the plumage of a decoy duck. Thirdly, he was not insensible to the attraction of the "Half Moon." And, fourthly, the creditorial air of Hampstead was proving so bleak and bitter, as to render a change of residence advisable. Accordingly, Loy Lodge, Tennyson Road, Herne Hill, was now honoured by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Absalom Playster, Junior, who being one flesh, or, at least, birds of a feather, were better known to fame as Loy Linnet, Esquire.

The last post had just been delivered at Loy Lodge, on the evening of the day after the meeting of Bangles and Violet. Clara Lucinda and her husband were sitting in the back parlour, at a table strewn with multitudinous letters, piles of manuscript, printers' proofs, and copies of a publication, in a very green wrapper, on which the following appeared in very large type,

THE BARD'S MAGAZINE.

A

MONTHLY OUTSPRINGING

FROM THE FOUNTS OF HELICON,

AND

A FLOWER-GEMMED PATH TO FAME AND FORTUNE.

EDITED BY

LOY LINNET, ESQ..

Author of The Norsiad, an Epic Poem in 81 Cantos; Songs of the Sundown; A Lyric of a Lost Love; Arpenthe, a Drama in Two Prologues, Five Acts, and an Epithalamium; Wist ye Not? a Novel in a Proem, Four Books, and an Epilogue; Delf Ware, a Roundelay of Ballades; The Purple Tress, a Christmas Story; etc., etc.

Mrs. Playster was reading letters. Her husband was carefully counting a heap of postage stamps, and she occasionally looked at him with an air compounded of elevation above the mundane affairs of life, and impatience to know the total that the post had brought. She was not unlike what her aunt, Mrs. Timkins, must have been when young; rather lean, rather sprightly, with a pretty face, twinkling brown eyes, short curly dark hair, parted on one side, and a voice that crackled. Her aunt, however, would never have worn a Byronic collar and necktie, and would probably have shuddered at the idea of dingy finger-nails and frills, carpet slippers, and stockings with more wrinkles than darns; all of which a conscientious appraiser must have included in the inventory of Clara Lucinda's charms.

The masculine portion of Loy Linnet was a tall plethoric person, with long red hair, a much redder face, prominent roving eyes, bulbous nose and lips, smooth cheek and chin, and with the self-possessed manner that is begotten of unscrupulous ignorance. If it had not been for his long and meagre fingers, and for his generally rapacious expression, no one could possibly have recognised him as the son of Messrs Jones & Co.'s head clerk.

"How much, dear?" said Clara Lucinda, observing that her husband had come to the end of the stamps.

"Two, three, ten," he replied; and then, rubbing his hands together, he added in broadly accented provincial tones—"The 'Bords' is doing well, Clara. Four yearly subs., six half-yearly,

eighteen single numbers, twelve reading fees, one premium for insertion, and two new pupils; not so bad for one post, eh ?"

"I wish you would'nt attach so much importance to the money side, Absalom," rejoined the lady.

"Well, that's good, that is! Did'nt you ask me how much I made it ?"

"Ah! I was thinking of the senders. I wished to know to what extent the rippling shallow brook of amateur authors was still flowing on to the deep, deep sea of poetry and literature. Their stamps are but the sere and withered leaves borne down upon the bosom of the glittering wavelet, by the soft caressing zephyrs of our advertisements."

"That's all borsh, that is!" retorted Mr. Playster. "You've got a good enough idea of the main chance. Didn't Moses and Moses say they couldn't hold a candle to you in the way you worked the ore-acle over that breach of promise case ?"

"Absalom!" exclaimed Clara Lucinda, rising from her seat and loftily glancing at her husband. "I regard you with an eye full of scorn ——"

What more she would have said can only be conjectured, for at this moment a knock was heard at the front door of the house. It was a timid, hesitating, harmless kind of knock, but its effect was to reseat Mrs. Playster with rapidity, and to impress her features with rapt thoughtfulness as she resumed the perusal of the letter, while Mr. Playster hurriedly crammed the postage-stamps into his pocket, and seizing a pen and one of the printer's proofs, began to correct the latter with laborious care.

"Please, mum, it's a young gentleman as says he must see Mr. Loy Linnet," said a worn and melancholy maid-of-quite-all-work, opening the parlour door.

"Well! and your answer ?" replied Mrs. Playster with a snap.

"Oh! mum, of course I told him as Mr. Loy Linnet were in his study and couldn't be disturbed on not no account, and ——"

"Go on," observed Clara Lucinda, regarding the hesitating domestic with a glance of such soft encouragement as may pass between cat and mouse in a Happy Family.

A blush of confusion well-nigh obscured the grime on the faded cheeks of the handmaiden as she replied,

"Which my recollection never were extra good for names, mum, and p'raps I may have made some little mistake, and ——"

"Uncormonly prorbable," interposed Mr. Playster.

"And I told him that the editor of the Athanasian had sent down by telegraph for Mr. Loy Linnet's opinion on 'Vice Reversed.'"

The instinctive uplifting of the girl's arm in an attitude of defence and the equally instinctive movement of Clara Lucinda's hand towards a convenient roll of manuscript were significant of a familiarity with missiles.

"Be corlm, my love," cried Mr. Playster in a plethoric whisper.

"Don't *you* interfere, Absalom!" returned the lady, and then addressing the quaking maid she added in her most crackling tones, and tapping the table angrily as she spoke,

"Really, girl, you trespass overmuch, and I decline to be made any longer the ridiculous mouse brought forth by the labour of your Himalayan stupidity. You may well gasp and grow pale! I most carefully taught you to pronounce the word "Athenæum" with correctness, and I showed you the fulsome advertisements of the book 'Vice Versa.' And now I find the dew of my imagination has evaporated from the dull clods of your brain, and you have replaced the shapely offspring of my fancy by a deformed changeling of your own. Go to! Go to!"

"Where, mum?" asked the girl, faintly.

The eye full of scorn was Mrs. Playster's only reply.

"And what did the young gentleman orbserve on hearing your stortling communication?" asked Absalom.

"He said as how there must be some mistake somewhere, and seeing as how Mr. Loy Linnet had got his money he didn't think as how he could refuse to see him for a minute."

Loy Linnet exchanged a glance of mutual meaning.

"Did he give any name, girl?" asked Mrs. Playster.

"Which it are Mr. Tramway Tame, mum."

"Who the dayvil ——" began Mr. Playster, and then checking himself he turned to the girl and said, "Stand outside a moment, Hannah."

Hardly was the door closed on the retiring form of the sylph than Absalom leant across the table to his wife and hastily whispered,

"Loy Linnet must lie clorser then even in this case. We've almost orverdone it, but still he's too good a pupil to lose. *You* must see him. I thought he was a weak old parson writing under a *nom der ploom*. I had no idea he was a youngster."

"But, Absalom, how can I possibly see him? His verses are really *so* erotic," said Mrs. Playster.

At this moment a tap was heard at the door, which immediately opened just far enough to admit Hannah's head.

"Oh! please, mum," she said, tremblingly, "I forgot to mention as how the young gentleman said he'd brought a letter of introduction from the celebrated Fond Rustling."

"From *whom*?" said Mr. Playster.

"Fond Rustling, I think, Sir. Leastways it was something like that—Rustling or Russline. I didn't quite catch the name."

"Good gracious, Absalom!" exclaimed Mrs. Playster; "the letter must be from Herr Von Rösslein."

"Ah! that's how he got our arddress," rejoined her husband; "and that makes it all the more necessary for you to see him."

"But the verses, Absalom," pleaded the lady.

"Oh! put on your blue spectacles and look frigid," returned the philosophic Mr. Playster, rising and making his way to the door. "Young ports are feeble enough. I'd sooner tackle twenty of 'em than one young portess."

"Where is Mr. Tame?" asked Mrs. Playster, as her husband disappeared into the basement.

"On the doorstep, mum," replied Hannah.

"Is the door open or shut?"

"Shut, mum. Master's coat and new silk umbrella was in the stand."

"If he put up with the doorstep he can't be very formidable," thought Mrs. Playster; and then, addressing Hannah, she said,

"You may tell Mr. Tame that Mr. Loy Linnet is too much engaged to see him, but that the sub-editor of the "Bard's Magazine" will be pleased to hear what he has to say."

Hannah once more retired, and in another minute once more reappeared introducing the visitor.

Mr. Tramway Tame was not of feeble proportions. He stood a trifle over six feet in height, and seemed in possession of adequate thews and muscles. His hair was cut close with a crop that gave an aspect of much ferocity to his otherwise tender countenance, in which two rolling light blue eyes shone placidly from amid the roses of his delicate pink and white complexion. The down of youth still lent a soft lustre to his cheeks, and a short, heaven-seeking nose modestly harmonised with a diffident chin. He was dressed in a light loose suit, and carried an old-gold-coloured plush wide-awake in his hand, which, with its fellow, was very tightly encased in kid of a pale rose tint.

Mrs. Playster had assumed her blue spectacles, and rose majestically from her seat as Mr. Tame entered. The sight of a lady where he had expected to meet with a man of books and general inspiration was disconcerting. The poet stood scarlet and abashed.

"Good evening, Mr. Tame ——" began Clara Lucinda, very coldly and sedately.

"Beg pardon—Mr.—*Tramway*—Tame," interrupted the gentleman, speaking in a pathetic falsetto voice.

"Yes—Mr. Tramway Tame," rejoined Mrs. Playster, successfully repressing a gesture of surprise. "I trust you will not think me oblivious of the full name of one whose works shine like so many stars in the lampless void of the infinite."

"Beg pardon! beacon—fires—madam," said Mr. Tame, with deeper voice and diminishing blushes.

"Yes, beacon fires indeed, with all the heat of a fervid imagination, and the flashing brilliancy of the lambent lightning playing around the ruins of chaos," cried Clara Lucinda, giving her poetic temperament its head, and unwittingly forgetting the frigid part she had intended to play. "Oh! Mr. Tame!"

"Beg pardon—Mr. *Tramway* Tame," again interrupted the poet, who had now placed his hat on the table, and having thrust his hand into the bosom of his waistcoat, had assumed an attitude of classic completeness.

"Yes, excuse my poor and limited powers of speech, Mr. Tramway Tame," answered Clara, with a crackle of vexation in her voice, "but won't you take a chair?"

"Beg pardon—two—madam;" and so saying the poet carefully placed two chairs together, and resting his elbow on the back of one, continued to lounge very gracefully on the improvised substitute for a couch after the manner of the ancients. His blushes had by this time quite vanished, and it was with almost tenority of tone that he continued,—

"Fatigue—madam—claims me as its votary: your—doorstep was—hard."

"Oh! Mr. Tame—Mr. *Tramway* Tame, I mean—I am *so* sorry the servant was *so* rude; but the roseate dawn of culture has not yet effulged above the horizon of her soul."

"Beg pardon—'effulged'—good—that is a word which does not disappoint me, madam," said Mr. Tame, taking a richly gilded notebook from his pocket, and carefully recording the expression. "Here,"

he continued, "is a letter of introduction from Herr Von Rösslein, the sweet teacher of the age—who has sat—stood—kneeled—worshipped—at the feet of the pale—Ladye of Sorrows—who has enriched—mankind with a priceless boon—the high—Prerogative of Suffering. Excuse—madam—the tribute—of one small sob."

A highly perfumed cambric handkerchief was here pressed for a moment to the poet's eyes, while Clara Lucinda seated herself to peruse Von Rösslein's letter which she had taken from Mr. Tame's mournfully outstretched hand.

"May I Niagarise—the current—of your thoughts—for one fleeting instant, madam?" he observed.

"Niagarise?" echoed Mrs. Playster, looking up from the letter.

"Yes, madam—plunge you—from the placid heights—of serene sorrow—into the abyssmal vortex—of the hollow world."

"How lovely! What a noble idea!" cried Clara Lucinda with enthusiasm.

"I am glad it does not—disappoint you," returned Mr. Tame with blushing trepidation, as his listener hitched her chair a little closer to the couch after the manner of the ancients. Then with an effort, he exclaimed, hurriedly passing his hands through his hair,

"Regard me, madam!"

Clara Lucinda felt more than mystified, and thought the time had come for removing the blue spectacles. She did so, and said, with her archest glance and prettiest smile,

"I regard."

"I feel—madam," pursued the poet, "an apology—to be necessary—for my appearance—in this abode of the Muses—shorn of the Sampsonian locks of genius. Fate ordered it thuswise. But a few days ago—you would have seen—my hair—as long—as that of Von Rösslein himself. I strolled through the sad streets—with sorrowing and songful soul—and I noted in the rude highway—a descendant of ancient Rome. His garb was velveteen—but his nose was imperial in its eagleness; he was unwashed. but his complexion of pure olive blanched not in the east wind, and spoke of fair visions—of the sunny South. He carried—Cæsar and his fortunes—many Cæsars—on a board. I saw—was fascinated with—the close-cut locks of the great Imperator. A studio of the toilet was hard by. I placed my hand—gloved—upon the velveteen shoulder of my Italian. I led him to the studio—and there purchasing his stock of Cæsars I placed them before the artist, and bid him

shear off the luxuriance of my tresses. I entered a Sybarite, I departed a Stoic."

"How interesting! how original!" exclaimed Clara Lucinda.

"Yes, it is one more—step upward—to the pinnacle of fame. But—to my mission. You have read the Sweet Songstrel's letter?"

"I have. It was not needed though. You have long been the chosen guest and friend of our souls, Mr. Tame."

"Beg pardon—Mr. *Tramway* Tame!"

"Oh, bother!" was the exclamation that rose instinctively to Clara Lucinda's lips, but she succeeded in stifling it while yet half-formed, and said, instead,—

"The pleasure of really meeting you, at last, quite distracts my thoughts, and you must excuse my perverse forgetfulness. But you were about to tell me to what we owe the pleasure."

"You are Mrs. Loy Linnet—I presume?"

"Yes."

"And from what your servant said, you are sub editor of the 'Bards' Magazine?"

"I do my poor best to assist my gifted husband."

"And—you know—how much—the 'Bards' Magazine'—and its surroundings—have cost me—up to the present time?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Tame—Mr. Tramway Tame, I mean," replied Clara Lucinda very hurriedly, "I disport entirely in the green fields of literature, and delve not in the arid sands of lucre," and her heart began to sink within her as she regarded this strange young man with pale blue eyes and feeble nose and chin.

"Then I will tell you," said Mr. Tame, pulling forth his gilded pocket book and referring to some closely written pages. "It is two years since I first saw—an advertisement—in the 'Daily Telegraph' addressed to—amateur authors. I was myself an amateur—then. My 'Sighs of Eros' had not yet appeared. I responded to the advertisement—and—I received—for seven postage stamps—a copy of the 'Bards' Magazine.' It was accompanied by a letter, of feminine caligraphy, in which I was told of the 'Golcondesque.' Here he suddenly paused, and turning to another page of the note book, said, "Beg pardon, 'Golcondesque!' good! that is a word which can disappoint no one—madam." Having duly booked the word he continued, "I was told of the—Golcondesque—rewards of Tennyson—George Eliot—and others. Similar affluence was—to be mine—I found—if only I should become—a pupil of Loy Linnet—and—a subscriber—to the 'Bards' Magazine.' I remitted

seven shillings—for a subscription—and one guinea—for—six lessons in poetry. I then—was given—to understand—that I must forward—a specimen—of my style—and must pay—a reading fee—of one shilling. I again remitted and was told—my style—showed signs—of soon becoming—more advanced—than Swinburne—and was happier—in its grace—than the best efforts—of Tennyson. I was advised to take—special lessons—at half-a-guinea each. I reflected that—diamonds—can be cut and polished—only with diamond powder, and I once more remitted. The special lessons—arrived—neat pages—of feminine caligraphy. They were good—they did not disappoint me. They taught me—the leading principles and varieties—of rhyme and metre. I sought to benefit—by what I learned. I sent poem after poem—and poem after poem—was rejected—"

"But Mr. Tame—Mr. Tramway Tame, I mean—they were so—so——" and Clara Lucinda hesitated, while the roses of her cheeks became peonian.

"Soulful, madam!" suggested Mr. Tame.

"Ye-es; soul-ful," repeated the lady, stealing just one little glance at the poet, and starting as she encountered the singularly ardent glance of his pale blue eye.

It has already been said that Clara Lucinda was pretty. She was also experienced in the ways of prettiness, and had often scored heavily where "fine women" had signally failed. But now she had met her match, and—for the first time in her career—she hesitated.

"I will—be brief—madam," continued Mr. Tame. "My poems did not—appear—in the—"Bard's Magazine." I became—a student—of the advertising columns—of the "Daily Telegraph." I saw—from time to time—announcements—of infinite variety—addressed—to the—creative minds of the age. One day—amateur authors—were addressed. Another—authors alone—in *puris naturalibus*—were invited—to communicate. Then, "articles in prose or poetry"—were wanted—and would—be paid for. Now it was a weekly paper—now a monthly magazine—and now a quarterly review. Anon, a Christmas number—opened its pages—for sustenance—and yet anon—a Holiday Annual—would equally cry for food—Readers—for publishers—were in request—and the demand— for translators was in advance—of all possible—supply. A Council— of Literature and Art—was a—parturitive success. I answered—all—these advertisements."

"All?" gasped Mrs. Playster.

"Yes—all," replied Mr. Tame, consulting his note-book: "and—to every—address—whether to editor—sub-editor—manager—care of publishers—et cetera. The Strand—Paternoster Row—Covent Garden—became—equally familiar—and in all—the denouement of the plot—was—Loy Linnet. My hand-writing—my names—and my addresses—were—as Protean as his own. At length—a day came—'twas with—the Council—of Literature and Art—when—for the fee of one guinea—I was to be enabled—to place an article. My manuscript—was submitted—and I received—advice. I was told—to offer—the article—to Blackwood—or the Quarterly. It seemed—to me—that I knew this—before I paid—my guinea. I had long striven—in vain—to meet my guiding philosopher and friend—Loy Linnet, Esq. I now—determined—to discuss matters—with him. My—"Sighs of Eros"—had appeared—and—I was famous. "Vanity Fair" had—applied—the actual cautery—the "St. James' Gazette" had—developed—all the resources—of vivisection—the "Athenæum" had called me—a Swinburne in the last stages—of mortification—and the "Spectator" had—hailed me—as—the Sweet Songstrel—of the modern Babylon."

"Oh, Mr. Tame—Mr. Tramway Tame. I mean—was not this the glorious harvest of the seeds sown by my gifted husband in the luxuriant and fertile garden of your soul?" said Clara Lucinda, reproachfully.

"Not quite, madam," replied Mr. Tame, looking sadly at her, for—I found—by chance—an old copy—of Hood's Rules—"

"Of Rhyme!" exclaimed Mrs. Playster, in accents of genuine affright.

"Yes, of Rhyme. You have divined. The next lessons—in feminine caligraphy—turned out to be—simple copies—of pages—from—that excellent—work. From the numbers—of the poet—I turned—to the numbers—of the currency. The total—madam—that I have—expended—on the 'Bard's Magazine'—and its surroundings—amounts—to fifty-seven pounds, three shillings and fivepence half-penny, including the postage—of my own letters—and manuscripts."

The peony had given place to the lily on Clara Lucinda's cheek.

"What is it you wish?" she asked in a low voice.

"To see—my last—poem—published in the—"Bard's Magazine," said Mr. Tame.

"Which one do you mean?"

"I have it here—madam. I will—read it to you," replied the

poet, drawing forth a manuscript from the recesses of his waistcoat.

"Listen—

Laughter and longing and liplets of love,
(Well-a-day, well-a-day)
Jewels of light from the rainbow above,
(Melt away, melt away).
Eyes that are Etnas, a brow that is snow,
(The Edelweiss snow).
And limbs that are white,
As the moonbeams are bright,
When the pulse of delight,
Quickens and throbs in the bosom of night."

The blue spectacles lay upon the table, but Clara Lucinda did not resume them. She trembled, and moved her chair a little closer to the couch after the manner of the ancients.

"Well—madam—what do you think—of that—for a commencement?" asked Mr. Tame, who, with studied languour, was reclining in such a position that he could not watch the effect he produced.

"It is simply beautiful—but—Mr. Tame—Mr. Tramway Tame, I mean—isn't it a little—just a little——"

"Not at all—not at all, madam. I always begin—my poems—like this—many—very many—degrees—below zero. I gradually—work—up to my subject. Listen, again——"

"Showers of kisses on violets blue,
(Oh! to die! oh! to die!)
Radiant ripples that zephyrs pursue
(As they fly—as they fly.)
Cheeks that are dimpled, a mouth that is red,
(With rapture is red,)
And flesh that is fair,
When the soft summer air
Leaves it glancing and bare,
By kissing away the bright clouds of her hair."

"That's not so very, very," observed Clara Lucinda, with a shade of disappointment in her voice.

"Ah!—there's—the true—art," replied Mr. Tame, "I doubt not—Mr. Loy Linnet—would tell you—my style—has become—masterful, My verses—meander—amid green meads—and shady groves—till—suddenly—without time to resist—you find yourself in the very torrent and rapids of resistless rapture. Listen!"

"Star lamps are glowing, and flowerets sleep,
(Stay the night! stay the night!)
Love lingers not long for the maidens that weep.
(Comes the light! comes the light!)
Tears that are tender and sobs that are sweet,
(From a throat that is sweet,)
And hearts are unfast——"

Mr. Tame started. A hand had touched his own. It was that of

Clara Lucinda, who now sat close beside him, and was evidently about to relieve her overcharged feelings by weeping upon his shoulder.

"Good God!—madam," he exclaimed, edging away, "what is the matter?"

"Your—verses!" rejoined Clara Lucinda, seizing spasmodically upon his retreating arm. "Oh! Tramway, you little know the havoc you have caused!"

"Really—madam—this is—embarrassing—most embarrassing," stammered Mr. Tame, blushing desperately, and striving to release himself."

"Cruel, cruel one!" returned Clara Lucinda, holding on with no small vigour. "You have shone upon my peace of mind like a bright exhalation of the evening, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

"But your husband, Mr. Loy Linnet!"

Clara Lucinda sprang to her feet.

"I will bare myself to you, Tramway——" she began.

Mr. Tame looked hurriedly round him for the nearest means of escape.

"I will strip off——"

"Good Lord!" groaned Mr. Tame.

"The disguise I have worn too, too long," continued Clara Lucinda. "I am no sub-editor, I am Loy Linnet himself!"

It was now Mr. Tame's turn to start to his feet.

"You!—Loy Linnet!" he gasped.

"Yes. I am indeed the author of "Arpenthe" and the editor of the "Bard's Magazine." My husband is the dull dense business manager of the undertaking. I married him because he was the great poet of the Minories, and then I found he bought all his verses from starving sons of song and sold them to Messrs. Fittem at a profit. Oh! Tramway, it is *I* who have been your guide to the home of the Edelweiss. Can you forgive me? Forget the high conceptions you have formed of the great Loy Linnet, and think of him as he really is —as the little simple girl who now throws herself upon your tenderness."

Suiting the action to the word she again seized Mr. Tame's arm with both hands, and was about to place her head upon his shoulder when the door of the room suddenly opened and Mr. Playster appeared.

"Oh! this is the game young ports like to play at, is it?" he exclaimed.

Before he could move another step or say another word he was well-nigh sent flying back again into the basement by Mr. Tame, who, wrenching himself free from Mrs. Playster's embrace, seized his hat and bounded into the passage and out through the front door like a missile from some huge catapult.

"Gord, if the young dayvil hasn't almost winded me," said Absalom, recovering himself; and then turning to his wife, he said, in a surly brutal tone,

"Well, Mrs. P., what's the meaning of all this tormfoolery, I should like to know? I thought the conversation didn't sound much like business and blue spectacles."

Clara Lucinda took refuge in tears.

"When that little farce is over we'll begin the legitimate drama, Mrs. P., he continued; and then looking round, he exclaimed, "Hullo! what's this the young port has left?"

It was Mr. Tame's gilded pocket-book which Absalom took up and looked at curiously.

"Oh! here's our ads and a regular diary of all he's paid! I thought we'd been raythor orverdoing it, even if he was the old parson we took him to be. Hullo! here's a portrait. His sweetheart, I suppose—or, raythor, his 'ladye love,' to be prorperly portical. Whew! she's something like a girl. But what the dayvil has she got on her ankles? Bracelets broken out in the wrong place, they look like. Here, Mrs. P., I'm not afraid of the young port running off with you while he's on *this* tack."

Clara Lucinda's tears were not proof against such an appeal. She jealously snatched the portrait from her husband's hand.

"Oh, Absalom!" she cried with a scream of delight. "It's Miss Rosamond!"

CHAPTER X.

A Proposition.

"Are you a judge of bangles, Professr Hoaxley?"

The Symposium was quiet, save for the pleasant plashing of the perfumed fountains that leaped in slender jets from the vases of the marble nymphs, and save also for the soft sound of distant music in

the Dulcimery. The thick curtains shut out the laughter of the assembly in the Hall of Propos. Electric lamps of many colours were hung amid the falling waters, and sparkled with a shimmering radiance that lighted the whole apartment.

Rosamond was reclining upon the cushions at the entrance of one of the alcoves. Her glorious hair lying loosely around her in all the wealth of its wondrous tints of brown and gold formed a bewitching frame for her face. Her hands were clasped behind her head, which was thrown backward, and revealed the exquisite contour of her white throat, while the graceful curves of her form and limbs were clearly defined by her dainty satin doublet and lustrous hose of silk. She had just placed one foot across the other, and the golden rings upon her ankles had clashed together.

"I have had little experience in articles of decoration," replied Mr. Hoaxley, speaking almost mechanically, and looking, as in a dream, at the beautiful girl.

"You will find this worth your inspection " and with a graceful delicate, movement Rosamond held forth a foot in the direction of the professor.

"You must look closely," she added; "and, indeed, you will see better if you remove it and examine it in the light of the fountain."

"With heightened colour, and nervous hesitation, Mr. Hoaxley bent down to inspect the jewel.

"I see strange devices and markings," he said.

"Take it off and look at it more narrowly," replied Rosamond.

The professor put forth his hand very cautiously, as though he were about to touch one of his own galvanic batteries at the Royal Institution.

"Am I so very formidable?" said Rosamond, laughing.

"No—I think not. That is to say, I have no distinct consciousn ess of danger. There must be, however, some process of unconscious cerebration going on; for even the very tones of your voice, madam, seem to accelerate the systole and diastole of my heart. See! my hand positively trembles as it touches the jewel."

"That I expected," said Rosamond, this time very gravely.

The professor looked at her enquiringly, and he thought he had never seen a glance so calculated to prove the case of all poets and soul-believers. It reminded him of a fleeting episode in his student-days of long ago, an episode which he had for many years fondly imagined to have been buried with the ruins of the past. Gentle Mary

Westeron surely lived again in the eyes that now confused him with their soft lustre! His breath came and went, and an impulse to cry aloud for sympathy, and to pillow his head upon the tender bosom before him, strove vehemently with the stern chiding of his philosophic conscience.

"Why did you expect my hand to tremble?" said he at length.

"Because both you and I are under influences which some people call supernatural, but which I prefer to think are part of the common life of to-day. You frown! Don't let my words annoy you," and a sweet smile added yet another charm to Rosamond's face.

"Annoy me? No! that can never be while you look at me. I could wish, though, to disabuse your mind of old superstitions."

"Can a molecule love?"

The struggle in Hoaxley's mind waxed warmer. The mention of love was always provocative of that expanded contempt with which professors abound; and yet here was a fever of delight coursing through his every vein in the most inexplicable manner.

"Your question pre-supposes the reality of love, which is but a foolish name given to a little-understood variety of unconscious cerebration," said he, as philosophy gained the ascendant.

"Alas! poor hearts that break—in imagination! Well, well, grave sir, be it so! And now to the inspection of my bangle, concerning which I particularly wish for your opinion."

Again the little foot was proffered, and again Mr. Hoaxley trembled as he sought to unfasten the golden ring. This time he was more resolute, and succeeded.

"Take it to the fountain and examine it well," said Rosamond.

The professor did so. He found the bangle to be of soft pure gold, richly chased, with a design of interlacing circles and stars, amid which appeared some altogether unfamiliar characters. He endeavoured in vain to decipher these.

"I can make nothing of the meaning of what is engraved upon the ring," he observed at length.

"Of what metal do you think the bangle is made?" said Rosamond.

"Of gold most certainly," replied Hoaxley. "The weight alone—."

He paused and balanced the ring in his hand with a perplexed expression of countenance; looked at Rosamond, and back at the jewel; then again poised it carefully; then frowned and examined

the metal with great minuteness; then once more tested its weight; and finally grew very pale.

"What is the matter," asked Rosamond.

The professor made no answer, but placed the bangle on the cushion near her feet, and took from his pocket a pencil and a piece of paper, on which he rapidly wrote something.

"There," said he, handing the paper to Rosamond;" will you be good enough to tell me what I have written?"

"The specific gravity of gold is nineteen-and-a-half times that of water; and as one cubic inch of the latter weighs 252½ grains, it follows that a similar quantity of the former must weigh 4,923¾ grains.

"Yes, that is right!—that is right!" cried the professor; "those are the very words I wrote, and they are perfectly coherent and sane, are they not?"

"Perfectly," answered Rosamond in a hollow, agitated tone.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Hoaxley, with an air of relief, and not noticing Rosamond's emotion; "Then my intellect is clear enough, and it *must* have been unconscious cerebration. Would you believe," he continued, turning to the girl, "I really was under a most vivid and life-like impression that the bangle had actually grown lighter while I was examining it."

"And are you sure it had not?" asked Rosamond.

"Quite. The thing's impossible. Gravitation cannot become either less or greater."

"You know, then, what gravitationis, since you are able to speak so positively as to what it can and cannot do?"

"Well—we do not quite know what it is; but observation has fully proved the laws of its action."

"Then, how do you account for the bangle having seemed to grow lighter in your hand?"

"There are two explanations—unconscious cerebration, or rank lunacy. The latter is not the case, as that paper will prove. Therefore the former is the solution. Some obscure association of ideas caused me to *think* I had felt a difference of weight, just as some persons *think* they see spectres really standing before them."

"And suppose I, too, have at times noticed this diminution of weight."

The professor looked uneasily and earnestly at Rosamond, who was now once more smiling.

"A new coincidence," said he, half to himself, as though he were

not quite satisfied with his own explanation. "Stay," he added, "let us test the matter again."

He took the bangle from where he had lain it, and poised it for a second.

"There!" he exclaimed triumphantly, handing the ring to Rosamond. "I told you so. The metal is of full weight."

"It does not appear to be so to me," answered the girl, poising the bangle in her turn.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Hoaxley, taking it from her. "Why! What's this?" he cried, turning paler than before. "It *is* lighter—much lighter—than when I had it in my hand a moment ago! Most unaccountable!—unaccountable!"

"And yet you said in the Hall of Propos, when we were speaking of the extraordinary circumstances in your friend, the solicitor's office, that anything which happens, must be capable of explanation."

"And so it must."

"But why?"

"Because if it happens, it's possible, and if it be possible, it must be in accordance with the laws of nature, and if it occur through the laws of nature, we can only become aware of it by conscious or unconscious cerebration."

"But that doesn't explain it."

"Pardon me, dear madam," said the professor, smiling supernally, and recovering the colour of his cheeks and the presence of his mind, in his eagerness for the fray of argument, and in the wonder he experienced at finding an explanation from him—Herbert Hoaxley—regarded as not explaining anything at all—"pardon me: you do not seem to have grasped my meaning. Cerebration is an ultimate effect of natural causes. We know nature only by means of cerebration. Anything therefore that enters our minds must be the result of the laws of nature as known to us, and is accordingly susceptible of explanation.

"Have mercy upon my poor untutored mind," rejoined Rosamond, smiling in her turn; "scientific terms are something like figures. They may be made to prove anything—to a man. We women are too weak and foolish to see that a very sun is shining behind the thick clouds."

The professor felt pleased and appeased.

"Yet I have many ladies, young and old, among my hearers at the Royal Institution," he said; "and all of them seem quite gratified at the conclusion of my lectures."

"That I can readily believe. But, dear Mr. Hoaxley, you are all this time quite forgetting to tell me how you explain the singular change in the weight of the bangle."

Rosamond had risen from the cushion, and was now standing in front of the professor, and as she spoke, she touched the ring in the professor's hand. In doing this, her fingers lightly rested upon his own, and she looked full into his eyes with an arch glance.

"Madame—Miss—Miss—Pantagruel," he began.

"Call me 'Bangles,'" said Rosamond, still looking at him, and still touching his hand.

"Ba—no—no—I cannot. It seems so—unsuited, so unworthy, so significant of—of—" and he hesitated.

"Of Regent Street," suggested Rosamond. calmly, and without a wince or blush, continuing to read, as it were, his inmost thoughts with her bright soft eyes.

A pained expression shot across the professor's face.

"Yes: of Regent Street," he repeated in a low voice.

"And what then?"

"What then?—What then?—Why—I cannot say it—I cannot say it."

"*Et tu, Brute!*" sighed Bangles; and a reproachful look saddened her glance.

"Forgive me if I have pained you, Miss—Miss—Bangles. I did not intend to do so. What I said was quite a mechanical impulse of my brain. Indeed, for the last minute, since you have been looking at me, I have almost ceased to control my thoughts. They have alternately traced a holy picture—of many years ago—and—and, I fear me, an unholy panorama of sights and scenes of to-day. I strive to set *you* within the frame of the picture—that is all."

"And you cannot snatch me from the panorama?" said Bangles, turning away her head.

A passionate throb of hope and exultation convulsed Professor Hoaxley's heart. He grasped the warm tender little hand that still lay within his own, and was about to give more eloquent expression to his feelings, than he had ever done to his learning, when Bangles interrupted him by saying

"We have wandered from our subject. How do you explain the phænomenon of the ring?"

"Never had the great scientist felt so utterly perplexed. Not only was he confronted by a most unexpected and surprising physical

fact, but here were his power and judgment, his capacity of thinking calmly and acutely, his wonted habits of thought, all plunged into a state of disturbance, and indulging in a very Carnival dance of masked confusion. For the first time in his life he wished Science at a distance.

"I will carefully consider the matter," he replied: "and I should be glad if I could have the ring for some experiments and more accurate observation."

"Do you really think you will be able to find out the cause of the lightness?"

"I will stake anything upon it—my hopes of the Presidentship—all I hold dearest—all except—except—." He stopped short, in confusion

"Well," said Bangles, affecting not to notice his very obvious meaning, "you may keep the ring for two days, provided you give me your promise to return it to me uninjured on the third day."

"May I bring it to you here?" asked the professor, beaming with delight.

"Yes! and it may perhaps help you in your experiments to know that that ring is very, very old—thousands of years old. I took it myself—it and its fellow here—from the ankles of a mummy. Both rings are alike in their capability of changing their weight, and in other strange properties which I will leave you to observe, as, if I were to tell you, I might perhaps lead you astray by inducing——"

"Unconscious cerebration on my part," exclaimed Mr. Hoaxley, with the air of a person loth to allow any interference with the monopoly of a cherished idea.

"Just what I was about to say," continued Bangles. "I have noticed that if any supernatural—pardon the word *en passant*—event come within the ken of a material philosopher, it is straightway set down as an illusion produced by previous natural occurrences, or by information. Now I do not believe I delude myself by illusions, and I shall look forward to your proving me to be right."

"Your wishes as to experiment and investigation shall be carried out to the letter; though I suspect I shall soon discover some very simple natural causes at work."

"Thank you! There is another matter about which I wished to speak to you in private. I want you to tell me more particularly what were those extraordinary incidents of which you were thinking when Mr. Priestley read your thoughts."

"Or seemed to do so," returned the professor. "I think the best way of telling you all I know of the subject is to show you my friend's letter which I have with me."

Mr. Hoaxley took from his pocket Mr. Verjuice's letter and gave it to Bangles, who seated himself on the cushions and began its perusal, motioning the professor to take a seat by her side. This he did with more alacrity than grace, and remained gazing at his hostess with ever-increasing admiration.

Bangles read the letter through, and then slowly reperused it. The flush of conversation had faded from her cheek, and a slight frown dimpled her smooth brow. Her laboured breathing betokened no little excitement, and its outward evidences added much fuel to the fires that were raging in the professor's breast beneath the golden ring which, unobserved by Bangles, he had placed within the watch-pocket of his waistcoat.

"A Circe or a Sphinx!" he muttered to himself as his eyes performed the sweet journey from face to ankle, and from ankle to face.

"What did you say?" asked Bangles, looking up.

"Nothing," replied the professor in some confusion: "nothing, at least, of any consequence. I was mechanically thinking and talking to myself."

"Well, what I should like to know is what you think of this incident in your friend's office, and how you explain the disappearance of his visitor?"

"I have suggested the general principles of an explanation in my reply to Verjuice, but I have not investigated and cleared up the matter in detail."

"Can you, and will you do so?"

"I can, most assuredly; but really I think it is hardly worth while to spend any time upon what will doubtless turn out to be mere trickery and self-deception."

"You are mistaken, Professor Hoaxley," said Bangles, in a tone that startled his listener. "The visitor who called upon your friend is capable of far more than he then accomplished. He is a foeman worthy even of *your* steel, both in science and in a region which you would deem to be a mere limbo of the imagination. I have a proposition to make to you. I wish you to promise me that you will forthwith enter upon this investigation, and will not relinquish it until you shall have effectually cleared up the mystery."

"I doubt if I can refuse you anything," replied Mr. Hoaxley, "but why do you select me in particular?"

"Because you are a materialist; because you will approach the investigation in a cold scientific spirit, utterly incredulous, and unfearing any occult influence. You will thus be proof against one-half of the weapons in the armoury of the foe. You have no soul to assail."

Was there a slight shade of irony in her tone? The professor looked and listened, and saw and heard naught save the enticement of her lips, and the syren-melody of her voice.

"I promise," he said.

Bangles rewarded him with a glance similar to that which she had bestowed on Von Rösslein.

"But who—can *you* be?" he continued, as a spirit of wild agitation began to seize upon him. "How is it that you know Verjuice's strange visitor? When and where and for what purpose have you been brought into contact with mummies? You are educated and a lady. Surely if there be a Goddess of Reason you are she, in addition to being the Queen of all Beauty! Tell me—tell me who you are." And he once more seized her hand.

"I am Bangles. You may see my photograph in every shop window," replied the girl in a half-whisper, and with her head cast down.

The professor looked at her, and again a mighty emotion of hope and exultation possessed him. He hesitated a moment, and then suddenly and passionately pressing the delicate hand to his lips, he exclaimed,

"Oh! Pantagruel—Bangles—whoever you may be—whatever you are—I can only see in you the perfection of all beauty and grace. Darwin, himself, in his most hypothetical moments, can never have imagined such a development of the human female! In your case natural selection has indeed said its last word. Look at me; listen to me; let my words by the communication of ideas cause your heart to beat faster, the crimson fire of your soft cheek to glow brighter, the light of your eye to shine with a tenderer lustre. Be my material divinity, my safeguard in the battle of life, so that I, the fittest, may survive!"

"Oh! Mr. Hoaxley!" said Bangles, still keeping her head bent down in such a manner that the expression of her face could not be discerned.

"Come with me," continued the professor. "Let me snatch you from the panorama as you said a short while ago. I will deal with you sumptuously. You shall have all you can desire. I will heed

not what you are or may have been; and my sole thought shall be to make you happy. I—I—am pleased with you—much pleased with you, my dear Bangles—so pleased that expression is entirely merged in emotion. Speak to me. Say you will come."

"Where?" whispered Bangles.

"To—to—a house I will take for you. I will have a house built for you. It shall be more beautiful than this. I don't mind what it costs. Say you will come. You can't form any idea of how much I am pleased with you!"

"When—is—the—marriage—to take place?" asked Bangles, still whispering.

"Marriage!" repeated the professor in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; when—do you wish—for us—to be married?"

"Married?—Married?—But—I am Herbert Hoaxley!"

"Yes, dear, I know—and—I want to know also—when I shall have—to give up—my name of Bangles—and become—Mrs. Hoaxley," pursued Rosamond, stealing a rapid glance at her suitor.

"Bangles—become Mrs. Hoaxley?"

"Yes, that is what you mean, dear, isn't it?"

"N—no," replied the professor in a tone that was scarcely audible.

In a moment Bangles had snatched her hand from his grasp and had sprung to her feet.

"So! Professor Hoaxley," she exclaimed, looking down at him with the stern beauty of some avenging goddess; "you think it a worthy and noble deed to gratuitously insult a woman who has done you no wrong and a hostess who has received you with consideration!"

"But—your portraits!" stammered the professor.

"My portraits? And what of them? If my portraits are sold with those of hundreds of other ladies, and if I choose not to be ashamed of the fact that I, like the rest of the human race, have legs; and if, so choosing, I allow those legs to be in evidence to an extent considerably less than the bosom of many a leader of taste and fashion at a ball, do those facts entitle you to conclude that I am baser than those other ladies? Aye, and if I choose to be out at hours when quiet-going people are a-bed, and to mix for no evil purpose with the waifs and strays of civilised society, do I thereby place myself beyond the pale of respect? Who constituted *you* a judge of my virtue, Professor Hoaxley?"

It was now Mr. Hoaxley's turn to bend down his head.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said.

Bangles was about to reply when a sudden noise was heard in the Dulcimery, and the curtains leading from thence were hurriedly drawn aside by Violet Churchill, who entered pale and trembling.

(*To be continued*).

The Commonwealth Club Papers.

I.—The Right to Live Happily.

"I MUST live," says the poor man; "I really do not see the necessity," replies the rich one. Which of the twain is right?

If Society existed not and each man lived and strove "for his own hand" it might reasonably be held that everyone must take his chance. Strictly natural rights may be gauged by the fate of the antelope that provides a meal for the tiger, or of the daisy that is munched into death by the gentle lamb. The struggle for existence at the expense of others is the law of this world, and *væ victis* is the undertone of the music of the spheres. Each for himself, the Devil for the majority and God for us all, is the creed to which every fool and physician must come at last if he remains the child of nature.

But Conscience and Society have changed all this. The knowledge of another world and the co-operation of minds and men have brought artificial rights into being—rights that are far stronger than any mere titles of nature. Submission to law gives a right to the protection of the law. If the strong refrain from plundering the weak they may reasonably expect the weak to return the compliment. If any individual is, by the machinery of Society, enabled to accumulate or inherit and enjoy wealth he must be prepared to do his part in maintaining the machinery in good order.

Foremost among these artificial rights is the right of existence. Every human being who is a member of a community is, *pro tanto*, an integral part of such community, and may demand to be enabled to live as the price of his membership. There may be superfluous stones in the structure, but these are evidences of unskilful architecture, not proofs that the building can exist without walls. Beauty of design and decorative features may be dispensed with; but in such a case the building ceases to be excellent. In a well-ordered

Society there should be a fit place for every member to claim as his rightful position, either self-evidently or after due trial.

Force is, of course, the ultimate element of stability, but it is by no means the foundation of the body politic. Let the forces of gravitation and cohesion be superior to those of disintegration and the building will stand; but let the foundation of popular consent be wanting and the very gravitation and cohesion of the mass will render the ruin more stupendous. To speak, as some statesmen do, of force being the *ultima ratio*, is to employ a weapon that may wound him who strikes far more severely than him who is struck. Numbers, organisation and a knowledge of the means of destruction are the factors of political force. Hitherto these factors have usually been more or less divided against themselves and the "balance of parties" has resulted. But when, as in the case of the Huns and Vandals and Mahomedans, the factors have been united, their developed power has proved irresistible. In Russia of to-day we see the gathering together of these thunder-clouds, and the present century may yet witness an irruption upon the plains of Western Europe and upon the sunny shores of the South, compared with which the exploits of Attila were as child's-play. So, too, the prophecy has of late been uttered that the multitudinous millions of the Chinese Empire are throbbing with the consciousness of strength and the instinct of conquest, and that they will shortly pour forth over the lands of all Asia in a tempest of destruction. These great international possibilities may well be paralleled by the social conditions of to-day. The arms of organisation and science are being silently but surely distributed among the masses of every community. Ten years hence and the toilers of England will be mainly persons who will know themselves capable of overthrowing both the police and the military, and who will have accustomed themselves to the prospect of such a struggle. If they shall be dissatisfied with the ordering of the Society whose fortunes they hold in their grasp, and if they shall be thrice armed by the consciousness that their battle is just, can it be doubted that they will hesitate to march forward to victory?

Revolution is said to be foreign to the instincts of the English nation. The Anglo-Saxon race is held to be steady, phlegmatic, a lover of order, attached to old institutions, gifted with the sordid common sense that prefers to put up with base reality rather than to strive after ideal excellence, slow to move and distrustful of violence. Of what class and manner of people, we would ask, are these

attributes predicated? Have the majority of the dwellers in Great Britain and Ireland been consulted as to the course of affairs? Was it the agricultural labourers who forced King John to sign the Great Charter? Was it the hewers and sinkers who gave to nobles and squires the coal and iron and all the rich spoils of the treasure-houses in the bowels of the earth? Was it the cotton-spinners who invited William of Orange, or the sailors who placed the Bishops in the House of Lords? Was it the mechanics who so guided matters that the country should be governed by a Parliament of rich men elected under a system carefully contrived to exclude poor ones? Is it the millions or the thousands who now decide the pace at which all matters politic shall move? In the rare cases of really popular action the Anglo-Saxon masses have been not very different from human kind in general. Witness the Reform Riots.

The truth is that argument from the past course of events is utterly misleading when applied to a future under totally different conditions. If the reign of the Few is to give place to that of the Many, a continuity of policy is highly improbable, unless the few shall have been fairly representative of the Many. Now, as a matter of fact, the United Kingdom has always been under the rule of an oligarchy, at first one of rank, and then of rank and riches combined; and the interests of this ruling class, together with its whole manners and habits of thought, have necessarily been quite distinct from those of the poorer classes. It follows that a government by persons more nearly allied to the masses, and more nearly representing their needs and wishes, will introduce vast changes into the social order.

The only safeguard against a dangerous accentuation of such changes is to forestal them. And this is why the COMMONWEALTH CLUB has for its principal object the advancement of measures calculated to satisfy the reasonable requirements of the working classes.

The first of such measures to be urged upon the attention of Parliament, is a Bill for the Better Maintenance of Necessitous Children. It adopts as its foundation the right that accompanies birth—the right of every child to a fair chance of living happily, wisely, and well. The principle has already been conceded; for recent legislation has been based upon the right of every child to education. The same arguments that prove the necessity and political expediency of Board Schools, are even more cogent when applied to the case of food, clothing, shelter, and recreation. Health and

strength come before learning. An educated corpse is a very grim product of civilisation; and a man who can read and write tolerably well, but is too feeble to work, can hardly be considered a triumph of statesmanship.

The Bill will provide that a Refectory shall be attached to every Board School, and that every child attending the school shall be entitled to meals of a character and quantity sufficient to maintain a proper standard of health. The cost of the Refectory will be defrayed in the same manner as the present cost of teaching; that is to say, the parents will be called upon to pay for the food supplied, and only in the case of their real inability to do so, will they be relieved at the expense of the ratepayers.

At first sight this enterprise of feeding some millions of children seems too colossal to be undertaken; but the difficulty disappears on reflection. Many parents will still prefer to feed their children at home, and this will of course be allowed. Others will gladly pay the Refectory Fees, which by reason of improved cooking appliances, purchase of supplies at wholesale rates, and other sources of economy, will amount to less than would be expended on the provision of home meals of equal value in point of nourishment. In the remaining cases where resort must be had to the rates, the parents may yet defray a portion of the expenditure incurred; and in the extreme instances of inability to contribute, it does not follow that any loss will be sustained. Let us ask ourselves how the children are at present fed. Even if the parents cannot feed them, they are still fed in some manner, and by someone—by the parish, or by charity, for example. A tax is, in fact, being levied at the present time for the very purpose we advocate, and all we propose is to replace it by one less onerous and more efficient.

So, too, as regards clothing. The Bill will provide for a Wardrobe and Laundry to be added to each School and Refectory; and the arrangements respecting the costs incurred will be similar to those in the case of education and food. It needs no lengthened consideration to perceive the magnitude of the benefits thus conferred upon parents and children. On the score of economy alone, the community would be an absolute gainer to the extent of some millions annually, while the gain in health and comfort would be incalculable. The death rate would be largely diminished, disease would be abated, and the present waste of wealth and vital energy would be reduced to a minimum.

It may be objected that this huge business of food and clothing would prove most disastrous to the small shopkeepers in poor neighbourhoods. The assertion may be granted without in any way detracting from the expediency of the proposed measure. The small shopkeeper and his poverty-stricken customer form a combination to be devoutly wished undone. They both are the prey of the capitalist. The shopkeeper is under the thumb of the wholesale trader, and has to pay extortionate prices for inferior goods—a condition of things which he, in his turn, inflicts upon his customer. It is proverbial that the poor man pays more, and is worse served than his rich neighbour, and to lessen this inequality is surely a result to be acclaimed rather than deplored. The probability, however, is that the small shopkeeper will benefit by the proposed measure. The circumstances of his customers will be improved, and if they buy less food and clothing for their children, they will buy more for themselves, and will need less credit, a circumstance which will enable the shopkeepers to make better terms with the wholesale traders. In the end, therefore, the result of the change will be a little less profit to the capitalist, and a corresponding gain to his bondsmen.

The question of shelter is larger and graver than those of food and clothing. It is clear that the proposed Bill will not be complete unless it provide for dormitories and recreation rooms for the benefit of those children whose parents reside in habitations unfit for the proper bringing-up of their offspring. That thousands and tens of thousands of such terrible travesties of "home" exist in all our great cities is a statement that unhappily needs neither enforcement nor illustration. What satire can be imagined more keen and hideous than the spectacle which may be seen every day in our streets of a little child going to school to be taught high lessons of goodness and cleanliness and morality, and then being sent back at night time to be clasped to the bosom of dirt, misery, and vice? Must not the inevitable consequence be that the teaching of the school will be perverted to the dark purposes of the home, and that, in return, the contagion of the home will be carried among the otherwise healthy souls of the school?

The cost of providing decent shelter and innocent recreation may be dealt with as before, but a totally new element is here introduced —that of the family. To purvey food and supply clothing is one thing: to deprive parents of the companionship of their children is very different. The affection of the poorer classes for their offspring

is far stronger than those who have never visited the dwellings of wretchedness can easily conceive. The touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is nowhere more delicate and true than among those whose lives are passed in the dread strife with Poverty and Want. Love may fly out of the window, but he returns with a cradle.

Obviously, therefore, the Bill must, in this respect, be permissive, and not compulsory. Time and example must be trusted to co-operate with parental affection, and when fathers and mothers come to understand that they can see their sons and daughters whenever they may desire they will gradually raise no more objection to a temporary severance than is experienced in the case of richer people who send their children to boarding schools.

It must be borne in mind that all which is here proposed is already in practical operation. Workhouses, orphan asylums, and other institutions of a similar character are establishments where children are fed, clothed, sheltered, and taught by the thousand. The administrative details are found to present no great difficulty, and an adequate organization for undertaking the work on a national scale has now been created in the shape of School Boards in every part of the country. It will also be observed that the adoption of the plan advocated by the COMMONWEALTH CLUB will do away with the necessity for much of the poor rates and appeals for charitable subscriptions; so that there is no reason for supposing that any considerable addition will be made to social burdens.

Some good people will doubtless think that an adequate provision for the maintenance of necessitous children will offer a premium to immorality, and that the passing of the proposed Bill will be followed by a large increase in illegitimate births, together with a vast multiplication of early marriages and large families. We cannot consider these results as very probable. The liability of both parents to pay for the support of their children will be at least as operative as the present affiliation orders, and the diminution of household cares and expenses will increase the attractions of marriage; while, on the other hand, it is a well-known fact that domestic comfort and well-being are usually accompanied by a lessened birth-rate. Let us assume, however, that the result of our Bill is to augment the population beyond its present rate of growth. By the very conditions of the case this augmentation would consist of individuals enjoying good health, well nourished and educated, and brought up as right-thinking, hard-working citizens. Their labour will add to the wealth

of the United Kingdom, and they will form splendid colonists. Their advent is to be welcomed and encouraged, and on this account alone our Bill should meet with the support of every patriotic Englishman.

By such measures as these may the coming transfer of political power be rendered productive of good instead of evil. It seems to us that when once the masses are made aware of what is proposed there can be no doubt as to the voice that will find an utterance at the polls. It is hardly conceivable if any parliamentary candidate were to announce his intention of voting against a Bill for the maintenance, clothing, and shelter of the children of the poorer voters, that he would receive the support of those voters, no matter what profession of mere party politics he might make. And as it is the poorer voters who have the power of carrying the election in every district, our Committees should find little difficulty in securing the return of the candidates they support. All that is needed is for us to be in earnest, and for the Bills we propose to be framed in a spirit of justice, and calculated to alleviate the lot of those toilers whose lives are expended in promoting the prosperity of the land.

God or no God.

"Bene is decipitur, quem Deus decipit."—Medieval Proverb.

πίστει νοοῦμεν.—Anonymous Greek Epistle.

THE writer of the following article is fully conscious of the extreme importance of the subject which he has undertaken to discuss, and of the difficulty of treating it adequately; he feels that it is one for the solution of which the human intellect, unless aided by some subsidiary faculty, is unable to furnish a clue; and he is aware how much the views of all men on this question are coloured by the influence of traditional ideas, by their wishes, and their notions of what *ought* to be, rather than what they actually perceive *to be*, the truth! His only apology, indeed, for entering upon such a disquisition at all must be the consciousness that no one can be more fully alive than he is to the momentous nature of the issues involved, or more desirous to institute, so far as in him lies, a thoroughly honest search. For in this matter, above all others, we feel that anything like uncertainty or dishonesty, if it can be avoided, is simply insupportable; and we can all see our own picture in the description of the poet:—

"There are who, darkling and alone,
Could wish the weary night were gone,
Though dawning morn should only shew
The secret of their unknown woe;
Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain
To ease them of doubt's galling chain
'Only disperse the cloud' they cry,
'And, if our fate be death, give death and let us die.'"

It shall be my aim then, shaking myself free, as far as possible, from the trammels of custom or prejudice, to face the arguments for and against the existence of a God, with an unbiassed vision; premising thus much at the outset, that no conception of a Deity, which falls below that common notion held alike by Christian, Jew and Mahommedan, need be taken into account in this essay—the idea I

mean of a Personal First Cause* distinct from and yet underlying all the phenomena of the spiritual and material Universes, and the originator and sustainer of both— a Being who not only was capable of creating the worlds of matter and of mind, but Who could at any moment destroy either—a Being, finally, Whose extension is conterminous with Infinite Space, and Whose duration is to be measured only by Eternity. This, and nothing less than this, will be our definition of God. Should our researches lead us to the conclusion that a Being endowed with such attributes does not exist I shall regard this as practically equivalent to the demonstration that there is no God.

The existence of God may be regarded either as a metaphysical, or as a practical, question. In the present day there is a strong disinclination amongst thinkers to embark upon metaphysical speculations, and it may be that on these matters intellectual certainty is unattainable with our limited human faculties.

Still *some metaphysical opinions we must perforce have* †; we unconsciously assume them every time we are called upon to act, and the man who should be totally devoid of them would be incapable of connected thought. While, in regard to the search for truth, no man can feel that he has done his duty, or that his investigations deserve to be rewarded by the discovery of truth, until he has patiently interrogated the witness of his own consciousness, and compared the verdict thence delivered with the conclusious arrived at by the great masters of philosophy. I shall endeavour, therefore, in the most simple language possible to discuss the existence of God from a metaphysical standpoint; and, when our inquiries have led us as far as they can in this direction, to consider whether there are any other arguments drawn from the necessities of practical life, from science, or from history, which may help us towards a decision on this great question.

To begin with the metaphysical argument.

If we were asked, "What are the first and simplest objects of consciousness?" we might be tempted to reply, "Our own selves, and the external world." But, perhaps on second thoughts, we

* By a *Personal* First Cause I here mean that which, if not a person, is even higher than a person, but is neither a thing, nor an abstract quality or power—an Existence, in fact, which is more real than either matter or spirit.

† It is a remarkable fact that G. H. Lewes, after having inveighed throughout the greater part of his life against such studies and upheld the paramount claims of science, finally pronounces that man is a being who cannot rest satisfied unless he has some metaphysical creed.

should be led to perceive that the latter of these is not an object of consciousness at all; while with regard to the former, it may appear such a very obscure object that we might for some time doubt whether we do perceive it or not. I believe (as I shall have occasion presently to show) that my own existence at this moment is a matter of certainty to me; but let it be said that this is mere belief: still it is an inevitable belief, and a similar one is held by every person with whom I converse; without it all rational discourse would be impossible: therefore for practical purposes we must assume it as certain.

But this consciousness or belief (whichever it be) will carry us but a very little way, and will only give us the very scantiest information regarding the facts of the present moment. In order to arrive at any satisfactory solution of the problem of existence, we must make one more assumption at least—viz., that of our own personal identity at different moments of time. If this is doubtful, memory is also doubtful, and all science and history are reduced to the merest guess-work.

Along with this belief, and probably of contemporaneous origin with it, we hold another, which, like the one just discussed, derives itself from the phenomena of the present moment, conjoined with the representations of memory—viz., the belief in an external world, or not-self: or (as I shall hereafter call it) the *non-ego*. Both convictions are practically irresistible, but the former is still more strongly corroborated by the process of reflection; since in recalling a dream we feel certain of our own existence during the period that the dream lasted, though the phenomena of the dream had (so far as we know) no substratum beyond our own subjective consciousness.

It is quite true that *we cannot prove* the truth of our personal identity, and so of our spiritual existence: *but we can prove nothing.* The only things whose existence can be predicated as indisputably known to the human intellect are phenomena; *i.e.*, momentary impressions, sensational, emotional, volitional, or intellectual—or, more correctly, the transitory impression of the moment, which is a complex result of various heterogeneous factors, including a belief in the previous existence of similar phenomena, and of a connecting link which we denominate *causes*. The two last-named factors, being however beliefs, of however irresistible a nature, are still in themselves nothing more than mental phenomena.

The human *intellect* then is (as Hume has proved, and as a famous preacher of the present day well expresses it) "essentially sceptical;"

and were life made up of nothing but sensations, emotions and speculation, we might doubt everything, though in describing such a state of things we should still use a word borrowed from metaphysics which would betray our unconscious belief in a metaphysical fact—viz., the existence of ourselves. (By "fact" here I mean, of course, that which, if true, is a metaphysical fact.) But let us once be called upon to act, and we instinctively desert this sceptical standpoint. The intellect in repose *may*, though it *need not*—still it *may*—adopt as its motto the aphorism of Professor Clifford: "All things are possible to him that doubteth;" but the intellect, when summoned to direct action, must *assume*, even if it cannot attain to *believing*, and take as her practical motto the contrary axiom, "All things are possible to him that believeth." And if action be a nobler thing than mere passivity, we must accord the preference to that theory which dominates our active life, rather than to one which never possesses any plausibility except in our moments of speculative dreaminess.

In fact, whatever we may think about it as a mere matter of argument, we all of us do practically believe in the existence of ourselves: and so Descartes' great utterance "*Cogito* (or as we may paraphrase it, *sentio*), *ergo sum*" becomes the starting-point of all human thought and action.

At this stage of our enquiry, I feel compelled to make a very slight digression; and, on the same principle as that of the Greek dramatist when he introduces the chief characters of his play with a preliminary description, to explain in what sense I shall use certain metaphysical terms, which will be of frequent recurrence during the following pages. Such explanations are necessary in most discussions of this nature; but, inasmuch as they are in themselves tedious, and to some readers superfluous, I have remanded them to a note, which will be found at the conclusion of this essay—where whoever thinks it worth while may refer to it for his guidance.

Starting from the axiom above laid down, the next question is, "What is the ego? and what are the phenomena of which I am at this moment conscious?" Are the latter distinct from, and independent of the former? or are they simply integral parts of Self, which has the power of thus resolving itself into apparently heterogeneous factors? Or, again, are they creations of the ego, bearing the same kind of relation to it which an action does to an actor, or a thought to a mind? [This comparison is of course only taken as furnishing a very partial illustration of the matter in hand.]

If we regard phenomena as being distinct from the "ego," we shall find it impossible to define the latter by any combination of words which would convey a clearer notion than we gain from the simple monosyllable "I." In fact the idea of "self" appears to be one of the primary notions of the intellect. But when we come to ask what are *phenomena*? it is plain that they are not *entirely* independent of the conscious being that perceives them; for when my consciousness ceases the phenomena of my consciousness cease also. The first question then must be re-modelled in some such way as this: "Are they the outward sign and token of distinct and independent existences? or are they effects produced upon the ego by such independent beings?" This question can be answered by the same line of reasoning as the second question which I have set down above—"Are these phenomena integral parts of the ego, into which, by a process resembling evolution, it resolves itself?" Surely we cannot be long in deciding this matter. If anything is plain to my consciousness it is that I myself am perfectly distinct from the phenomena from' whose influences, nevertheless, I cannot, even in imagination, free myself. When I am made aware of the redness of the rose, I cannot for one moment conceive that the red colour or the rose is either myself, or a part of myself. My notion of self is that of a thing perfectly unique and indivisible; I could imagine all colour and every rose vanishing out of my world, and yet my ego remaining perfectly intact and the same. So that it appears that we must regard phenomena as being utterly distinct from, though always accompanying that conscious being to which we each of us give the appellation (of) "myself."

Are phenomena then creations of the "ego?"

At this point in our enquiry we desert the realm of consciousness to enter upon that of belief or inference. It is possible for me when reviewing past phenomena to *imagine* that they were the creatures of my own ego, unconsciously exerting its powers (in something of the same manner as the mind is popularly supposed to create its own thoughts or dreams). It is possible, I say, to *imagine* this; but to *believe* it is, in my judgment, quite impossible to any mind removed from the category of the insane. I appeal here fearlessly to the consciousness of my readers. To be aware of self, is to be aware at the same time of some other being, or aggregate of beings, which is not self, and whose existence is known to us only through phenomena.

What *is* this reality, then, external to ourselves? To this question there are two possible answers, advanced by two opposing schools of

thought—the Spiritualistic, or Idealistic, and the Materialistic. The former school answers, "It is Spirit;" the latter school replies, "It is Matter;" while a third answer may be formed by combining these two, and saying "It is both Spirit and Matter." The former theory is that which received its first systematic exposition in the writings of Bishop Berkeley. It will carry us thus far. "There either is (or may be) no such thing as matter at all. The changes in our consciousness are effects produced upon us by the action of various Spiritual beings, or of One Great Spiritual Being, external to ourselves." The latter theory denies the existence of Spirit *in toto*, and explains consciousness as the fleeting and unsubstantial resultant of matter acting upon matter. Consequently personal identity is denied, and all memory and processes of reasoning are denuded of truth or value.

Which of these two theories is the true one? or, failing a reply to this, which has the greater versimilitude? I believe it to be impossible to decide. This is one of those cases in which the human intellect seems to preserve an even balance. If a preference must be accorded to either, the spiritualistic theory would seem to deserve the palm, inasmuch as it is difficult to understand how matter can affect, or modify, spirit. And yet we all instinctively believe in the existence of matter just as fully as in that of spirit. I suppose, while fully convinced that there are beings equal to ourselves, we also conceive ourselves to be aware of others so different in kind, and inferior, or absolutely deficient, in consciousness as not to deserve a place in the category of spiritual existences—as, for example, a stone or a drop of water—and so we relegate them to a separate class, which we denominate the material world.

It seems, then, that though we are not *conscious* of material as distinct from phenomenal existence, we cannot help believing in it; and as we *are conscious* of our own *spiritual* existence, we practically believe in the reality of both spirit and matter alike.

We have so far arrived at a certain result from our investigations, which may be summed up thus by the verdict of individual consciousness. "There are at this moment two separate realities in existence—my own spirit or 'ego,' and that which is not I—a single non-ego, or a multitude of such beings." Now arises the question:—How came these different principles into being, or what is to explain their contemporaneous existence? Is either of them dependent upon the other, or are they two absolute, independent beings?

or are they again independent of one another and yet both dependent upon some Higher Existence?

We have seen that we only *infer* the existence of the non-ego from phenomena; that phenomena are quite distinct from, and are not the creations of, the ego; it would appear from this to follow that *the ego and the non-ego are at this moment quite independent of each other.* Was there ever a time then when the one was derived from the other? This question introduces a new metaphysical idea, of which we have hitherto taken no account—*i.e.*, *time;* and it also brings *cause* before us under a new aspect, viz., as the explanation of *consecutive* facts rather than of those which are *simultaneous* or *contemporary.* The assumption that there is such a reality as time involves the assumption of my own personal identity at two different moments of time; for my knowledge or conviction of the past arises from memory, *i.e.*, an intuitive belief that *I* myself at some previous period experienced certain feelings or performed certain actions. In order to carry this inquiry concerning cause into the region of the past, we shall have to assume the permanence and sameness of the ego during different consecutive moments, *i.e.*, to assume *the principle of personal identity;* otherwise we must suspend all investigation into the subject. We have then by a practical necessity, if not by an intuitive conviction, reached one metaphysical idea, of which it is useless for the intellectual sceptic to endeavour to deprive us, since in the very attempt he will betray his own secret consciousness of that which he professes to have annihilated.

At this present moment I do not seem to be the creator of the phenomena by which I am surrounded; still less am I the creator of that Something, whether we call it Spirit or Matter, on which those phenomena depend. Nor can I remember any time in the past when I seemed to myself to create my own phenomena. Hence it would appear that there* is no reason to believe the non-ego to be the creation of the ego.

Is the ego then the creation of the non-ego? In order to answer this question it may be well to substitute for the latter term the words Spirit or Matter. I certainly do not know myself to be the creator of any other spirit either in the present or the past; and for this simple reason that I am *conscious* of the existence of no other spirit than myself. Of the nature of that outward reality which

* It is true that certain phenomena are called into existence, or as we say "modified," partially by the exercise of my own will; but here the human spirit appears under the guise of an Experimenter, rather than of a Creator.

underlies the phenomena of my life, whether it is analogous to or utterly unlike myself, I am in complete ignorance: and if there is no reason to think that I have created an unknown human spirit, there is just as little for supposing that an unknown human spirit was my creator. While if the non-ego be Matter, I cannot understand how from such a substance, so inferior to all appearance, anything so different, and of so much more exalted a nature, as Spirit can have arisen.

Spirit and Matter therefore (supposing them both to exist) are independent of one another. Are they then self-originated and self-sustaining principles? or are they the creation of a still higher Power, analogous in some respects to each, yet transcending the loftiest capabilities of either? The answer to this question will tax the utmost strength of human patience and candour; but the answer to it, if we can find one, will also be the answer to that other question which we proposed as our final object of inquiry; viz.: the truth or the falsehood of the idea of a God.

(To be continued.)

Some Poetry of To-Day.

VI.—A BALLAD.

"All starless lie the heavens to-night,
And beaten track is none:
Ye scarce may gain the castle gate
Before the rising sun."

"What care I for the stars to-night?
What reck I of the day?
My only care to gain the tower
With all the speed I may."

"God speed ye, then, sir gallant knight;
God guard ye from all ill."
"Aye, God will guard me: in His name
I'm pressing onward still."

He stayed not, tho' the night was dark;
His courser spurned the ground;
And thro' the midnight nought was heard
Beside the charger's sound.

The moon went down; the tower far off
Lay hid in mists of night;
But as the day rose, it was gained
Well-nigh in rapid flight.

He tramped into the castle-yard:
One page might there be seen.
"Bring me the Lady Joan." "Not so;
She died but yestere'en."

"Then bring my little son to me,
That should be grown by now."
"He died before a year was passed,
And lives with God, I trow."

"Then bear another steed for me:
I go from whence I came.
A thousand swords shall follow me
Across the sea again.

"Yet lead me to my lady's side:
I will see her ere I part;
For I would take away with me
Her image in my heart.

"And let some skilful limner paint
The features of my son,
And bind it round my neck, to stand
In his place who is gone.

"Then hold my stirrup with thine hand—
Thou bring'st ill news to me;
But, an thou cleavest to thy lord,
In his stead thou shalt be."

* * * * * * * *

Full twice three years had passed away
In scenes of war and strife,
When the page stood sadly gazing on
His master's ebbing life.

He wandered up and down the field,
With the battle in his ears;
With his spirit he held a contest keen,
And not with his craven fears.

He knelt down by the wounded knight,
And his words were fast and free;
"O pardon me, for our Saviour's sake,
The ill I have done to thee."

"What mean'st thou, who hast ever been
More than a son to me?"
"O pardon, for our Saviour's sake,
That I spake not truth to thee."

" Thou hast been to me the truest page
This world did ever see."
" Yet evil more than worlds can heal
Have I done, my lord, to thee.

" For, long ago, when thy son was born,
He was fair and slight to see:
O pardon me, for thy Saviour's sake,
The ill I did to thee.

" Thou thought'st it scorn that one so weak
As I should come from thee;
And I sware a vow, when thy words I knew,
Thou never shouldst hear of me,

" Until I had proved myself in war
Of a knightly race to be:
O pardon me, for our Saviour's sake,
The wrong I have done to thee."

May the Virgin Mother by God's throne,
Take grace on that spirit riven;
And give for the dead son lost on earth,
The mother found in Heaven.

The Book World of To-day.

MOUNT IDA, *July 23rd*, 1883.

WE are by no means irrationally exclusive on Mount Ida. The lower world is not entirely shut out from participation in our pleasures. *Dulce est decipere in loco;* there are times when it pleases us to be merry and to exercise to the full that large hospitality which has from the very earliest days been the prerogative of the gods. On such occasions every poet and artist is privileged to introduce his own guest within our sacred precincts; and strange indeed are the medleys that sometimes ensue. There is no written statute on the point but each guest is expected to bring something of his own to furnish out our Horatian banquet and, by jest or song or wise sentence to contribute his quota to the general fund of happiness.

At such a gathering I was present a few weeks ago, and it is mainly with this occurrence that I shall have to deal in To-day's letter. I myself am, as it were, only an occasional sojourner in this bright abode, and that rather by favour than by merit—a poor relation, so to speak, of poets and artists; a mere hanger-on to the skirts of the divine Goddess of Imagination. But, such as I am, the bounty of my distant kinsmen having once gained me entrance, the large-hearted charity of the deities has never enforced my expulsion since. Hence I am able to draw up this short account of my experiences in another world.

We have amongst us, I blush to say it, certain wolves in sheep's clothing; farmyard geese who have once in their lives donned the feathers of the eagle and henceforth claim for ever the full privileges of the Birds of the Sun. Such an one I saw conducting an entire stranger to the foot of Zeus' throne on the day of which I write. There was something *Radically* wrong about the intruder's gait, and his look of impudent compassion for all that he could not understand was specially trying to one of my temperament. But what could I do except bemoan inwardly as side by side the two approached the throne, each with an appropriate gift in his hand? The slim and

jaunty figure of the Radical statesman was gracefully set off by a gold-rimmed eye-glass; but the snowy beard of the great Southwark Economist gave him dignity sufficient to dispense with extraneous support. As they neared the sacred spot, each laid down his charge, and gods and poets clustered round with no small curiosity as to what these gifts might be. Four bulky tomes in dingy brown labelled "History of English Prices and Agriculture" formed the "annua" of the latter, quite burying under their colossal ruins a slimmer work on "English Commerce" that had but one minute before been diffidently offered.

"No, no! don't look at it. Doesn't know his authorities. What business had Mr. Cunningham to write on such a subject when he knew it was engaging *my* attention. But I'll show him up in the Academy and expound my own merits at the same time. *I'll* tickle him in the Academy!"

It was now the turn of the Radical statesman. A daintily-bound little volume was his appropriate gift and, as he laid it down on the green-sward, we could see that he was bracing himself up for a speech. The great constituency of the gods was silent; attention held us mute as the practised orator uttered his daring commonplaces.

"Mr. Speaker—ahem! I mean ladies and gentlemen—or rather Mr. President—it has been truly said that what Birmingham thinks to-day will be England's thought to-morrow, and I am sure no one will be able to deny this so long as I live to instruct Birmingham how it ought to think to-day. Truer words were never spoken. What were Babylon and Thebes, Athens and Rome, with all their glories, to the great foster-mother of the Caucus—the chosen shrine of the Republic of to-morrow? Why then have I left my natural home for this unreal place? Why am I for a few moments dreaming on Ida rather than working on earth? It is because I have a message for you loiterers here—a message and a present from the myriad anvils and engines of the great Town of Iron—the City of a Thousand Fires. Shame on you, dreamers all! Is there a man here who could make a nail, or better still, by nicely adjusting the eternal operations of the great Struggle for Existence, build his own fortunes on the ruin of his neighbour? Bah! These votaries of art cannot even strike a good bargain with their publishers; still less rise to such speculative heights as those to which I allude. But there are hopes for some of you yet, *hopes*, at least—which may some day be realised. To conduct you along the paths of wisdom and knowledge I bring you this little

volume of priceless worth. Reading day by day its allotted portion you may daily grow towards the full measure of your being. To guide you in all the mazes of existence, to prompt your moral sense in all the perplexities of life, to wake the conscience, and to stimulate the brain, you shall find sufficient here—in this tiny volume of a man whose moral sense has never been warped, and whose political instinct has never led him astray—in the 'Birthday-book of John Bright.'"

As the peroration finished, the eyeglass dropped with perfect grace from the orator's eye; yet he still remained erect with one hand thrust into the breast of his frock-coat waiting for the loud applause he deemed his due. But a low silence pervaded all, till at last, as the gifted statesman turned to depart, a hen's subdued chuckle was heard from the rear ranks of the celestial circle, and a shrill maternal voice proclaimed aloud in anxious solicitude:

"Goodness gracious! Where *is* he going now?"

A universal laugh arose and, when it once more died away, the defeated Radical had vanished.

I was puzzling my brains as to who the elect few alluded to in his speech could possibly be, when my doubts were solved on noting a small group of four individuals, standing somewhat apart from the vulgar throng and, from the animated tones of their voices, evidently discussing some question of moment. Truly the forgiveness of poets is great: Mr. Oscar Wilde had been initiating Mr. Freeman into our secrets that the historian might with his own eyes see how far it is true that there was a feminine element in the councils of the gods. It may be hard to forgive a hard blow: it is heroic to forgive the scorn of scarcely-veiled ignorance and unearned contempt. Close by, Mr. Matthew Arnold had been solving Mr. Herbert Spencer's doubts as to whether he was good for anything else than the "sculpturesque beauty" of poetry; but it was the philosopher who was speaking when I came up.

"The blatant ignorance of theologians! The senseless chatter of the gossip-mongers of autobiography! My dear Sir, we must positively run to earth the whole race of divines. It is not twelve months ago that one of these unscrupulous asserters spoke of me as 'Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose works occupy some yards upon the dusty top-shelves of our libraries.' Yes, 'some yards,' he said, '*some yards*.' I at once took a foot-rule and measured them off—it was just two feet three inches; two feet three inches exactly. And yet he said

yards—positively yards—and there wasn't a speck of dust or a cobweb on them. How should there be when I read a little of them aloud to my friends every evening before going to bed? Such utter unscrupulousness of invention! Such intolerable mendacity!"

On further enquiry I found this was but a digression on a long conversation on Mr. Matthew Arnold's contemplated visit to America. The other three were giving him advice from the barns of their experience. I gathered that he is going to be severely practical in all his lectures; and it was even suggested that he should take the Great Vance with him on his rounds to supply comic interludes and generally act on the principle which led the Spartans to make their Helots drunk before their children. But, as Mr. Arnold is going mainly for the sake of the Almighty Dollar, his lectures will be made really *useful* to the great nation of progress, and their titles are to be based on earlier works of his own, so as, by this means, to give him an easier chance of recanting his old heresies. I subjoin a few cuttings from his Programme to elucidate my statements:—

Syllabus of a Course of Lectures to be delivered by
MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD,
In the Chief Towns of the United States of America.

Lecture I. At New York.
Empedocles on Etnas: being Short Hints for intending European Travellers.

Lecture II. At Boston.
Isaiah and Burke: a Major and a Minor Profit (designed more especially for authors and publishers).

Lecture III. At San Francisco.
Porro Unum est Necessarium: or Reasons for Visiting the Colonies.

The whole body of Lectures will *not* be re-delivered by Mr. Matthew Arnold at Princes Hall, Piccadilly, on his return to England. He will not borrow so wild an idea. But they will be neatly bound up in one volume and sold on both sides of the Atlantic under the title of—

Mixed Essays: or the Influence of American Drinks on the English Brain.

I have more to tell you of our book presents. But anon, anon.

The Pope—Parnell—and Errington.

WHOEVER is responsible, officially, unofficially, or extra-officially, for the tacit employment of Mr. Errington, M.P., as a go-between, between Protestant England and Papal Rome, no graver blunder has ever been committed in the whole course of British diplomatic statesmanship. If the pacification of Ireland was intended, the National element in that country has only been set more firmly on edge. Ireland is undoubtedly devotedly Catholic, and in the day of her downfall counsel, even political counsel, from Rome would plead straight to Irish hearts, if spontaneously or even dexterously given. But the blundering way in which it was done! The employment of one regarded by his countrymen and constituents as a political renegade—the most opprobious of all Irish epithets; the very thought that "English Gold," was doing the back stair work; the feeling that their spiritual loyalty as Catholics was being used by Italian Ecclesiastics as a noose with which to lasso their political freedom; the bare thought of an unholy alliance between their political, if not natural opponents, and those who ought to be, if they were not, their fast friends—all these thoughts so worked upon Irish Catholic feeling as to produce results the very opposite of what were intended. The repulse which Rome has received is Rome's concern; she will recover from it just as she has weathered many another such shock in the storms and struggles of nineteen centuries, but the chance lost by England can never be regained. It may be that she did not seriously seek or desire a close politico-religious alliance with Rome, but the harm done is just as great, and on that account infinitely less excusable.

Earl Granville should not have played with such an edged weapon as Papal influence in Irish politics. He cannot plead ignorance. There were plenty of precedents to light his path, and if ever

the voice of history and the teachings of example should have been listened to, surely it was in this instance. True, the web is a tangled one, but wonderfully consistent in all its windings and variations. To any observant impartial mind there could not have occurred a doubt as to the result.

English rule in Ireland dates from 1172, and from 1172 dates Papal influence in Irish politics. Some Catholic historians have tried to disprove the existence of the well-known Papal Bull which handed over the kingdom of Ireland to Henry II, and most Irish Catholics have at some time in their lives tried to convince themselves that the story of the Bull is a myth, but the tradition, even as such, has struck deep, and left an incurable scar in Irish Catholic sentiment. As Catholics they try to forget it but, like buried wrongs, the incident rises up in all its wrathful surroundings whenever the whispered cry of "England and Rome" is circulated. Does not the history of nigh a hundred years prove the uselessness of battlings against this deeply rooted prejudice. England can never rule Ireland from the Vatican, and this last assault has left the citadel of Irish feeling on the subject more invulnerable than ever. It is gone, irrevocably gone—Papal habitual influence in Ireland. For all practical purposes, the monument to its shattered existence may forthwith be erected at the Foreign Office!

Who, knowing the circumstances, would ever think of playing this last card? I shall not travel over the long dreary night of Irish penal days, though the seeds of the disease were undoubtedly generated then, but shall confine myself to the modern and contemporary chapters of the question.

The endowment of Maynooth College was the first English bid for Roman help in the government of Ireland. Notwithstanding penal laws, Irish youths were smuggled away to Paris and London to be educated as priests, and these returned to Ireland with all their enthusiastic love of faith and country heightened by the embittering thoughts of exile. They caught the contagion of the French Revolution, drank at the shrines of Liberty in the countries of their adoption. They owed no gratitude to England, and could not be expected to show any. Their every tie was with the people, and with the people they cast their lot. Under these circumstances rose the combination of "Priest and People," so often mentioned to this day in Irish politics. The union was a strong one. Persecution sanctified it; the warm gratitude of a warm-hearted peasantry

cemented it with a thousand endearing memories. The Maynooth bid did little to disturb the relationship. The Maynooth Priests were more or less tabooed; the peasantry looked on them with more or less suspicion; so to put themselves square with the people, many of them were obliged to assume a more pronounced Nationalistic attitude than they would otherwise adopt. Many of the Irish ecclesiastical students still went to Paris and Rome, and thus the old element was still kept up. On the whole, the expectations of those who voted £13,000 a year in educating Irish priests did not get the return for the money that was expected. It did not denationalise the pastors of Irish flocks. The "*Saggarth Aroon*" still remained as closely wedded to the people as ever.

This failure, however, did not deter British diplomatists. Catholic Emancipation was the next bait put on the hook. The Irish bishops were unofficially told that, if they would consent to a "veto" or state supervision in their appointments, Catholic emancipation would be tendered in exchange. Rome was angled at and took the bait. Dr. Milner and other leading English Roman Catholics of the day favoured the project. But Irish Catholics got alarmed. If the matter proceeded much further, a schism in the Irish Church would inevitably have ensued. It is true the "No Popery" party in the House of Commons rejected the proposal by 228 against 128 votes but all the majorities in the world, one way or another, would have had no practical efficacy. Ireland was prepared to retrace her steps to penal times, sooner than brook state interference in such a delicate matter. On the 15th of September, 1808, 23 out of 26 of the Irish Bishops met, and declared that, precious as Catholic emancipation was, they could not purchase it at such a price.

The "Veto" negotiations failed, but again it was thought that a "State provision for the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland" was just the thing to meet the difficulty. Dr. Troy, a Roman Catholic Bishop, and Sir John Cox Hipplesley, a political busy-body of the time, acted as "Go-betweens." But they reckoned without their hosts. Pitt had been an able astute statesman, but he knew as little of the elements he had to handle, as apparently does Earl Granville. The bungling was worse even than the present. An Irish Priest pensioner would just command as much respect as an Irish "Peeler." In National Churches, such a thing may work well, but whoever seriously thought of projecting such a scheme in Ireland, knew as little of state craft as the angler does of fishing who stands on the river brink and invites the fishes to feed.

This fiasco gave the final rout to all diplomatic finessing of this nature. O'Connell stated for the benefit of all whom it may concern, that Ireland would rather take her politics from Constantinople than from Rome, and O'Connell's words but gave utterance to the silent thoughts of thousands of his countrymen.

The next attempt to govern Ireland through the Vactican was subtler and more skilful, but in the end the result in our day has proved, if anything, more disastrous. In 1852, through English influence exerted through Catholic sources at the Propaganda, Dr. Cullen was appointed to the Arch-Diocese of Dublin, and now at last it was thought that the Nationalist peasant priesthood of Ireland was fairly muzzled. Austere as a disciplinarian, zealous as a churchman, rabidly anti-republican as a priest who had witnessed twenty years of Italian revolution well might be, Dr. Cullen was just the prelate to stamp his foot on any socialistic tendency. And he did it. At that time the Whigs and Tories were bidding for the Irish Vote. The Irish platform was split in two. The League or Tenant-right party, the precursors of the Parnellites, eschewed all English factions. But the Sadlier-Keogh, or Catholic party, sought alliance with the Whigs, and with this section Dr. Cullen cast his episcopal influence.

He did not, however, go the extreme length which he went in 1865. Then he launched all the thunders of the Church against the Fenians. He got them hunted from the confessionals, he denounced them as heretics, and declared that "hell was not hot enough nor eternity long enough to punish such miscreants." In all that he did even his enemies now admit he had the interests of the Church alone at heart. His Italian experience of secret societies had given him a morbid dread of revolution. This proved highly unfortunate. The Fenian trouble would have died an infantile death, without any blows from the Cardinal, if he could only have held his peace, or restrained his zealousness within reasonable bounds. As it was, he only made broad inroads into the restraining influence which the priests had always exercised over the people. No matter how Nationalistic the priesthood always were, they were constitutionalists, and might have still kept the people within legal limits, as they did through the O'Connell excitement and the agitation of 1852. But now their influence was wholly shattered. Overzealousness reacted on itself as it always does. Men driven from the practices of their religion soon lost respect for the ministers of it. The Fenian movement died away, but this old canker remained eating into the political life of

the people. The old cry of "priest and people" was but a phantom of the past. The phantom now is hardly left.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Catholic clergy had any guiding influence in the Land League movement. They joined it as swimmers follow the course of a current when the current proves too strong. For fifty years the priest was the principal factor in Irish politics, and he still struggles hard to retain that position. At first the parish priests denounced the agents of the Land League. Mr. Parnell himself had a narrow escape from the mob, in opposing the Chevalier O'Clery, the nominee of the priests, at Wexford. At Macroom, in County Cork, Mr. Finnigan and Mr. Kettle were actually assaulted by the local Catholic clergymen. Mr. O'Sullivan, the first secretary of the League, had to fly for his life from a small borough town, not thirty miles from Dublin, because he broached tenets on land reform which the clergy there deemed Communistic. All over the country it was the same: most of the priests had previously assisted in denouncing the Fenian movement, at the instance of the Cardinal, and now they commenced to denounce the League without any instigation whatever.

But they soon retraced their steps. Like the gathering fury of an avalanche the wave of land revolution burst over the land, sweeping all the elements of society with it. At one time not one landlord in ten ever expected to receive a penny of rent again: many did not expect and, as a matter of fact, did not escape with their lives. Priests and bishops were but as other atoms—to be crushed like other despicable elements in the sight of the frenzied demon of revolution! To oppose they were powerless; to guide they had some influence, and that influence, such as it was, they cast in, and as a body (to their credit be it said) they cast it in the cause of law and order. It would have been better for their own interests and reputation had they kept aloof altogether. They were absolutely powerless to check the numerous outrages and murders that occurred, whilst their seeming connection with the agitation gave them the semblance of such power, unbacked by any real authority. They were thus charged with being fomenters of agitation, though in reality they were but the merest straws on its surface.

To explain this religious as well as social and political revolt on the part of the Irish peasant it must be remembered that the land revolution was not solely agrarian in its complexion. It exerted and will exert as much influence on Irish history as the French Revolu-

tion did on the fate of Europe. No coward was more cowardly than the Irish peasant. The iron of penal days had not worn off his soul; his poverty benumbed the naturally heroic qualities of his nature. The petty oppression of landlordism in all its ramifications from Dublin Castle down to the local Petty Sessions Court, where justice was openly leavened with favouritism and bribery, had cowed down a spirit which had asserted its valour on a hundred battlefields. He crouched and cringed, lied to and begged of the landlord, doffed his hat to the smallest representative of authority, slunk into the ditch as the carriages of the great passed by. He was fast learning those vices which have sunk into the soul of the ryot and fellaheen. But the land revolution saved him. There is no tyrant so great as the suddenly empowered coward. Excess was to be expected. From one extreme he ran to the other. The scales were cast off his eyes, and, standing on the pedestal of enfranchisement, he gnashed his teeth and blushed at the abyss of self-imposed slavery from which he had risen. Authority in all and every shape, religious as well as political, he looked on with suspicion. The priests were not attacked nor sent to the guillotine, but they would be, or riddled with bullets if they acted as the French clergy did and ranged themselves on the side of landlordism.

Let no mistake be made. The spiritual authority of Rome is not shaken in Ireland. But the political is split from the religious element and is irrevocably gone for ever. How far the interests of religion have been bruised in the process I shall not stop to inquire, but at any rate let no mistaken views be entertained by those who would infer that disregard of orders from the Vatican respecting the Parnell or any other fund, meant repudiation of any religious teaching that may come from the same quarter.

Only those intimately acquainted with the lights and shadows of Irish character know how easy it would be to re-direct back to Rome the stream of Irish national sentiment. Parnell has the great virtue of silence and he never exercised it more judiciously than when he held his peace over the Papal letter. Had he but raised his little finger against Leo XIII, with all his political influence, his position on the Irish platform would have been lost. It may seem paradoxical and inconsistent, but it is the fact. Irish sentiment is volatile and impulsive and would not hesitate five minutes in rejecting to-day the idol of yesterday. This is the reserve of power which enables the Vatican to hold France in check and keep Germany at bay.

What, then, will be the influence of the Papal letter? What the result of Mr. Errington's mission? It has given the last blow to the political power of the Irish priest, unless that power runs concurrent with popular sentiment. It has rudely shaken the last remnant of political power left to Rome herself. It will raise to £30,000 a fund which otherwise would never have exceeded £10,000, and has given a fillip to Irish national sentiment which has directly led to the triumph of the Monaghan election.

The connection is obvious. All the poetic wealth of the Young Irelanders was expended, and expended in vain in cementing a union between Orange and Green. Davis, the poet-priest of the '48 movement, in the fulness of his heart exclaimed :—

"And oh, 'twould be a glorious thing,
To show before mankind,
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined.
Might be combined, but not forget
The sources whence they rose,
As joined by many a rivulet,
The lordly Shannon flows."

In vain! The North still dreaded papal influence. Bigotry, on both sides, still flourished as rankly as ever. How has the gulf now been bridged over? Simply because the independent action of Catholic Ireland in despising political counsel from Rome has convinced the Northern Presbyterians that Irishmen, after all, are more National than Catholic, and that they have nothing to fear from the religious tenets of the majority of their countrymen. Of course the Healy clause of the Land Act recommended the author of it to the favour of the electors, but he would never have won where Dr. Gray and Isaac Butt failed were it not for the fruits of Mr. Errington's mission.

The effect of the letter on the Irish clergy themselves will be marked and permanent. It will consummate the resolution which has for a long time been in progress—the banishment of the Irish priest from the political platform. Rome did not bargain for this, but this, nevertheless, will be the inevitable consequence. The day is gone when his services were needed. In Cork, the most Catholic city in Ireland, for a number of years past, no priest has taken or dare take a prominent part in political questions. The priests will still have paramount religious and considerable social influence, and where they coincide with popular views, will still be enthusiastically welcomed on the political platform, but they will be followers, not

moulders of national sentiment. Their power for good or evil, as regards politics, will be simply *nil*.

The circular itself they will obey with alacrity, if not with cheerfulness. The wonderful discipline of the Catholic church gives ample security for this. Dr. Croke, the Archbishop of Cashel, and leader of the popular clerical party, has just the sort of spirit that would least bear undue restraint. But enthusiastic, high spirited, popular to the verge of idolatry as he is, did Rome command to-morrow he would doff the mitre, roll himself in ashes and walk barefooted through the halls of the Vatican. He would do it humbly, penitently, uncomplainingly, without plaint or question, did the Propaganda decree it, and all solely as a matter of discipline.

Let no one within or without the Catholic church doubt this. As a guide for the Foreign Office it may be of some importance. Did not this spirit exist the Pope would never be able to wield the world-wide influence and authority which he possesses. In no part of the world is this absolute voluntary power more dogmatically accepted than in Ireland, and of this the Roman Cardinals are fully aware, else they would never draw so largely on it as they recently have done. Let them look out, and not seek accommodation too often. Dr. Croke, however, they need not fear. Within my own knowledge I have known him give the highest proof of self-denying submissiveness. At the late general election, when Mr. Parnell was contesting Cork, the whole weight of the clerical influence was cast for Mr. Murphy, his opponent, an extra-Catholic Catholic gentleman. One priest however, Father O'Mahony, so far defied episcopal authority as to sign Mr. Parnell's nomination paper, and actually canvass in his favour. For this he was banished to a remote rural parish. He protested, appealed, expostulated, and at last refused to go. Dr. Croke was appealed to, and strong as his sympathies were with the young curate who so fully represented the Doctor's own principles, he yet commanded him to go. And this unquestioning obedience which he exacted from one of his curates, he himself, if put to the test, would unhesitatingly practise.

The value of Roman aid in governing Ireland then is not worth negotiating for, since Rome has no political power left to barter. Let Mr. Errington be forthwith dismissed from his highly ambiguous and embarrassing office. The Irish question is already complicated enough without adding other profitless sources of irritation and complexity. Catholic as Ireland is, let it again be emphasized, she would

throw Rome overboard, once and for all, did Roman Cardinals again attempt to dictate her political policy. And in that pitch of enraged enthusiasm would not Irish national feeling be more unconciliating towards England than ever? Has not the Errington mission strengthened Mr. Parnell's influence and prestige fourfold? Has it not directly led to the Monaghan victory? Has it not placed within his reach a probable majority of eighty-four at the next general election? And, above all, has it not with one stroke of the pen scored out the clerical element from Irish politics, and by so much added to the forces of revolution.

The Vision of St. Helena.

A MODERN PILGRIM'S TALE.

CHAPTER IV.

I Set Out on my Pilgrimage.

MY father's health had been failing for a long time; still, his death, which happened after I had completed my nineteenth year, came on us by surprise, so that only my married sister and I were with him at the last. Shortly before he expired he gave me a packet containing a beautifully-executed miniature portrait of my mother, taken shortly before her marriage, together with an account, written by himself, of that sad controversy which had made her last years so full of trouble. The other members of our family arrived from Cape Town only in time to attend the funeral. The day after the burial we were surprised to discover amongst my father's papers a will, duly signed and attested, and dated only a few months back, about the period of his last visit to the neighbouring town. The contents of this document gave us another surprise. Half of all he had possessed was left to me, the other half to be divided in four equal portions amongst his other four children. A resident of Cape Town, one of his old friends, was named executor, with full powers to apportion the property, consisting of his country place, several houses in Cape Town and some plots of garden ground in the suburbs, amongst us. In the event of any difficulty arising about the division, everything was to be sold and the money apportioned in accordance with the will. The reason he gave for this unequal partition was that his first four children were all, to some extent, already provided for, and had homes and occupations, whereas I had nothing; and being, moreover, like himself, of a studious and contemplative disposition, was not so well fitted as the others to fight my battle with the world. He, therefore, considered it only just and fair to make me a good provision, and hoped that, having

placed me above the necessity of labour, I would follow in his footsteps, devoting myself exclusively to those sacred matters of study and contemplation which gave us in this life the noblest pleasures of which we were capable, and prepared us for that higher state where we should at last be purified from all taint of earthliness.

I was greatly disturbed at the contents of the will, and, after it had been read, silently and without lifting my eyes to the faces of the others, I rose and left the house to spend the day roaming by myself about the forest. I should certainly have preferred an equal division of the property, though my father had rightly judged me ill able to make my own way in the world; and, when I reflected that my brothers were very nearly strangers to me, I was prepared for some display of anger and bitterness on their part. Doubtless to their minds the will was an unjust one, since they were the losers by it. Nevertheless, when I returned to the house in the evening, they received me kindly and advised me to accompany them to Cape Town in order to consult the executor of the will. I replied that I had no wish to leave home just then, and would write him a letter which they could take to him. My heart was full to overflowing with all the events of the past few days. I longed to be alone—alone in the woods with my grief for my father, with my mother's beautiful portrait and the sad history of her married life. I sat up most of the night inditing my letter to the executor. It was a difficult task, for it was my desire, without departing widely from my father's last wishes, to be generous towards my brothers and sisters. It grieved my heart, I said, that he had thought proper to prefer me above his other children, and I trusted there would be no necessity for parting with the property. I did not wish to interfere in any way in the settlement, nor did I require him to keep to the strict letter of the will. My father had only wished to leave me enough to live on, and I thought that if a third of the whole property came to me I should be sufficiently provided for. With this letter, which gave them great satisfaction, they left for Cape Town, my brother-in-law going with them to look after his wife's interests.

The country estate fell eventually to my married sister's share, but for upwards of two years I continued to reside with her, and during all that time I never once visited the town. From time to time I received letters, giving me an account of my property and of sums paid into my account at the bank by my tenants, but I cared little enough for money then. The very first use I made of my inde-

pendent position and of the means at my disposal was to despatch an order to a bookseller to send me all the poetical works to be obtained in the town. In due time the precious cargo arrived, and that Paradise of the imagination I had so long wished to enter opened wide to receive me. My life from that time was one perpetual enchantment. Days, weeks, months flew by, and I took no note of time. Oh, what a wealth of delight was in this fountain of poesy, this perennial spring of beauty and glory and joy from which I drank incessantly and was never satisfied! How stale, flat, and unprofitable now seemed every other pleasure and occupation in comparison! All the gold, silver and precious stones in the world would have been powerless to tempt me aside from it, even for a single moment. Though I read eagerly and incessantly my muse was not idle. Everything I read suggested a thousand ideas to my mind, and I would rise from the perusal of a poem to pour out my soul in a subject so different that no one could have imagined the source from whence I drew my inspiration. These compositions were never shown to any one, and even the great number of poetical works I surrounded myself with made none of the simple people about me suspect the secret I guarded so religiously.

One day my sister, while sitting near me doing some work, asked me to read something to her from the book I held in my hands. It was a volume of verses. I pretended to read, but only repeated a poem I had recently composed myself, and which was still fresh in my memory. When I concluded she was silent, but on the next day, producing the same volume, she said, "Latimer, what is the name of that little poem you read to me yesterday? The verses were so strange and pretty they have haunted me ever since, and now I can't find them in the book."

How exceedingly sweet that sounded to me! It was, in fact, the first word of appreciation I had ever heard. The tears came to my eyes and, starting up, I threw my arms about my sister's neck and kissed her. She was very much surprised at this unusual display of emotion, but I did not explain the cause of it. Little as I esteemed my sister's judgment in such matters, I was now led to believe that I had began to acquire the art of expression, and I began to grow restless in my mind and to look forward to a larger measure of appreciation.

Shortly after this incident I received a letter from the executor saying that a considerable sum of money for rents was lying in the

bank for me; that if I did not intend visiting Cape Town it would be necessary for me to appoint an agent to look after my affairs. He strongly advised me to settle in the town, where, possessing some capital, I might start in business, or, if I liked that better, get an appointment in a Government office. This letter set me thinking. I would certainly not go into business or seek Government employment. Nature and habit had combined to make me utterly unfit for a life of that description, and I had no wish to increase my income. More than that, I had devoted myself to poetry and would not divide my allegiance. Burns and Bloomfield and Chaucer had been compelled to do so by their hard fortunes, but I had not to labour for my bread with plough or with pen. I would go to England, the land of beauty, of old historic remains and associations, the home of my ancestors and the sacred birthplace of all my beloved poets. There were the fields Burns had ploughed, the house where Shakespeare first saw the light, and the ancient Abbey where Chaucer once worshipped. With this idea in my mind I hurried away to the woods, and there, lying on the dry grass in the shade, began to compose a lyrical "Farewell to Africa," the home of my childhood and happy youth, and where that marvellous revelation had been sent to gladden my life. When I returned to the house I astonished my sister by telling her that I intended setting out immediately for England.

A week later and I was at Cape Town preparing for the voyage. During my sojourn there I heard a great deal about that uncle of mine who had once lived with my parents, and who had finally parted with them, his heart full of anger and bitterness against my father. My brothers never went near him, having been brought up to regard him as an enemy of the family on account of that ancient quarrel; but his burning religious zeal and good works had made him known to most of his fellow-townsmen, and even those who were most opposed to his doctrines respected him for his purity of life and his numerous charitable deeds. I was pleased with what I heard about him, for I now began to have a great tenderness towards my mother's religion. My parents, I thought, had both been good Christians, worshipping and serving God according to their lights, yet how widely they had differed on some points, and how unhappy their married life had been! These things convinced me that it did not signify very much to which sect a follower of Christ belonged; and knowing that my uncle had been deeply attached to his sister,

I resolved to make him a visit before leaving Africa. I accordingly went one morning to his house, taking with me the miniature of my mother to show him, for I imagined that after the long estrangement there had been an excuse for my call might be necessary.

I found him reading his morning paper. He was under the medium height and slender, had regular features, curling black hair and dark blue eyes. When he rose to greet me we both stood for some moments staring in complete silence at each other, each thinking that he saw before him, allowing for difference of age, an exact counterpart of himself.

"I am your nephew, Latimer Deane," I said, "and am staying here for a few days on my way to England. I was anxious to see you before leaving Africa, and also thought you might like to see this portrait of my mother."

He took the miniature from me in silence, and for some minutes gazed fondly at it, with an expression of mingled sorrow and pleasure on his face.

"It was kind of you to come here with this portrait," he said at length. "I remember it well, and since my poor sister's death, have often wished to look at it once more. Did you think, I wonder, that my seeing it might make me desire to posess it?"

"I did not think about that," I replied, "but nothing would ever induce me to part with it."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that," he replied. "She was the being I loved best on earth. Doubtless God sent me to this country for his own purposes, but I came to Africa, I thought, only to be with her. You can have no remembrance of her, since she died when you were little more than a baby in arms. Besides, you know, your mother was a Catholic."

"Uncle," I replied, "my mother's memory is dearer to me than you can imagine. There is no being living on earth I love so deeply, and my sweetest hope is that I may see and know her again in a future state. You must not think that I have the same feeling about her religion my father had. He acted conscientiously in that matter of our bringing up, of course, but it was a thousand pities it had to be so. I do not think I should have been a worse Christian had my mother been allowed to bring me up in her own faith."

"Latimer," said my uncle, rising and placing a hand on my shoulder, "it is a thousand pities my poor sister never lived to hear those words you have just spoken fall from the lips of one of her

children. You were her last child, the most like her, the one she perhaps loved best, and she pleaded very hard to have you. How sad to think that your father's conscience made the great injustice he was guilty of towards her seem right to him. But perhaps God is now leading you back to the fold of the true church in which you were born, and out of which you were taken when too young to judge for yourself."

"These things are mysteries to us," I replied. "Religion—the essence of religion—has always been very much to me; but I confess I do not think very much or feel very deeply about those doctrines concerning which others differ."

"I am glad that religion is much to you," returned my uncle. "But remember this, Latimer; there is one Church that is not torn to pieces by internal discords, because the peace of God is with it, and because its authority is derived from the lips of Christ. And, if you wish to keep unclouded by doubts the faith you value so highly, into that Church, sooner or later, you must come. And now," he continued, "tell me about this trip to England,—what is the object of it, and when do you propose returning?"

"I do not think of returning to Africa," I replied.

"And what then will you do, my boy? Surely the life you have been living out there in that lonely place has not fitted you for any career in England!"

"I know," I answered. "But then my father left me well off: I believe my income will be about £350 a year, perhaps more, so that I might make shift to do without a career. Only, I do not intend to be idle, and I daresay I shall be able to find something useful to do even in a land so overstocked with clever brains and willing hands as old England."

"Of course you will," he said; "and if you are to have as much as that you can safely say good-bye to Africa. You will find that we—the Catholics I mean—are doing a great work in England just now. And this reminds me of a very dear old friend of mine to whom I will give you a letter of introduction. Half-a-dozen lines from me to dear old Tom Molesworth, will do you more good in London than fifty letters to other people. He is quite a celebrity now, I hear, but he has not forgotten me, I'm sure. When I lived in London twenty—no, nearer thirty, years ago, I often sat up into the small hours listening to him; for he is, without exception, the most brilliant and at the same time the most inexhaustible talker I ever encountered. He is

not an eloquent talker only, he is also a deep thinker, full of love for his fellow-creatures, and of zeal for his religion. I tell you candidly, Latimer, when he comes to know you, and something of your story, which you must tell him, he will not let you rest very long in that idea of yours that forms and doctrines are not vitally important matters. He used to delight us by prophesying in those days that in fifty years England would be Catholic. Well, since then many of her wisest and greatest men have come over to us, and I daresay he cherishes the old hope still."

"Is he a priest?" I asked.

"O no. He is a wealthy widower now with grown-up children. I daresay you will know all London through them. He had a great fancy for Natural History and such things. After I left home he made voyages to Australia, India, America, and other countries and, I hear, published some very expensive works on the animals of those places. I have never corresponded with him, and do not even know his address now. But you will find him in London, and he will receive you, I know, for my sake, with open arms. He will introduce you to some of the leading spirits in our church, and put you in the way of carrying out that good intention you have formed of doing something useful."

The letter was then written and addressed simply to "Professor Molesworth, London."

A few days later I bade my uncle an affectionate farewell on the deck of the steamer that was to convey me to England.

CHAPTER V.

Impressions of England.

It is impossible for those born and living in England to conceive the delightful sensations experienced by a child of the Colonies on first visiting—I had almost written re-visiting—the mother country. To return, as it were, after an absence extending over many years, to the home of one's race and family; to have that feeling of coming back to dear familiar things, and the feeling of novelty at one and the same time; to listen to the cuckoo's flute-like voice from the deep verdure, or to the rooks cawing hoarsely from the tall elms at eventide, and to gather violets and primroses and wild flowers of well-

known names; to make one's way to some rustic village where little children shout at play amongst the graves scattered beneath the hoary old church spire, and to read on the stones, half obliterated by time, the names of one's own ancestors; this surely is one of the sweetest things that can befall a man! All my previous life—so lonely, so dreamy, so poetic—had prepared me to experience this feeling in the very highest degree. The morning of my arrival in England was perhaps the happiest of my life. I stood for hours on the deck shivering with the cold, for there was a bitter east wind blowing that chilled me to the marrow; but in spite of the cold and discomfort, with what hungry eyes, dim with tears, and with what overflowing rapture of heart, I gazed on the land before me! It was a pleasant scene on which I gazed: not grand nor pre-eminently beautiful, but there was that in the sweet English landscape before me which made it dearer to my heart than all other scenes I had ever beheld. A long line of white cliffs lapped by that quiet gray sea, and beyond them an undulating country, everywhere diversified with woods and farms and distant village spires; sombre evergreens and hedges and trees newly clothed in the vivid verdure of early spring. All things appeared indistinct in the blue haze that thickened in the distance, and out of which, as from a sea, rose the cloud-like outline of a far-off range of hills. How sweet it all appeared to me! How beautiful that soft richness of variegated verdure, that universal mistiness making the nearest object seem far away: and brooding over all the chill sky with its chastening film of cloud! First had come a glimpse of Devon when the morning was yet pale, then Dorset and the rich scenery of Hants, and now at last we were rapidly approaching the shore, and feelings inexpressibly sweet were stirring in me, and thoughts, scarcely definite enough to be called thoughts, filled my mind with a pleasing reverie: while mingling with them came the half-remembered words of an English poet exile. Again and again they recurred to me as if appropriate to one about to see England for the first time:—

O to be in England,
  Now that April's there!
And whoever wakes in England
  Sees each morning, unaware,
How the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree's bole is in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the budding bough,
In England now.

Suddenly the mighty iron heart of the steamer ceased throbbing; the loud rattling of chains and shouts bandied from ship to shore

roused me from my reverie, and in five minutes more my feet were pressed on the soil of old, old England.

As soon as I had got my luggage to an hotel and said good-bye to my fellow-passengers, I hurried away from the town and, an hour after landing found myself far out amongst woods and fields. Here in a secluded spot, under the shadow of a clump of firs, I dropped on my knees and poured out my gratitude to God for having brought me safely to the land of my fathers. For some time the happiness I found in this place was sufficient for me, so that day after day I postponed going to London. I passed the time rambling by myself about the country, gathering frail delicate flowers filled with crystal dews, listening to the sweet liquid notes of wild birds, gazing ever into the dim blue distance; and always with a haunting sense of mystery in it all, making my life seem like a strange and beautiful dream. The sun never oppressed—never drove me to the deeper shadows of the forest; all day long, out of the rich fields where the dew never dried, the lark soared up with the unworn freshness of the dawn in his carol; until it seemed to me that I was like one waiting and watching for day to come in the fulness of his sultry power, where it never came, in a land where it was always morning.

From the beautiful country about Southampton, and the ruins of Netley Abbey, I extended my wanderings by degrees to the New Forest, the Isle of Wight, and finally to Winchester and its ancient Cathedral. After spending three weeks in these delightful rambles, I proceeded to London. What a change from the green misty paradise of Hants to the grimy wilderness of brick and mortar that greets the wanderer from another world at Waterloo! My heart sank within me on my first entrance into London, and for some time I was like one dazed, as, with hesitating steps, and losing myself at every turn, I made my way about the city. The vast gloomy buildings, looking more like the dwellings of giants, than of ordinary men, the roar of traffic from the thoroughfares, and the everlasting procession of people streaming past, almost sweeping me off my feet in their haste—all this filled my mind with a kind of dismay. Fortunately I was well provided with letters from the Cape. I soon found a circle of pleasant acquaintances, and after some days spent in visits and sightseeing, the vastness, wealth, and majesty of London began to affect me with a fresh delight, almost as strong as that which I had experienced on my first arrival in England. Eventually I settled down in lodgings in Kensington, near the High Street Station, and within a few minutes of the Gardens, which I never tired of admiring.

For a long time I kept that letter from my uncle Passenger to Professor Molesworth, who was living, I found, in Portman Square. That feeling of tenderness towards my mother's religion about which I have spoken had increased on me. I went frequently to the Pro-Cathedral, which was close to my lodgings, to hear the great Catholic preachers of London, and every week I became more convinced that it was essential to my peace of mind to be firmly settled in the form of my belief. When I recalled all my uncle had said about his distinguished friend I began to think it almost certain that through his means I should go over to the Church of Rome. The deep love and veneration in which I held my mother's memory, combined with the feeling that she had been unjustly treated, prepared me for such a step. It was a serious matter, however, and one requiring much deliberation. I had now been several months in England. During all this time I had read little, and had written almost nothing. A thousand things had combined to distract my mind. Everything in London was on so vast and magnificent a scale and so novel, my time was so taken up and all the conditions of life so changed that, for a time, I was incapable of escaping from, or dealing with, the innumerable vivid impressions that crowded on my brain. Now I was beginning to tire of this unprofitable life. Occasionally too, when I lay awake at night, or walked alone in Kensington Gardens, the sweet spirit of poesy that had followed me from the African woodlands seemed to be with me, only waiting to find me in the serene devotional frame of former days to give me fresh proofs of her favour. My religion was, however, first in my thoughts. To settle that must be my first care; then there would be nothing to disturb me in the pursuit of that sublime art to which I had devoted my life. I resolved, as a first step, to present myself to Professor Molesworth and, the better to prepare myself for the visit, probably destined to have an abiding influence on my future, I went to Westminster Abbey, and spent two or three hours in silent meditation there.

Since the first visit I ever made to the Abbey up to the present moment, when all things are so changed, it has always had a strange power over me. I am no sooner within its sacred and sombre interior than every mundane subject is forgotten—pleasures, passion, cares—every thought that occupied my mind before, and my soul is awed into silence. One overmastering idea possesses me—the idea of God. In ancient times men raised this great fane to His glory; and because He is supposed to reside in it, here the

kings of this mightiest empire have come to receive their crowns; here they have sought refuge in times of bloodshed and rebellion; here the ashes of the great, the wise, the eloquent, the holy of life have been gathered to await the resurrection. The very stones are worn by the knees of unnumbered generations of worshippers. Centuries of time have passed, and the long colonnades and vast, hoary arches have never ceased to echo the sounds of praise and of prayer. This was the fittest place to meditate, to seek for heavenly guidance and to settle that great question that had began to disquiet my heart. Here, with the sunshine streaming through the richly-coloured windows, lighting the funeral monuments all around me, the epitome of so many centuries of history, I endeavoured to concentrate my thoughts on the great subject before me. I wished first of all to place clearly before my mind those doctrines of our faith not held in common by all believers, but which are clung to and maintained as essential to salvation by some men and rejected and denounced as pernicious by others. Here were questions men had been disputing about for centuries. How was I to decide? My mind revolted from the task I had set myself. Why should it be imposed on me? Could I, in the face of the fact that so many wise, holy, and zealous followers of Christ had differed so widely from one another, believe that a new revelation would be vouchsafed to me—that the Holy Ghost would illumine my mind, as it had not illumined the minds of other men, and show me amongst all these conflicting doctrines which to receive and which to reject? Was there not a church with God-given authority to enlighten me and save me from the miserable wilderness of doubt into which trusters of human reason would fain plunge me? Was cold, metaphysical Protestantism capable of such a conception as this house of God, where men of all creeds loved to worship—this chief glory of an England once Catholic? Why did I love the English church while shrinking in disgust from Nonconformist modes and places of worship? Surely only because it had housed itself in the majestic temples of Catholicism, and borrowed the beautiful ritual of the nobler Church it had overthrown. That was a sweeter, richer, holier religion than ours; they were nearer to God—the builders of the Abbey—and drank more deeply from the fountain of His love; they were happier than we can ever be, and their clearer faith made them bolder in glorifying the Father which is in Heaven!

When I left the Abbey I felt in a calm, trustful frame of mind,

After all I had thought very little about those matters which had been the cause of all the divisions existing in the Church of Christ, but a conviction had now possessed my mind that God did not require of me a solution of these questions. I would not now hesitate to be guided by my uncle's friend, and I resolved on making the thoughts I had just been occupied with the subject of my conversation with him on the morrow.

(*To be continued.*)

The Waters of Forgetfulness.

SUGGESTED BY FREDERICK SANDYS' PICTURE OF "LETHE."

[*The picture shows a certain valley, wherein are many strange flowers. Midst them stands a beautiful woman with closed eyes, holding an urn; the place is girt round with rocks, over the edges of which hang pendant mist-wreaths. No living thing moves or sings near her, and no breeze stirs her hair or ripples the grasses at her feet. Her name is* LETHE: *she holds a strange gift for mortals, and there be some that say that this gift is Death.*]

Dreaming in some strange fantasie of sleep,
I walked alone upon the face of earth;
Over high hills, through valleys broad and deep,
Yet in their joyance could I take no mirth,
Death seemed to me a sweeter thing than birth,
So wandered I through this world's wilderness
Seeking the Waters of Forgetfulness:

Those blessed waters, which, in some far place,
Men said flowed ever full of dreamless rest,
And sickened souls, desiring their sweet grace
To ease the sorrow-burdens from their breast,
Like mine did ever wander in their quest
That they might sink their woes and bitterness
In the sweet Waters of Forgetfulness.

By winding bays,
By flowerful ways,
Through storm and rain;
In magic maze,
Through weary days,
I sought in vain.

Dreaming ever, seeking ever,
By the silver-sanded river
Where the splintering sun-shafts quiver,
Over many a misty mountain
Over many a barren land;
To relieve my soul impassioned
Drank I of each well and fountain,
From the hollow of my hand
Cup-wise fashioned.

Yet was it mirrored to me in my dream,
My labour was but lost, and fruitlessly
I drank of fount and well and bubbling stream,
In mad desire to poison memory
And ease my soul of her great agony;
The thoughts of what had been burned in my brain,
And all my quest—ah, bitter quest!—was vain.

Where the rain-storm blinds the marches,
When the radiant rainbow arch is,
Of God's oath the awful sign:
Through the tangled forest arches,
Through the fragrant waving larches,
Through the cedar and the pine;
Wandering wistfully and weary,
Still the doubt rose, dim and dreary,
Shall this grace be ever mine?

And ever did I seek, but never found
The silence that of all things else I sought,
Life's music once so sweet did discord sound,
And no reliet its rolling rhythm wrought,
But harshly jarred the tension of each thought;
The myriad chords throbbed through the wide expanse,
Yet were their tones but jangling dissonance.

Clanging, clashing like the toll
Of countless bells, vibrations roll
Through the listening human soul!
Hands in vain crushed close to ear,

Man cannot, dare not, choose but hear
The quick'ning cadence of the strain
That beats in heart and throbs in brain:
Strong, soul-cleaving, deep, sonorous,
Rings out the rhythm of Life's chorus.

The voice of strong men seeking
To reach to God, but who can say God hears?
The cry of children weeping,
The endless sound of women's falling tears.

The roar of mobs assailing
The houses of the man who wears a crown;
Youth's passionate voice bewailing
Lost love and life and hope and fair renown.

False troth and tryst and token,
And falsest words of all from sweetest breath,
The plighted love-vow broken,
The snap of heart-strings and the dirge of death.

All sweetness discords marring,
The singing voice of linnet or of merle,
Is broken by the jarring,
Clear, careless, laughter of a mocking girl.

At last I chanced upon a wind-warm space,
A silent gorge beneath a silent sky,
And in the solemn stilness of the place
Hushed were the many voices, faint the cry,
Of those that hate to live yet fear to die;
Far off the roar of mobs, the children's call,
The girl's light mocking laughter most of all.

Grey gloomy cliffs, about whose edges crept,
Slow circling wreaths of mist that closely clung,
And lipped the crags that seemed as if they slept,
Enchanted by the clouds that overhung;
A poppy-mead, and gaunt grim trees that flung
Their gnarled white branches through the vapourous air
As 'twere great marble snakes were carven there.

A woman knee-deep in the poppies stood,—
Knee-deep in blossoms, purple, red and white,
With seeds out-bursting from each soft green hood,
And heavy hanging heads—a wond'rous sight,
Filling my soul with mystical delight.
A purple plain of poppies where she trod,
So fair, I said, this surely is some God!

Her head thrown back, her sculptured throat laid bare,
Her eyes were closed, and yet I could discern
The beauty of her mouth, and eyes, and hair,
The spirit of her face both sweet and stern.
Beneath one circling arm she clasped an urn,
Pressed close to breast:—I said I needs must pray,
For haply she may take my grief away.

And yet I feared to break upon her thought,
Or mar the magic of her mournful mien,
A sense of awe her very presence brought,
A mystic power lay within the sheen,
Of her bronze robes that glowed with gold and green.
Then, while my soul with secret flame did burn,
I cried aloud to her who held the urn.

"Pour from thine urn! I care not what man saith,—
Be this the brink
Of dawning light, or endless night, or death:
Give me to drink!"

Slowly the eyes unfolded, and there shone
A light within, like to an altar flame,
That burns when sacraficial deeds are done;
Abashed I waited while a sense of shame
Infused and filled me—then in low voice came,
These words from her who held the urn close-prest,
Against the curvèd whiteness of her breast.

"To cool the fever that scorcheth ever,
To quench the flames that burn,
I am the giver of Lethe's river,

That floweth from out this urn.
But who would seek the spell to break,
Of the vigil and watch I keep?
What man would dare drink the cup I bear
Of the dark eternal sleep?"

Grave silence then, while thoughts flashed in and out,
And questions crowded on my vexèd soul,
A fear crept over me, a strong self-doubt,
Here when my feet had reached the longed-for goal,
Sought with such pain, through days of evil dole;
Strange, that I felt no hungry eagerness
To touch the Waters of Forgetfulness!

"I may not reveal what the waters conceal,
But I give to drink to those who need;
In thy heart alone is thy purpose known,
Not mine to refuse, nor mine to plead.
On the surface glass, see the bubbles pass,
And list the lapping of rippling waves!
Art thou so bold? plunge thy hand in the cold
Of the waters that ruin or save."

Was it a coward thing to fear to drink,
Or still more coward thing to drink and die?
Wear chains of living on, or snap the link—
The last link binding? Thus unceasingly,
Despair and doubt waged war with memory,
And as I mused, she, with a saddened smile,
And wistful look watched all my doubts the while.

No more! I snatch the urn from out her hand,
And where I stand,
I raise it to my burning lips and quaff
With ringing laugh!
Sudden I sink upon my bended knees—
Mystery of mysteries—
What potent power can Lethe's waters give?
I drink, I live!
Back into darkness all my evils roll,
Like some great scroll.

A passion new and strange leaps up within,
Scorching all sin;
The fair warm sunshine streams down from above,
I live, I love!
O touch my lips, and clasp my hand in thine,—
Love's seal and sign,
Here in my arms close-clasped, love, thou shalt lie
So royally!

What passion fills her eyes and mouth so sweet,
As dawn comes breaking in upon the night?
And lo! the sullen poppies at her feet
Have changed to gladsome roses, red and white,
And all the place is filled with rushing light;
O wonderous witchery! Healing bitterness!—
Love is the Water of Forgetfulness.

* * * * * * * *

I know not, painter-friend, if I have read
The riddle of thy cunning lines aright,
If to this end thine own strange thoughts have led,
Or if no dawn illumes thy Lethe's night;
Still, of thy grace, accept my fancy's flight,
The iron lock may yield to golden key,
And Love, not Death, may solve the mystery.

WILLIAM C. KINGSBURY WILDE.

The Bold Thoughts of Science.

IV.—THE SUN:

A Fragmentary Speculation as to Cosmical Light and Heat.

THE supposition is plausible that there are no orbs in space much larger than the sun. The imponderable element, or Force, would become too potential and the mass might burst asunder, or cast off a portion of its matter into space. We can see and feel, even at this distance, the mighty power of this element in the sun; we deduce from the action of gravity and Force that it is 1,200 times more potential, or more easily excited, than is the matter of the earth.

The theory that the sun is an incandescent body, giving out light and heat by the combustion or impact of matter, and that this light and heat extend from the sun to the earth, is so contrary to reason that it should no longer be retained as an impediment to physical science. No reasonable theory concerning light and heat can be established while this dogma stands in the way. If the light and heat on the earth, caused by the action of the sun, came from the sun as such, that orb must radiate light and heat to the same amount on every point of a spherical superficies in space whose diameter is equal to the earth's orbit, and space itself should be a radiant furnace. It is plain enough to conceive, or to calculate, that in a few months' time there would be a sensible decrease in the size or brightness of the sun, and that in a few years it would be entirely consumed, if it contained oxygen enough for so much combustion. To maintain the heat of the sun by the impact of falling bodies all the known matter of the solar system would be sufficient only for a very short period.

It is hardly conceivable that light and heat—decreasing as the square of the distance—could be transmitted or radiated from the sun to the earth, and that the sun is expending its power and will finally become exhausted. A more reasonable hypothesis would be that there is a mutual inductive action between the earth and sun, and that

the sun *per se* may be neither hotter nor brighter than the earth. I I have faith in the sublimely simple system foreshadowed in the works of a profound thinker on these subjects, Professor Grove. He shows that heat and cold are *only mutually* excited, that a substance or body cannot be heated without cooling some other substance. From these simple facts there is but one conclusion to be drawn; all space has one temperature, and the *mean* temperature of all bodies in space is the same.

The generally accepted explanation of the spots on the sun is that they are openings in the photosphere, showing the *dark* body of the sun below: that the penumbræ are caused by a lower, less illuminated, stratum, beneath which is the clear atmosphere, which may be constituted like that of the earth. Now if the sun is molten and hotter than white heat, as it must be if light and heat come all the way from it, it could not be a black mass as seen through these supposed openings. Or if heat is generated in the sun's atmosphere hot enough to warm the earth so powerfully from a distance beyond our comprehension, it would certainly render the mass of the sun, with which it is connected, incandescent. The depression and incandescent theories explode each other.

The hypothesis that best accounts for all the phenomena of the sun's spots is that they are caused by the projections seen in total eclipses by their colour, as they seem to be of different substance, or composition, from sun-light proper, and are probably seen by reflected light. As they project great distances above the surface and will generally be seen more or less foreshortened, if they contain any substance which is not light itself they will be likely to show dark through the central parts, or longer axis, while the borders and the inner parts will be shaded as penumbræ. These prominences sometimes extending parallel, or nearly so, with the surface for long distances, in passing near the edge of the disk would often appear to an observer as notches or depressions, especially to one having the preconceived idea that the spots are depressions or openings.

Observations are favourable to the hypothesis suggested here. M. De la Rue, on the total eclipse of July, 18, 1860, writes:—"As the prominences which we see beyond the sun's limb on the occasion of a total eclipse are merely such as are, from their situation, seen in profile, it is fair to presume that they must exist pretty well diffused all over the sun's photosphere, and that they must be at all times

visible, either as light or dark markings, on the sun's disk whether they are the light portions or faculæ, or the darker portions, not the spots "—why not the spots ?—" of the mottled disk, and whether they may not in some cases appear more bright, and in others less bright than the general brightness of the disk must still be a matter of conjecture. It is an interesting fact, however, that on the 19th and 20th a large mass of faculæ surrounding a group of small spots came round into view by the sun's rotation which must have occupied very nearly the position of the bright portion of a large streak of prominences on the south-eastern quadrant."

M. Praznowski observed the same eclipse " with special reference to the polarization of light," and states :—" The light of the red protuberances is not polarized, and in this respect they resemble clouds in our atmosphere; may we not hence conclude that there are solar clouds composed of particles, *not gaseous*, but liquid or even solid ?" If these positive statements from competent observers are of any value the enquiry should be how these numerous cloud-like projections could exist above the bright surface and *not* cause spots ? That the red shade of these projections is not seen on the spots is owing to the same cause that the projections are only seen in total eclipses.

The corona seen round the moon and sun in total eclipses is doubtless caused by sunlight reflected from particles of matter in the earth's atmosphere, as the twilight is probably caused by reflections from rings or bodies of diffused particles revolving about the earth above the atmosphere like the rings of Saturn. The ray-like projections seen in the corona would be caused by these bodies or rings; if the nodes of the latter were coincident the rays would be likely to project easterly and westerly, or they might project in any direction according to the position of the matter.

The analysis of sun-light by the prism has given rise to a theory which has been adopted by many with an eagerness proportional—inversely—to its probability. As *some* of the dark lines in the solar spectrum are coincident with *some* of the bright lines in the spectra from the combustion of *some* metals, it is considered as positive proof that light and heat come from the solid (dark ?) body of the sun, and that its glowing atmosphere contains the gases of these metals. So positive is Prof. Kirchoft that he computes the chance of error as one in a million of billions. With such a respectable number of chances in his favour he might have left the effect of the earth's atmosphere

out of the question, but this million-billionth of a chance is deemed worthy of serious notice. Speaking of the lines supposed to be due to the presence of iron vapours, he says:—"These iron vapours might be contained either in the atmosphere of the sun or in that of the earth, &c."

This hypothesis supposes the sun to be a body of intensely hot, incandescent matter, surrounded by a glowing atmosphere containing the substances in the condition of gases, &c. The theory is, in fact, built on speculations about things of which we know nothing. We *do know* that there is no light in space, and that the action between the earth and sun, whatever it be, causes light and heat on the earth It is known, besides, that the action of the spectrum is not infallible, that some substances give lines differing in size, number, and colour, according to the origin or the intensity of the combustion or light causing them. In fact the lines in the solar spectrum go to prove nothing more than the perhaps plausible hypothesis that the basis of the gases, or matter, of the earth's atmosphere may be the metals or substances in question, and the chance that substances existing in the atmosphere of the sun cause these dark lines is about the reverse of our Professor's calculations.

The earth is 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun at one point of its orbit than at the opposite point, or the sun is about 1-30th nearer in the winter of the northern hemisphere than in its summer. According to the theories of the radiation of heat from the sun the mean temperature of the summer in the southern hemisphere should be to that of the northern as 1.133 to 1 and the winter the reverse, and the mean temperature of the year in both hemispheres equal. The southern summers should be warmer and the winters colder than the northern, or the extremes of heat and cold should be much the greatest south. But as the reverse is the fact, the extremes of temperature being much the greatest north, it is attempted to be accounted for by the great predominance of land north, and of water south. This theory does not explain all the facts satisfactorily. That portion of the southern hemisphere south of 45° is in the condition of a body revolving in an orbit 1-15th more eccentric than the corresponding part north. This favours the hypothesis of some geologists that the changing eccentricity of the orbit is one cause of the important changes of climate that have taken place on the earth in geologic times.

Grim Tales.

II.—AN OXFORD MYSTERY.

CHAPTER III.

East and West.

I do not think that I need enter into any detailed account of my life from the point at which I have just broken off to the time when on the eve of my final examination I met the two strangers in Broad Street. I had never encountered the bright-featured companion of that sacred summer afternoon in the interim and, for the intervening four months, I had been so madly wrestling with the accumulating arrears of my work that I fancied I had no leisure for other thoughts. The vast drama of life was set to too serious a music to be transposed into an idle love song. Man was destined for work and for aspirations too noble to justify his dreaming the hours of his fullest energy away in the light of a maiden's eyes. I at least would not forego the virgin Truth and Knowledge, whose consecrated priest I was, for the summer fancies of an earthly love. But, for all this, life was no longer to me as it had been. The seed of love, though I scarcely knew it, had been planted in my heart, and it only waited for the sunshine of those sweet eyes to warm it into leaf and blossom and fruit. The fledgling was already in the nest, though he had hardly yet stretched his wings for his first flight, and the down on his pinions was not yet all changed to feather. Some misgivings for the present had begun to mingle with my dreams of the past; but a happier music for the future was even now throbbing through my requiem for the dead.

Such was, in few words, the state of my feelings on the day with which my story opens. The edifice of my past life still stood to all outward view fair and whole and splendid as of old; but, to those who could see it in its inner and lower parts, the foundations were

already shaken, the walls were splitting and the rafters bending under the strain of their superincumbent masonry. But there still flashed the old lights out of every window; and, as the doors opened and shut: the music of the past years rang out loud and jubilant into the listening air. The birds of fancy still fluttered out their songs from the eaves, and none could tell as yet that the heroes of the intellect received a colder welcome than of yore round the hearthstone or at the board. But, when once the voice of the thunder should speak and the lightning flash, then the dried woodwork would burst out into sudden flame, and the solid edifice would crumble down from roof to basement; the birds would speed away, trembling, from the gables, and the old guests—worse off than the minstrels of the air in that they had no wings—would be driven forth with contumely into the bitter night.

And the hour had now come and the man too. What I had before regarded as merely the fancy of a dreaming girl was after all a solid fact that would bear examination in the broad daylight of modern science. I need not say, that as the red lock of hair flashed out for a moment before my vision, I felt like a man stunned. What could it all mean? This sudden sentence spoken in the open street; this reading of my secret thoughts; this strange fulfilment of a girl's sleeping imagination! Could it be that in the immense infinity of events that were ever enacting themselves in space it had *chanced* that these occurrences should happen to me as mere coincidences? I should most certainly have deemed them coincidences if they had been related to me as happening within the experience of any other man than myself, and I should at once have credited the narrator with having slurred over those parts of his story which he felt would make it fall short of the marvellous.

But there was no reason for me to doubt the evidence of my own senses, or to mistrust my own memory. Most certainly four months before this I *had* been told of this dark-haired, dark-complexioned and dark-haired man. I had been forewarned of the bright red lock in a conversation which in other ways too seemed to savour of the incredible, though up to the present moment I fancied I had resolved its mysteries into common sense. Some strange mesmeric fancy, some hazy recollection of my own features and Rayton's casually caught sight of in an Oxford crowd mingled with the heavy rain that was falling so heavily outside might have combined in her sleeping mind to evoke the idea of the swollen brook; and once evoked, that idea,

with the strange power of argument which dreams sometimes admit of, might have suggested all the incidents of our crossing. As for the dark face watching us from behind that of course was not worth investigating. There had been nothing to correspond with this—it was pure imagination. To make a fact worth investigating it must involve some fragment of the truth: in this case it would have to show some resemblance to the reality to give anything of the inexplicable to an ordinary freak of fancy. Doubtless, if I could only find out the previous current of the girl's thoughts, I should be able to trace back even this idea to some book that she had lately read or to explain it, as Adam explained to Eve the "rationale" of her fancied temptation and fall.

In a moment it now flashed across my mind that after all Eve's dream had been the real foreshadowing of her approaching sin. And this then was the dilemma in which my own parallel had landed me. Adam had applied reason to explain away a miraculous fact as a mere ordinary result from natural causes; but the fact, according to the poet, was miraculous in reality, and the person really in error was the man of science—the philosopher represented by our first parent. Now I had, long ago, without thinking of all that the assumption involved, fixed on this passage of "Paradise Lost" as containing, in germ at least, the true solution of that curious Islip incident. It had been a strange fact, or rather a curious coincidence, but supernatural—no—still less miraculous. And yet in Adam's case common-sense had turned out to be wrong after all: logically ought I not then to acknowledge the possibility of my common-sense being likewise deceived, especially if I kept the events of the last few minutes, well in view? One half of my nature was up in arms against the other. Morally I was bound to give its due weight to the fresh accretion of fact which seemed to tell against my neat little theory of coincidence, and I was bound also (so I thought) to give its full influence to the wider view which had now flashed across my mind of the true bearings of my parallel even though it should tell against me. Readers who are at all of an analytical turn of mind will doubtless be prepared to understand me when I say that the chance discovery of the imperfection of my parallel staggered me, if possible, even more than the realization of the missing features of the girl's vision. The strongest-hearted exile that has parted from wife and child and friend without shedding a tear may burst into sobs as the grey inanimate cliffs of his native land mix into the pale blue of the

horizon; the hope that has bravely borne up when the ship struck upon the rock and even the boat went down may yet huddle itself up into cold despair as the drowning hand misses its last clutch at a useless spar. It is not the hardest blow that always shatters the diamond, nor intellectually the most logical proof that convinces the infidel. And so with me now. The base of my castle of unbelief was tottering; but it was hardly the thunder-blast of proof that was to lay it prostrate—it was rather the gentle breeze of accidental parallel.

So I stood doubting for the first few minutes after I had been left alone. Pride of intellect, and that unmeaning fear of inconsistency, which makes our own souls cowards even before themselves in the most secret chambers of their consciousness, were contending fiercely with the moral sense within me. That moral sense told me, in unmistakable terms, that I was bound to give credence; for that in cases where the proofs were of equal weight, and where my whole previous life was not, as it were, to be confessed as an error, I should at once yield assent. Why then could I not be honest here? What mattered the trifling chill to one's self-conceit involved in admitting myself to have been in the wrong up to this hour, compared with the glory of moral rectitude and the knowledge of actual truth. But still my pride would not give way; and, as the seconds passed by, my first impressions weakened. I must have been deceived; things could not have been so curious as they seemed. I had before this felt instinctively that, if anyone else had related to me a similar experience, I should have charged him with careless observation, with unconscious heightening of the colour of the events he was relating, with representing his own inferences from facts, as themselves facts, and with, in a thousand ways, falsifying the truth; and doubtless I should be perfectly right in so charging him with error, and refusing credence to his story. Well! would not another man do exactly the same by my tale; and would he not rightly do so? And could I doubt that *his* conclusions as to the correctness of my observations, &c., would, to an impartial judge, be just as convincing as *my* conclusious as to the correctness of his. Then the impartial judge would condemn *him* on the strength of my explanations; and just as surely would condemn *me* on the strength of his. In other words, to an impartial judge, we were on the same plane of credibility. Now what would this involve? I was as impartial a judge, so I thought, as any man living. Then I would bring up my story before the bar of my own intellect, knowing beforehand that it would have

to condemn it. The difficulty was solved; I had in my own person recognised and proclaimed my own error. And then as regards my parallel from Milton: why, the whole story was a fiction; and, in reality, Eve's dream, having never taken place, could never really have been verified. So on this side too I was free. I would think no more about these matters, but dismiss them from my mind, and resume my old course of life as though there had been no break in its continuity. The last ten minutes had really introduced no new factor into the sum of my existence, and I would not work it out to its solution as though it had.

Although it has taken me a considerable time to write down the above current of my thoughts, yet it must not be supposed that any very considerable space of time was occupied in coming to the conclusion I have just given. Thought moves with the speed of lightning, and apparently leaps from peak to peak in an argument where words can only slowly plod after it by painfully filling up all the chasms over which their leader's wings have carried him without a stay. But short as the real interval of reflection had been, it had been long enough for my satisfaction already. I made up my mind then and there that I would be satisfied with the solution I had just arrived at, and would not paralyse my energies by any further search. So my will resolved in its pride; and yet I knew well enough that before long my moral sense would revolt against the conclusions of an interested intellect, and that I was purchasing a moment's lull at the cost of a redoubled future violence. However, for the moment I was fixed in my intention, and as I set my face towards my rooms I mentally ran over the names of all the Greek emperors of the East, from the first Anastasius to the second Isaac. My mind was recovering its tone. Every one was remembered without a single break, each with his appropriate date, and I entered my room fully determined to continue for the few days that yet remained the execution of my self-imposed but dreary task.

The table was as usual covered with books of all sizes and languages, laid open apparently at random. Even the floor just round my chair was strewn with open atlases and traced maps of my own drawing over which I had carefully to pick my way before reaching my seat. I had scarcely got settled down to my work before I noticed, on turning round to look at the timepiece on the chimney-shelf, a small twisted note, which had up to this moment escaped my eyes. On rising to get it I at once recognised the handwriting of my

brother and, with the scant courtesy one generally displays towards near relatives, set it down on the table by my side without even opening it. I was soon so deep in my books that I entirely forgot the flight of time till I heard one of the church clocks outside striking four. The afternoon had slipped away like a flash; but I had yet two hours before dinner. Should I continue working, or rest awhile by the firelight till it was perfectly dark? Determining on the latter course, I rose from where I had been sitting and flung myself into an arm-chair, after giving the coals a quiet kick to induce a brisker flame.

I had just been reading the account of the death of Leo V. given by his namesake, the grammarian, and the continuator of Theophanes in the "Corpus Scriptorum Historiae Byzantinae." My mind was full of the picture which these old Greeks had left behind them. As the flames leapt up and down in the grate and the winter evening darkened outside, I saw the whole scene enacted before my eyes. I saw the good emperor in that grey frosty Christmas morning at the beginning of the third watch chanting the doxology with his choristers beside him. I saw the conspirators mixed with the singers, and I knew from the cloaks so closely muffled round their features what manner of men they were. I divined why it was that one hand was kept so steadily out of sight, and what that hidden hand contained. Then from the crowd there arose a man's voice, far deeper than the rest—a kind of organ among the flutes. There was a sudden pressure towards the point whence this voice proceeded—a gleam of daggers beaten off by a brandished crucifix. I heard the wearied emperor cry out for pity to his fiercest assailant, adjuring him for mercy in the name of the sanctity of the place and the day; and I heard his gigantic foe return for answer that it was not a time "for oaths, but for slaughter." Everything was passing before my mind's eye down to the blow which lopped off the failing hand that still brandished the crucifix—the severed head and dishonoured corpse.

I had just got so far in my dreams when there was a sudden knock at the door. I had been so deep in thought that I had not noticed the ring at the street bell which must have preceded it. I was half startled by the sound: it came so unexpectedly—and, almost before I could collect myself sufficiently for an answer, the door opened and the servant came into the room with a message that somebody wanted to see me down stairs.

"Who is it?" I said. "Any one I know?"

"No, Sir; I think not. At any rate, I don't think he can have called here before."

"Does he look like a 'Varsity man?"

"Oh! no Sir. He's a foreigner with a queer kind of dress on. Nothing at all like an Englishman."

"Ah! is he a tallish, dark man, with very strange eyes?"

"No; rather short, with a stoop like and a queer kind of handkerchief twisted round his head."

"And you are quite sure he wants me?"

"Yes, Sir; he asked for you by name."

"Well, then, I suppose there's nothing for it but to have him up and see what he wants. You'd better show him in."

"Very well, Sir."

And so Elizabeth tripped down stairs to usher up my visitor, who made his appearance before I had done more than stir up the fire and wheel another chair round to the opposite side of the grate, in case I found it necessary to ask the stranger to sit down. I was not going to let him pay me a long call—of that I was determined; and so I would not light the lamp or even a candle. Then, directly he had said his say, I could resume my dreams where they had been broken off by his arrival. So did my intercourse with the East of to-day come in abruptly to shatter what was practically my last dream of the East of yesterday.

Selim entered, removing his red handkerchief in deference to the habits of Western civilization; but he stood close by the doorway for a second or two peering into the dim recesses of the room, which was only fitfully illuminated by the flashes of firelight, before he seemed to be quite certain in which direction to advance. Then, with a perfectly noiseless step, he came across the floor to my side and presented me with a note. He had evidently made up his mind not to be the first to speak. Seeing this, I determined to break the silence.

"This is for me?"

"Yes, for you; from my master."

I opened it with some little curiosity, I confess, but at the same time with something of annoyance at the interruption. It consisted of very few words indeed. There was no address written on the outside, and no formal commencement to the letter. Some six or seven lines alone were written on the page in the smallest and finest of hands imaginable. I could barely trace them out by the glimmering firelight.

"I am returning to Islip to-morrow afternoon, but will arrange to see you for a few minutes this evening at my rooms in the Clarendon. Call there at 9.30 and ask for Mr. Allett. By that time I trust to have satisfied all your doubts, if you will only accept your brother's invitation and dine with him at Oriel to-night."

I then, of course, remembered perfectly well that I had not yet opened my brother's note. But I could not find it amongst my books in this dim light, without some considerable amount of trouble, so I determined for the present, to leave it where it was, and rout it up from the confusion of my table when my visitor had left. Meanwhile it would be best to make what I could out of him. Accordingly I re-opened the conversation:

"Shall I send a written answer, or will a verbal one do?"

"Either, sir, will do equally well."

"I suppose that I cannot be wrong in assuming that Mr. Allett is the gentleman whom I met at noon to-day, in Broad Street."

"He is, Sir."

"Will you pardon me for asking you a question—But I feel very curious to know how it is that both you and he speak English so well."

"I can only answer for myself. I was brought to England as a child, in the service of a nobleman, who travelled in the East many years ago. I have ever since been thrown, more or less, in the society of other Englishmen, and, in such circumstances, it is little labour to retain from the days of boyhood, what it would cost many years of manhood to acquire."

"Have you been long in England this time?"

"No, hardly a week, and my master only three days."

I remained thinking for a few seconds without venturing on any further remark. Then I suddenly looked up.

"You may tell your master that I shall try to do as he wishes."

"Yes Sir; I will. Good evening."

So saying, he again crossed the room with his noiseless step, and was outside the door and in the street, before I had really had time to make up my mind, whether or not to accompany him downstairs.

Left alone by myself, I at once lit my lamp to search for my brother's note, which I found after a little trouble, lying away under a volume of "Fustel de Coulanges." It was, as Mr. Allett's letter had implied, an urgent request that I should dine with him at Oriel that evening. It wound up with a sentence which threw some small

light on the events which had just happened. "You know Ensleigh a little, don't you? He wants us to have coffee with him in his rooms, after dinner, and I've promised for you that we'll go. He's got a fresh lion to show off. A real live Arabian Sheikh, or something of that sort, whom he met last long vacation, when travelling in Egypt, or somewhere out there. I believe he's got all his chairs stowed away into his bedroom, and we're all to sit cross-legged on the carpets without boots—(I think we *may* keep our trousers on, but I'm not quite sure: I *know* flowered dressing-gowns made a part of the programme,) and smoke hookahs, and drink sherbet or coffee, or both, in honour of his Eastern friend. It'll be great fun at all events, and half the men in Oriel would give anything to be present. So be sure you come, and you can talk Babylon, Accadians and Turanians to your heart's content. The sheikh, it seems, knows everything that has ever happened, and a good deal more too."

As I read all this I breathed a little more freely. At all events, there was nothing miraculous in this Oriel matter, and yet, if it had not been for my brother's allusion, it would have seemed as mysterious as the occurence in the earlier part of the day. Doubtless I had been right in refusing to accept the morning's events as being at all supernatural. A little further knowledge of the exact circumstances would make everything plain—as my brother's letter had so happily been the means of doing with this last incident, which I felt would have possessed in itself all the essentials of the marvellous, had not the true explanation lain so close to hand.

But I had no time to dally over such thoughts. I must get ready, and then run across to my brother's rooms.

At dinner, I was seated next to my brother, with our friend Rayton on my left hand. The conversation ran mainly on the approaching schools, as was only natural. We had been vaguely discussing the chances of various men among our acquaintance, and I was gradually forgetting the incidents of the morning, when I was once more startled by hearing a voice, apparently close by me, say in tones that were now only too well-known:

"You will pardon me, Professor, if my quotation is not verbally correct, but you will recollect the words of your own philosopher, Bacon, 'Take opportunity by the forelock, lest after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken, she turn a bald noddle.'"

I turned round instinctively. Two men were passing up the centre of the room, not far from where I was sitting, towards the high

table. For one moment I expected to see the scene of the morning repeat itself, and the red lock flash out into sudden flame. But there was nothing of the kind to be seen now. Why should there be? I must have imagined it all this morning. And yet, what did the words mean? Were they not in reality, though not in seeming, addressed to me; and did not the form they took bear some allusion to our mid-day meeting? My further thoughts were roughly dispelled by Rayton's voice:

"Carston, you're dreaming, man. The great god of your idolatry has just passed by, and, for the first time in a three years' knowledge of Oriel, has the Regius Professor of History made his appearance at dinner."

"What! is Stubbs here to-night?"

"Yes, he's only this minute gone up to the high table with that queer dark-looking man whom you turned round to glare at. If he's not perfectly civilized, and he ever meets you in his native East, he'll have you stoned for the '*Evil Eye*.'"

"The Evil Eye," I returned in a listless way. "I wonder what it was—that is to say—if it ever really could have existed as a physical fact. Bacon, in one of his essays, speaks as though he believed that an envious man had the power of actually launching an evil influence from his eye. And I've seen people whom I should have credited with the same power, if I'd lived three hundred years ago."

"The only man I should ever have credited with an evil eye," rattled on Rayton, "was that remorseless old Newings, of John's, who did not seem in the faintest degree to suspect that my failure in smalls to give the second aorist of τρέχω was not in any way due to an insufficiency of knowledge on my part, but was entirely to be attributed to the stony glitter of his eye. It is strange how deficient nearly all examiners are in the one great quality which they ought to possess above all others—that of intuitive perception."

"Strange," put in my brother in his solemn way. "Strange rather that anyone who has ever possessed even the most elementary notions of Greek, should have his knowledge charmed out of him. I'd defy any examiner to render me nervous over a subject with which I was acquainted. But a square inch of water will drown a fly, and no wonder that the tiny skiff of your classical lore went down at once before the full breeze of Newings' erudition."

Half-an-hour later we were gathered round the fire in Ensleigh's room. It was a room somewhat low in proportion to its length and width.

Two windows faced the doorway, and underneath were two huge lockers which contained coal, &c., but which, when the lids were closed, formed a very pleasant seat in summer time. But now, in the winter, they were almost hidden by the folds of the heavy red curtains that fell over them. In a large open grate was burning one of those huge fires in which Ensleigh, above all other Oxford men of my generation, delighted, and the flames leapt merrily up and down, gleaming against the quaint old tiles that ran up along either side of the fire-place, and throwing into deeper shade two huge crossed oars—trophies of some former tenant of these rooms—that hung above the high mantle-piece.

There were six of us present in all: Ensleigh, our host, Rayton, my brother and myself; and in addition, two Wadham men who came in rather later than ourselves, Warnham and Branton. Ensleigh had apparently partly dropt his notion of playing the Eastern host in Oxford; for the chairs were not removed, though a couple of hookahs were ready for any one who cared to venture on them. No candles or lamp had been lighted, for we all, with one consent, voted the fire-light glimmer sufficient.

Coffee and tea were now brought in, and they were hardly set on the table, when the guest, in whose honour we were all met, made his appearance. Only a very few minutes were occupied in once more settling down into our old ease, for Mr. Allett almost instinctively fell into our mood.

"We have no candles lighted, Mr. Allett," said Ensleigh, "for we all liked sitting in this quaint cathedral gloom; but, if you prefer it, we can call up the scout to trim the lamp in half-a-minute."

"By no means on my account. I prefer this half-shadow to anything. And, strange to say, my eyes see better in this fitful light and dusk, than in the glare of a London drawing-room. You may judge of this, by the fact that I can, from where I am sitting, distinctly read the letters engraved on Mr. Carston's locket with which he is at this moment playing. They are A.V., are they not?"

"Yes," I replied, "they are;" but I did not think it necessary to add, for the benefit of the company, that the letters which he had just read, were *on the side of my locket which hung next to my waistcoat*, and consequently could not have been seen by him from our respective positions. His words had been accompanied by a quick glance in my direction, which produced in me, much the same effect as our morning intercourse, and I judged from his tone, that his remark,

though addressed to the company generally, was intended in a special manner for myself.

Our conversation now ran over many topics, as is usual with the better class of Oxford Undergraduates; but whatever the subject might be that was started, Mr. Allett seemed as well acquainted with it as any of ourselves. But he by no means monopolised the talk. In fact he seemed to prefer listening, and I could see his dark eyes glowing in the firelight as he fixed them intently on each speaker in turn. The fascination of that look none of us could resist; and I never before heard such brilliant intellectual repartee as flashed out in response to our visitor's questions. Even Warnham, of Wadham, ordinarily a dull enough man, broke out into a fitful brilliancy on his favourite subject of Entomology. Rayton had lost every trace of flippancy, and poured out all the immense amount of knowledge on passing events that, despite his want of energy, always marked him out from other men. So we remained talking for an hour or more, when Mr. Allett said that he must be going.

"But do not let me be the means of breaking up this pleasant company—to whose amusement I am afraid I have contributed so little, but I may thank you all for the immense amount of information you have given me, and, if you cannot compliment me on my powers of conversation, at least I may hope that I have proved an interested, if not a very intelligent listener."

He would not listen to our entreaties to stay at least half-an-hour longer. Ensleigh went down to see him out of the gate, and returned in a couple of minutes.

During his absence, hardly a word was spoken. All the late energy seemed to have passed out of every one of us, and we were our old comparatively dull selves. There we sat, even after our host had rejoined us, moody and silent. In the grate the flames burnt fainter; the firelight glanced more tremulously up and down the tiles, and the heavy red curtains before the windows seemed one mass of gloom. There could be no doubt of one thing—that we were not what we had been a few minutes earlier. Something had certainly gone from me, or some strange dulness was descending. In a moment of depression, I thought my identity was departing, my memory and everything gone, and I determined to test it. The old list of Greek Emperors would do as well as anything else. I would repeat that. And now, imagine my horror, when I found that of the whole number, I could recollect hardly one. I looked fearfully up at my companions.

What did it mean? They all, to my distorted vision, appeared wrestling with a similar conviction. I did not dare to speak on the subject. I seized up my hat and gown, and without even a word to my brother, strode out of the room, hurried downstairs and, giving Ensleigh's name to the porter, rushed out into the frosty night.

CHAPTER IV.

The Great Renunciation.

I at once made my way to the Clarendon Hotel, in the Corn Market, and enquired for Mr. Allett. I was not kept waiting for more than two minutes, before Selim made his appearance to conduct me to his master's room. Short as the interval since our parting had been, Achmet Ali (for so I had better call him,) was no longer in the dress of an English gentleman, but that of the East. With a quick apology for his native costume, he motioned me to a chair.

"It is well perhaps that you should get to know me in my proper character, for unless I am mistaken, we are likely to see much of each other in the future."

As he spoke he was busily lighting a hookah with Selim's assistance and, directly this operation was finished, the attendant left the room; then turning half round from the fireplace, he fixed his dark eyes full on mine and suddenly said:

"Mr. Carston, has it not struck you as strange that I should take such an interest in you as to introduce myself?"

"It has," I replied briefly; "but for good or evil, that is done now."

"Even I cannot yet answer that doubt with certainty, but at least you may believe me that I have only a good intention, and seek your ultimate welfare."

He ceased smoking for a minute, and then, with something of sadness in his tone, continued:

"I can offer you your choice of two alternatives—which will you choose—present happiness, or the quicker development of all your powers. Will you have love now, and follow along with all your Aryan brethren here the painful process of piling up the knowledge that here in the West accumulates grain by grain, from hour to hour; or have you faith enough to trust your whole being in my hands, and

leap as it were at once, by dangerous and painful bounds, to the full growth of your nature? Think well before you answer."

Under the spell of his eye there was but one answer possible.

"I could give up all my hopes in return for greater knowledge. No amount of labour will be too heavy in return for such a gift."

"So I should have supposed you would answer. And the answer is a wise one according to your present insight. But what if the full development of your nature requires the death of your intellect? Can you forego all jealousy and all repining while your mental powers are slowly oozing from you? Can you bear, day after day, and hour after hour, to see your knowledge wither away, all the freshest springs of your fancy dry up, all your quickest thoughts grow sluggish as a stagnant pool? Can you feel sure that you will have no feeling of hatred should you see another's intellectual fibres strengthen as yours grow slack and torpid? Many a man could sacrifice love and physical strength for the sake of mental health. Can you sacrifice mental health itself as the first requirement of your new life? You have already in the course of this evening had a faint foreshadowing of the agony of such a loss. Could you bear up against it to the bitter end?"

Achmet Ali ceased speaking. I sat mute, and could not answer a word. Like a flood there now swept across my mind that vacant place in my memory, and my utter misery on discovering it. I attempted to recollect the list of names once more; but it was of no use—my mind was a perfect blank. And *could* I support life as the malady increased from day to day—perhaps from year to year: while this white stain of leprosy crept from point to point of my brain; and memory, thought, poetic vision, even intellectual aspiration scaled away before it? The very thought of it was too awful. What would the reality be? And yet I felt in my secret heart that the discipline was a just one—the very thing needed for the perfection of my moral nature. But no! I could not with my own signet sign away the whole kingdom of my mind. Let others wrest it from me by force or even take it from me in silent robbery if they pleased. I could lock up the gates of my tongue and fling away the keys of speech. But be traitor to myself! No, never that. In an agony of despair I cried out:

"I am not fit to judge. It is too much to require, and besides what proof have I that you can do all this, and that, if you can bring such things about, they are really for my good?"

There was a sudden pathos of tears in Achmet Ali's glance as he steadily looked through my eyes with his, as though he could read the will behind them. His voice quivered and his whole frame trembled as he said:

"My son, do not ask of the intellect questions whose true answers you already *feel*. Believe me, as some day you must do despite yourself, there is a higher quality than intellect within us all. There are deep sentiments common to all mankind which, though unrecognisable by any intellectual vision, are of more absolute certainty than all mathematical truths. For these do but reach your consciousness dimly by circuitous paths of argument, and every time you make use of them you must grope once more to your conclusion by the trembling rushlight of reason, or trust yourself as a blind wayfarer to the treacherous guidance of memory. Be content, whenever you can, to trust what you *feel*, and not merely what you *know*. Your own religion has the same watchword, 'The just shall live by *faith*.' My son, my son, I have pity for you. You are learning the bitterness of 'The Great Renunciation.'"

There was a moment's pause, and then he continued:

"Yet in this instance the intellect shall be silenced too, though no amount of seeming physical miracles could prove a moral truth. Have you any secret drawer or other place to which you are certain no one could have access but yourself?"

"Yes," I said, half mechanically; "no one else knows there is a small middle drawer worked by a spring lying between the two side drawers in my writing desk."

"Then let me ask you to open that middle drawer ten minutes after you get to your rooms. Good-bye, till we meet again."

I rose to leave, and hastily passed across the road and down the other side to my rooms in Ship Street. As I entered I stumbled over my scattered books that lay on the floor. Did these really belong to the past me of a few hours ago, and not to the present me who came among them as if from another world? It was with something of a savage gloom that I stirred up the slumbering fire into a fierce blaze, and as the quick flames shot up and down the room I flung myself in the arm-chair to brood. I was soon so lost in thought that I started up in amaze as Great Tom boomed out his measured twelve for midnight. I would go to bed.

As I rose to get my candle from the sideboard, my eyes fell upon my desk, and I remembered Achmet Ali's last request. In something

of an indignant spirit I unlocked it, lifted the tray and touched the secret spring of the middle drawer. Something lay there wrapped in white paper. I hurriedly opened it: a small locket was disclosed to view initialled with the letters "A. V." In a moment I felt at my chain. The chain was certainly there, but the locket was gone.

(*To be continued*).

Sent to Siberia.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

(Continued from page 223.)

THE enquiry soon terminated and Petrowsky was led back to his cell. After three days he was informed that he was about to be sent to Berdomsk, in a post-cart, guarded by two *gens-d'armes*; but, as General Kotzebue was afraid he might attempt to escape by the way, the order had come to manacle his hands and feet. He was therefore clad in prison garb, and chains were fastened on his wrists and ancles. The cart was a springless vehicle, with three horses abreast, and the journey of six hundred miles was made in stages of twenty miles by frequent change of horses night and day. Sometimes the party stopped for a few hours to sleep at a roadside station, one *gendarme* always mounting guard on Petrowsky. Sometimes the only sleep they got was in the jolting cart itself. He was permitted sevenpence a day for his keep, and had no reason to complain of his fare; but the heavy irons were an unusual sort of jewellery for him, and indeed General Kotzebue had stretched his authority in fettering him, for by the law a merchant prisoner is exempt from this kind of degradation when travelling.

The country they passed through was the Crimean shore of the Black Sea, and consisted of vast treeless plains, divided into long stretches of field and farmland without fences. There was nothing to shelter the travellers from the fierce rays of the midsummer sun. Petrowsky did not attempt to escape; he had given up all thoughts of that as useless, and composed his mind for exile to Siberia.

After four days he reached Berdomsk on the Sea of Azov. The post-cart was admitted into the Jail, and drew up as in the Court-yard. As the party had been expected, the Police master, who in this case was a Prince, soon appeared on the scene, looking very important.

"Ah, this is John Petrowsky?" he asked of the *gens-d'armes*.

"Yes, your Highness."

Petrowsky said nothing.

"Then take him to prison. I will come immediately."

In prison the officers searched Petrowsky again; but failed to discover three roubles which he had secreted in the lapel of his jacket.

The prison governed by this illustrious young Prince was not a very grand one. The cell assigned to Petrowsky was roomy enough, being 12 feet long by 9 feet wide; but it had only one small window pane a few inches square to admit the light and, as this was placed very high up near the ceiling and looked towards the west, the cell was very dark, and not a ray of sunshine cheered the inmate. Still worse, owing to the thickness of the walls, he could not see outside by climbing up. For nine long weary months Petrowsky was penned up in this gloomy dungeon, without knowing what was to become of him, whether he should be confined there till he died, or sent to labour in the mines of Siberia. His food was of the most wretched description—black rye-bread, half-raw, sour and mouldy, such as dishonest contractors sell to the Commissariat after bribing the Governor. A thin green cabbage water, with films of grease floating on it, was also served as broth, to which was added on Sundays, as a mark of special grace, a bit of hard beef in it, only to be caught by careful hunting. In short, Petrowsky was kept here in worse condition than the Russian peasant keeps his dog.

What with the meagre diet, the stifling atmosphere, the want of exercise and the anxiety of his mind, Petrowsky was worn away to a mere shadow of his former self. He had become mere skin and bone, and was subject to severe cramps and spasms. These often came on at night, when he went to bed, if bed it could be called. He slept on the hard floor in his overcoat, with a birch broom and his handkerchief for a pillow. There was neither bedstead, chair, nor table in the cell. Yet winter was now well advanced, and the cold was that of the Crimea.

After nine months of such confinement, he had become so weak that one day, in coming from the bath, he fainted away with sickness. The cholera was then in Berdomsk, and as his attack was accompanied by vomiting and violent thirst, it was feared that he had taken it. Three men carried him back to his cell and laid him on the floor. The doctor was summoned, and came with the Prince. By this time Petrowsky was suffering very much from cramp and

his limbs were cold and rigid to the knees. The doctor ordered them to be rubbed with a strong spirit, to restore the circulation.

A number of officials came in and stood round the sufferer, as people crowd about a dog run over in the street. Petrowsky was reviving.

"Mr. John," said one of the officers to him, "you are always complaining of the Russian Government, but the Russian Government is very kind. As soon as you are ill, they give you a doctor. The Russian Government is very kind. We are all Christians here."

"Captain," replied Petrowsky, in a feeble voice, "I am not very well, it is true; but I shall not die yet. The Russian Government is a despotic Government to keep me here in this place worse than a beggar keeps his dog, till all my strength is gone."

Within an hour from that time the cramp vanished and Petrowsky was removed into a new and well-furnished cell, where he had a real bed, with sheets, blankets and pillows. He was told to take the medicine provided for him every half-hour; but, being afraid of poison, he made away with his doses, and sent out for some lemons, which he cut into halves, and squeezed at intervals into a cup with sugar. He drank his lemon-juice from time to time and great quantities of water; then fell into a sound perspiring sleep during the night. Next morning he felt better; the cramp had left all his limbs, except two fingers, which he forced out straight.

The doctor called twice a day, and attributed the cure to his own drugs. He was kind and Petrowsky, for the first time in many months, felt really comfortable.

Soon after he recovered, he was taken before a special commissioner from San Feropol, near Sebastopol, and subjected to another cross-examination.

He was again asked if he had any friends in Berdomsk, and replied in the negative.

The Examiner then pointed to a man in the room, the very person who had procured Petrowsky's passage in the corn-ship to Constantinople.

"Do you know that man?" he asked.

Mindful of the fact that others might suffer by his answer, as well as he himself, Petrowsky answered, "No."

"Mr. John," said the man, "don't you know me? I got the Greek Captain to take you from Berdomsk to Constantinople, and you gave me £10."

In spite of this, Petrowsky adhered to his former statement. He was then asked several other questions: and each time the friend of the second order vouchsafed some further information against him. He was then taken back to prison and, on reflecting that it might hasten his sentence, he resolved to confess that the man was right.

This he did: and, after the lapse of another month, he was sent to San Feropol, in charge of a soldier, and committed to the prison there. There was no bed in his cell here either, and the food was little better than that at Berdomsk. At San Feropol he was taken one day before the Criminal Court and examined once more. His height, size, the colour of his hair and the natural marks of his person were also taken down in a register; and an attempt made to get his photograph, which, however, failed.

The day after the court sat, a Chaplain of the Greek Church entered his cell, and solicited a confession from him.

"You are sentenced," he said, "to Siberia—to five years hard labour in the salt mines, and exile for the rest of your life."

Petrowsky felt a sense of relief at the certainty of his doom. It was even satisfactory to know that he would be sent to Siberia for life. He turned to the priest and answered:

"Mr. Priest, you are of the Greek faith in which I was born. I have robbed no man, I have murdered no man, yet see how I am forced to live. This my pillow (pointing to the ragged handkerchief and the broom); this my food (holding out a piece of the sour black dough). After treatment like this you come to me and ask me to confess my crimes. Is it not enough to make a mockery of Religion?"

The clergyman said a few kindly words, and took his leave. At 11 a.m., two hours later, the Chief Secretary of the Criminal Court came to the cell and read out the sentence.

"Do you know for how many years the Russian Government have sent you to Siberia?" said he, to Petrowsky.

"I don't care," was the answer. "The number of years does not frighten me."

The Secretary then read from his report what we already know.

Next day Petrowsky was summoned to the general office of the Prison, and clad in a rough gray suit, with a broad yellow square on the back of the tunic. This was the dress of prisoners for Siberia. He was then led into the court-yard, where he found a party mustered for the long journey to the North.

By Russian law a horse and cart is provided for prisoners of the

rank of merchants, clergymen and nobles; and Petrowsky having been in business, took his place in one of these vehicles. Some twenty other male prisoners of a lower class were mustered by, all with chains on their legs and arms. Many of these were also for the mines; but, not belonging to a privileged class, they had to walk the whole way. A band of soldiers, with loaded rifles, stood near and formed the watch accompanying the expedition.

When the proper order was formed, the prison gates were flung open, the word to march was given, and, amid the jingling of chains and the creaking of Petrowsky's cart, the band of exiles set out upon their weary journey.

The rate of march was very slow, only about three miles an hour. Every third day the party rested at some station-house by the way. These stations are small wooden buildings with barred windows like a prison house. The prisoners could buy their choice of food; those of Petrowsky's class being allowed twenty copecks (or 7d.) per diem, and the peasants ten copecks (or 3½d.) After about a month they reached the town of Poltava; but Petrowsky being unwell he was sent to the hospital attached to the House of Detention there. Typhus fever in time developed itself, but the patient was kindly treated and his friends were allowed to visit him. They left him 100 roubles, some clothes and a pair of strong-soled boots, which he might use if he escaped from Siberia. The hospital was indifferently watched and Petrowsky might have escaped from there; but he gave up all idea of it, and contented himself with the hope of escaping from Siberia.

On his recovery he was sent along with a gang of other convicts to Kharkoff, 160 miles distant. The road was very muddy all the way and the weather execrable, rain and snow following each other in rapid succession. The stations on this stage were in a beastly condition, mouldy with damp and reeking with dirt. The clothes of the convicts were never dry and their shoes were soaking with the wet all the way. At night they huddled on the floor, like a litter of pigs, and slept in the steam of their own warmth. To make matters worse the soldiers guarding the party lost their tempers and became irritable and spiteful as wolves.

Beyond the Kharkoff district they stayed two days at Voroneye, and were further detained at Usmane six weeks in prison. The band resigned themselves to drink and card-playing to while away the time and forget their miseries. The roads were impassable at this

time of year (March), but the weather soon moderated, and when the roads were dry the party moved on again. It consisted of sixty-five men and women, of whom eight were of the privileged class and permitted to drive in carts; the rest walked on foot with chains round their ancles. They were guarded by a party of ten soldiers with loaded rifles, under the command of an officer.

The weather was now fine, and Petrowsky enjoyed himself in smoking, chatting with a friend, Captain B——, who had been sentenced like himself, and revolving his plans of escape from exile. After two weeks the company reached Korzbov, from whence they were sent by rail to Moscow. The prisoners were packed into small carriages as tight as they would go, each carriage guarded by a soldier; but as the latter frequently resigned himself to sleep at night escape would have been easy. The want of money and a passport, however, probably prevented any such attempt on the part of the prisoners.

On arriving at Moscow they were lodged in a prison near the Kremlin, which was a general rendezvous for Siberian exiles from all parts of the empire. There were about 3,000 of them there at the time, and every day fresh parties were sent out on the remainder of their journey. Petrowsky was despatched along with 300 others to Nijni Novgorod, 300 miles from Moscow. They went by rail, and crossed the Volga by steamer. Here they were detained three weeks, then forwarded by steamer up the river towards Siberia.

The time now passed pleasantly: every day the convicts had fresh meat, rice and black bread from the villages on shore. They could walk about on the decks, play cards, sing, or dance to the music of a concertina. On both sides the scenery of the Volga was very beautiful: to the right, mountain and forest, to the left long grassy plains and meadows, with villages and towns to break the monotony. Many could have escaped had they wished, but all seemed to be happy and hopeful. The soldiers, however, were stationed at many points, and mingled freely with the exiles. Among these were many who had been sent to Siberia before, but had been re-arrested in Russia on their escape. One of these had taken part in the revolution of 1830, and was now making his fourth penal visit to Siberia. He had been re-taken through drunkenness, rioting and the lack of a proper passport. Another gave Petrowsky the address of a man who could supply him with a correct passport in case of need.

Leaving the Volga, the steamer travelled up the Kama river, between woody banks, and reached Perme, where the convicts were detained seven days, to wait their turn in continuing the journey to Tumene, a distance of 450 miles, which had to be covered by post-horses. Every cart contained four convicts, and was drawn by three horses. Each day twenty carts were despatched, under a suitable escort. At the stations were peasant women and children, selling meat, bread and milk to the prisoners, as well as berries from the forest. It was now July, and the wild strawberries were ripe. It was a good time and, after a few days of it, Petrowsky's party reached Ekaterenberg close to the Ural mountains, and famous for its copper, platinum and amethyst mines. The region is covered with thick forests of pine and, one day, while threading one of the defiles of the mountains, they passed a high stone obelisk marked on one side "Europa," and on the other "Asia." At the sight Petrowsky felt a strange sensation at the heart.

"Good-bye, Europa," said he to himself. "I will soon come back to you again."

Scattered about among the trees of the forest were hundreds of immense boulders some thirty feet high, and looking as if they had been planted there by man. These are probably the remains of glacial action in past ages.

Having crossed the Urals the party reached the plains about the river Tumen and, at the town of the same name, another steamboat having a large flat boat in tow was waiting to receive them. Two days later they commenced the descent of this wild river, which flows into the Arctic Sea. The shores were quite flat and bristling with forests, with here and there a small village or a woodman's hut. After six days steaming they branched into the river Tobol, and ten days later arrived at the Siberian city of Tobolsk, which lies at the foot of a mountain beside the river. Here a batch of about thirty prisoners were told off for transportation to the remotest parts of Siberia, and the rest continued their journey by water up the river Irteesh, a very rapid stream abounding in fish. The same interminable forests of gloomy pine and brushwood covered the face of the country, and impressed the convicts with a deepening sense of their exile. The population became more and more scanty as they progressed further into the country, until they reached the wildernesses of the Obi River, where the only inhabitants of the country are semi-savage tribes of a coloured people, who live by hunting.

These Siberian aborigines, or "Ostalky," sometimes came alongside the steamer in their canoes and offered wild duck, fish, bear's flesh and berries for sale or barter to the convicts. The "Ostalky" live chiefly in the Tobolsk and Tomsk districts.

Leaving the Obi the steamer followed the Tome River through a bleak country, infested with bears and wolves and very thinly populated. At the end of twenty-nine days' sailing from Tumene it reached the town of Tomsk, a busy place, with a large prison, in which were incarcerated about 2,000 prisoners. After being kept here six days Petrowsky, with sixty others, was sent by post-horse a further distance of 400 miles to Krasnoyarsk, a town of wooden houses in the midst of a fertile wooded country, broken here and there into wheat and tobacco fields. From here he was despatched in a post-cart with three other prisoners to Irkutsk, a distance of 800 miles more. One of the prisoners was a Polish Catholic priest, who was quite lame with the fatigue of travel and could not walk without Petrowsky's help. As they neared the end of their long journey the soldiers allowed them plenty of liberty, feeling assured that they would not now attempt to make away. The 800 miles were travelled in twenty days, owing to the excellent state of the Crown roads, which are kept up by peasant labour in lieu of tax. Every night the prisoners and their guards slept comfortably on the floor of the station house; and food was easily obtained for a few copecks from the country people.

The weather was very warm considering the high latitude and also the lateness of the year, for it was the 13th of October, 1868, when the post-horses jingled into the city of Irkutsk.

(*To be continued.*)

Recent Legislation.

IN our last number we pointed out some of the more salient alterations in the law effected by the Settled Land Act, 1882, and we now propose to indicate the changes effected by the Married Women's Property Act of last session.

Nothing seems to have been more firmly established by the wisdom of our ancestors, than the necessity for keeping women in their proper place, and we suppose that the most advanced champion of woman's rights, even in these days, would claim no more. The dispute of late years appears to be what that proper place is. An ancient saying, (the truth of which we believe has not been impugned even by a disciple of the newest school of philosophical scepticism,) is, that if two persons ride on one horse, one must ride behind. Whether the husband or the wife shall have the conduct of the family locomotive will no doubt shortly become the burning question of the hour; but our ancestors had no sort of doubt upon the subject.

Without going back to the time when the wife was little more than the chattel of the husband, Littleton, Blackstone, and their more modern editors and commentators, and in fact all writers on the subject with remarkable unanimity, insist on the complete subjection of the wife to her husband, and, indeed, from a legal point of view, the virtual absorption of the wife by her lord.

In a leading treatise on the subject, the author does not hesitate to state that the very being or legal existence of the woman is by the common law suspended during the marriage—or at least it is incorporated with and consolidated into that of the husband, under whose wing, protection, and cover she performs everything.

We can well imagine the indignation with which some members of the agitating sisterhood would repudiate these conditions of matrimony, should they ever condescend to bestow their charming persons, with all their accompanying graces and talents, on a few never-to-be-sufficiently-congratulated individuals of the male sex.

But in Bacon's "Abridgment of the Law," under the article of

Baron and Feme, sterner doctrines still are laid down. For example, it is stated that from the time of the intermarriage, the law looks upon the husband and wife as one person, and therefore allows of but *one will* between them, which is placed in the husband as the fittest and best able to provide for and govern the family, and for this reason the law gives the husband an absolute power of disposing of the wife's personal property, no act of hers being of any force to affect or transfer that, which by the intermarriage, she has resigned to him.

The same author also states that "the husband hath by law "power and dominion over his wife, and he may keep her by force "within the bounds of duty, and may beat her, though not in a "violent or cruel manner," presumably with a stick no thicker than his thumb.

These last-named marital rights had we believe fallen somewhat into desuetude with the politer classes before the passing of the Married Women's Property Act 1882, and perhaps for that reason have not been abrogated by that measure in so many words; but with the lower orders they appear to be still flourishing, and indeed to have been extended since Bacon's time, for our police reports do not show that in the matter of matrimonial castigation, the husband often troubles to measure the thickness of the stick with which he asserts his marital dominion, but rather that he finds the heavy hob-nailed boot, or the brass-bound wooden-soled clog, a very efficient substitute for the more ancient domestic implement.

We fear that the remedy for this abuse of the husband's rights will not be found in the Act of last year, nor indeed in any Act of Parliament, so long as our magistrates and judges continue to administer the law in a pseudo-humanitarian spirit, by letting off the husband who brutally kicks his wife to death, with a few weeks imprisonment, while severely punishing the petty thief, whatever the temptation for the theft.

In marrying a woman under the above conditions, it will readily be imagined that a man assumed considerable responsibilities.

The act of marriage having made the happy pair one, and that one the husband, he may find that in the person of his newly assimilated and legally absorbed wife, *he* has been guilty of a number of acts in *her* earlier state of spinsterhood, for which he has now to pay.

We will suppose the husband to be a thoughtful harmless young man, careful in his habits, and economic in expenditure, and one in

whom there is no guile. His income is modest—indeed so modest that he had no intention of sharing it with a wife—but having in an evil moment, while at Ramsgate on his annual fortnight's holiday, offered his arm and umbrella to an almost young lady, during a shower, he soon finds himself on the horns of an awful dilemma.

The lady, knowing her business, allows our young gentleman to escort her to her lodgings, and having once got him on the doorstep, has him secure for life.

Mamma sees the pair approaching, and is ready for them. Poor lad! In spite of his blushes, he is compelled to come into tea. Everything is smiling and pleasant. The tea is fragrant, the bread and butter crisp and delicate, and delicate and insidious too the flattery which soon thaws the shyness of the unwitting husband elect.

His holiday will be over the day after to-morrow, but mamma and daughter in this short time will contrive to turn him inside out—to ascertain the name of the bank where he is employed—his chance of having his £250 a year increased—his expectation of £1000 when his godfather, the rich merchant dies—and even the half unavowed attachment and engagement existing between himself and his cousin since childhood.

On returning to town, the quarry is skilfully pursued by this modern Diana. An invitation to tea is followed by an invitation to an evening party, in which Diana and her mamma arrange that our young friend shall scarcely have a chance of leaving the younger lady's side, and a whisper is sent through the room that they are "engaged."

As the young man, having no matrimonial intentions, makes no move, it is thought desirable that Diana's papa should be brought out of his normal obscurity behind his wife, and despatched with an ultimatum to the hesitating swain.

The threat of an action for breach of promise of marriage, notwithstanding that our young friend is unaware of ever having made a proposal, soon brings him to terms, and with a sigh for the love of his boyhood, the reluctant victim chooses what appears to him to be the less sharp horn of the dilemma, namely, matrimony instead of law. Diana coyly names a not too distant day, and the intended husband is much fêted in the interval.

To do justice to her position, the bride must have a trousseau of some magnitude, which she sets about ordering with the help of her

mamma. The tradesmen believing her story of her approaching marriage with a wealthy young banker with enormous expectations, give her almost unlimited credit, and mamma and the two younger sisters, and even papa and the brother in the country, are all provided for out of the trousseau.

Mamma carefully points out to the "wealthy young banker" in question the extent of the outfit brought by his bride, and he consoles himself somewhat for the expense he is personally incurring by the reflection that at all events he will not have to buy any house linen or clothes for his wife for many years to come. He is soon undeceived. Hardly is the honeymoon over—represented in this instance by a week's holiday, which almost cost the bridegroom his situation —than the bills for the trousseau, and even earlier debts of his wife's are poured in on the astounded husband. "Am I liable for this?" he asks of a legal friend. "Why this bill is for things supplied four or five years ago, years before I ever saw my wife." His friend mournfully assures him that he must pay, and reminds him that a man takes a wife as he might a racehorse, with all engagements, and the husband finds all his accumulated savings swept away before he has been married a month.

This is not the worst. Diana had a fatally facile pen, and a charming gift of satire, but not being of a very cautious temperament, she (not long before her marriage) had written some very libellous letters concerning some tradespeople who had not thought proper to give her credit.

These people had not considered it worth while to take any proceedings against the lady knowing her to be penniless, but as soon as they learn that she has married a man of reputed means, they instruct their attourney to bring an action against the husband and wife for libel.

On arriving home one evening the newly-married man finds his wife in tears, and an affable stranger hands him an ominous looking slip of blue paper and presents a still more ominous looking strip of parchment for his inspection, and the banker's clerk finds himself co-defendant with his wife in an action for libel,

Before this action gets to trial our young friend makes another important discovery. His wife was surviving executrix and trustee under the will of a deceased relative, and was also appointed guardian of the two infant children of the testator, and with a view to increase the income of the property she, without consulting any legal adviser,

invested the whole of the estate in the purchase of shares in a well-known bank, paying large dividends, and apparently in a most flourishing financial condition. One of those periodically recurring waves of panic with which the commercial world is so well acquainted just at this time swept down several important houses of business; amongst others the bank in question, and the whole estate of which Diana was trustee was lost. A friend of the infant children before alluded to straightway takes up their case, and our young friend speedily finds himself involved in the toils of an administration suit, and having already been driven to Westminster, through his wife's ante-nuptial libel, to appear to a writ bearing the *teste* of the Lord Chief Justice, he now finds himself dragged to Lincoln's Inn to appear to a bill of complaint addressed to the Lord High Chancellor through the same lady's ante-nuptial *devastavit* and breach of trust.

His head begins to swim, but he has not yet fully realised the blessings a wife may bring to her spouse in lieu of other dower. The bank alluded to happened to be a concern with unlimited liability, and the liquidators soon settle our unhappy young friend on the list of contributories in respect of the shares standing in the name of his wife, and despite the struggles of the victim, the Chief Clerk and judges confirm this decision, and the banker's clerk finds himself liable to calls of unlimited amount.

His venerable godfather hearing of this pitiable condition, and not wishing his money to be wasted in law, lets his godson know that owing to his heartless jilting of his cousin his name has been erased from his will, and that there are no expectations of pecuniary assistance to be looked for from that quarter. These combined misfortunes, even without the addition of an almost perpetual visit from his mother-in-law, would be enough to bring to despair a stronger-minded man than our young friend, and his career ends suddenly and tragically with a paragraph in the newspaper, and a verdict of a coroner's jury—"Suicide during a fit of temporary insanity."

Since the passing of the Married Women's Property Act the casual loan of an umbrella cannot be productive of such serious consequences as those above indicated, although it should lead to matrimony.

We have seen the risks a man might run through taking to wife a woman having prior liabilities and no means; but the risks run by a woman having means and no prior liabilities were at least equally

great. In the absence of settlement the principles of common law, as laid down by Bacon, conferred the whole of a woman's property on her husband. If she made an unfortunate choice she might find her fortune speedily dissipated, and herself reduced to penury; and if through any talent or industry she was able to earn a subsistence, she was liable to have the whole of her earnings seized at any moment by her husband, who might spend them entirely on himself, and unless the wife became chargeable to the parish a dissolute husband might support himself by her earnings without contributing a penny to her support. How many industrious women had their homes broken up, and their little hoard periodically confiscated by husbands of this class under the old law the world will never know. Recent legislation has entirely changed these incidents of marriage, looking at the relation of husband and wife from a perfectly opposite standpoint.

The old law and the new are totally dissimilar. As has been stated the theory of the old law was that the husband and wife were one person. The new law starts with the entirely different principle that husband and wife are two quite different persons, who have independent, and indeed, in many cases, conflicting interests.

The Married Women's Property Act of 1870 effected several important alterations in the law by giving the wife the right to her own savings and earnings, and it moreover enacted that the husband should not be liable for the debts contracted by her before marriage, so that in the case we have imagined above the husband and wife could have kept the trousseau and the other property purchased by the wife, and could have set the tradespeople at defiance. He would still, however, have been liable for the action of libel, and the other law proceedings we have mentioned.

The Married Women's Property Act, 1874, relieved the husband of all liability for the ante-nuptial debts of his wife, and also for damages in respect of any wrongs committed by her, or contracts broken by her before marraige, beyond the amount of any fortune or benefit accruing to him through the marriage; but even this Act would not have prevented his being placed on the list of contributories in respect of the shares standing in his wife's name.

It was not till the passing of the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, that the husband of the future obtained complete emancipation from all ante-nuptial liabilities of his wife.

If the unfortunate young man who has served as an illustration of the woes which might befall a man married before 1870 had waited

until the 1st of January, 1883, before entering the holy state, he might never have been driven to despair.

The creditors might knock at his door, writs be served in profusion, liquidators do their worst. He has a uniform answer to them all—the Married Women's Property Act becomes the Married Man's protection. His wife brought him no fortune, her creditors are entitled to no more; and they and the liquidators having divided that amongst them the husband and wife can sit contentedly at their fireside and bless the legislators of last session.

It will be seen that for men who receive no portion, or other pecuniary advantage with their wives the Act in question is an unmixed blessing.

For those who have married women with money and a will of their own it may not turn out so advantageous. Now for the first time can a woman truly say, "What is my husband's is mine, and what is mine is my own."

She needs no settlement now, has no need for the protection of trustees. Her husband dare not lay his hand on a pennyworth of her property wherever she may get it from, and under some circumstances, is liable to be prosecuted by her for stealing if he do so.

She is, however, liable to be made bankrupt, and if she write libellous letters, or utter verbal slanders, it is she and not her husband who has to pay for the amusement. She cannot have the rights without the responsibilities of property. What with the separate interests set up in every household where the wife has money, and the separate trading where the wife carries on any business, it seems difficult to foretell the effect on the domestic relations of conjugal life of this latest effort in experimental law making. To many it must seem a "leap in the dark."

We have not attempted, in the limited space at our disposal, to do more than indicate some of the prominent measures of last session. Several bookshelves might even now be filled by the treatises already written on the various Acts which we have merely enumerated as having been passed in a "barren session," but we think that whatever may be the result of their labors, enough has been stated to show that the members of the legislature have not been so idle as has been generally alleged, and that some very remarkable Acts of Parliament are included in these examples of Recent Legislation.

Sully Prudhomme.

THE fame of a man of letters is not built up like that of an orator. The latter, on his first step into the career, comes within the scope of journalism; he is reported and commented on, the public voice accompanies him with cheer or reproof on his onward path. The former must grow by himself, shape his talent alone in never-ceasing self-culture, unaware whether, when he draws the curtain from the monument he is rearing, he will gain for it the favour of the public, whether the popularity its appearance may provoke will ever harden into the lasting texture of immortality. The recognition due to the talents of a man of letters is still more difficult to secure when to the usual hindrances others of an uncommon character are added, such as the remoteness of his field of thought from those which the public has a predilection for, the refinement of his language, or the sensitive pride which is the modesty of genius and forbids courting public admiration for the treasure of his workshop.

A man has now become eminent in the walks of French literature, whose life is a striking example of the barriers talent can put in the way of celebrity. None deserves more than he to be singled out for study, for his writings are nearly alone in relieving by a touch of beauty the worse and scanty aspect of contemporary French literature.

Sully Prudhomme combines in one mind the gifts of a poet and the faculties of a speculative philosopher, besides being a Scientific Scholar, a Mathematician and a Moralist. His criticism of life, however different from Alfred de Musset's, can, we think, be fitly compared with no other. It reveals none of the bitterness, moral break-down and licentiousness characterising Alfred de Musset's writings and principles, it has less power and less energy, but it has earnestness and precision and depth. The fruit borne by his inspiration has a peculiar flavour to be found in a higher degree in Alfred de Musset.

They are both in a perpetual state of moral suffering of a kind that does not seem to have its cradle in the heart, but to descend into it from the brain. The powerlessness of the will to shape the course of existence, of conscience to control the passions, of knowledge to compass the Universe, of reason to believe in God, of hope to brighten the human lot is with them a subject of constant meditation: their intellectual activity is thus shrouded in gloom, and the slough of despond in which their minds are accustomed to dwell penetrates by secret channels to the very springs of life, poisoning vitality and marring human growth. That fault or that misfortune they have in common. We shall, therefore, throughout this study, retain Alfred de Musset as an understood, if not always, as an expressed parallel to Sully Prudhomme.

Less notoriety attaches to the name of the younger poet for reasons easy to grasp. Sully Prudhomme did not, like Alfred de Musset, ascend in an hour from obscurity into the fulness of fame, after the fashion of a rising sun, visible by the flow of his own light; but his progress was a slow and clouded one, shining at first with a dim brilliancy, the rich promise of which struck only a few and seeming to receive more light from secret stores as he rose higher in his orbit. Slow but sure justice has not yet had time to gather his laurels. Besides, the poet is not an old man yet, his power may be growing still, the haunts in which he hides his merit are so silent that even justice might be loth to disturb him by the jangle of her scales. Whereas Alfred de Musset is master in the popular realms of imagination and romance, Sully Prudhomme, a graver man, dwells chiefly in those fastnesses of thought towards which the multitude does not willingly turn its steps. Nor has he, like his less scrupulous predecessor, brought his life under the notice of his contemporaries by the recklessness of its course, or the scandal of its principles. His conduct and habits are those of a diligent student, indulging in none but the riots of fancy. On the other side, if the conflict of the passions in Alfred de Musset was of so stirring a character as to throw his moral being out of gear, the message he delivers in the disorder of his mental balance is of such awful force, uttered with such prophetic violence, bound up in so much poetic beauty, that in advertising power, he by far over-reaches the pure-minded and sober Sully Prudhomme. Why then, if they are so different in growth, in might and scope, do we bring their names together? Because their minds belong to the same family, let their talents be ever so dispro-

portionate. As two trees of the same kind, but striking their root in different soils, and endowed with unequal vitalities, will yield fruit of the same crop, but of different quality and size, so Sully Prudhomme represents the more tame and trim upshoot of a seed of which Alfred de Musset is the wild tropical outcome.

Both are always doubting, with the difference that the former throws doubt on doctrines rather than on sentiments, the latter on sentiments rather than on doctrines; both question the wisdom and dignity of man, with the difference that the former questions them because he beholds so much ill and evil, the latter because he underwent so much ill, and did so much evil. Both, born within the pale of Roman Catholic Christianity, have repudiated its leading strings which bear down their intellects as though with intolerable chains, with the difference that, whereas the one makes it his task to demolish only in order to build again, the other has merely overthrown the existing structures and trampled on their ruins. Both are poetic, speculative minds, with the difference that whilst the first handles a sonorous and industrious loom, weaving into playful airs and tuneful dirges the delights and deceptions of a pensive singer's life, the second has nothing but utterances of pain which his genius, like a psalmist's harp, modulates into harmonious despair. The former meditates in solitude, measures the capacity of his brain, weighs in the scale of intelligence the contents of human heads; the latter exhausted mind and body, emptying at one gulp all cups of pleasure, all vials of bitterness; fever racked his forehead; before the end of the feast of life he was a sick, ailing, broken guest. His poetry rushed from his tormented soul, but palpitating like blood from a cut artery. Sully Prudhomme does not open his veins. Whatever blow he receives, his pain finds relief in the soothing objectivity of poetic language.

Even when logic presses upon him conclusions inconsistent with the honour of the human race, or his own self-respect, he does not push them from him with the hasty scorn of indignation, but accepts with a sigh the evidence he cannot defeat. In this also his impulses are generous; it is a noble voice that invites him to fathom the secret workings of man and of the world. After all, not to think at all, would be the triumph of selfishness.

Sully Prudhomme's biography is easily got through. It hardly exists. Of his private life we know no more than can be gathered from hints thrown out here and there in his works, or from the in-

discretions of officious friendships. His sentient existence is more visible. It is the only part of himself which he does not dread to expose to the public gaze, lightly robed in a brilliant gossamer of lyric poetry. But the actual experiences on which his inspiration turns remain wrapped in mystery.

He was born at Paris on the 16th of March, 1839: he never knew his father: his mother brought him up with his sister under the guardianship of an uncle. As a boy he underwent the trials of public school life. Trials I call them because his delicate organism did not suit him for rough companionship.

At the dawn of manhood he had to choose some definite career: it was an awkward hour. His bent was not towards plodding along the narrow path of some professional calling, but rather towards cultivating his natural gifts. With a solid store of scientific knowledge, remarkable faculties, and the highest principles, he preferred to remain a student and a scholar, viewing life from the loftiest pinnacle of intelligence. For a while, however, he had to come down in the arena, acting first in some capacity in the ironworks of "Le Creuzot," and subsequently doing work as a clerk to a solicitor. Happily for him he was spared the real hardships of the struggle for existence. He was early able to turn his back upon worldly drudgeries. He became a traveller, visited France and Italy, enjoying in full the birthright of man to walk with an erect brow and to scan heaven and earth. A traveller he was not only on foot, but also with his brain: a thinker with great gifts of imagination, he took to visiting every corner of nature, every depth of humanity whither his intellect would bear him. His poetical fancy hung at first between his eye and the universe a haze of beauty; little by little, as he came more closely in contact with reality his pilgrimage was a less pleasant one: a certain sadness of things crept into his song. Though he holds commerce with nations and ideas, sitting in his consciousness, as it were, in front of the workings of his brain, he appears peculiarly sensitive to the crude light of fact penetrating through the chinks of his retreat. Nevertheless he is what one calls a fortunate man: his life must be a happy and easy one, at least in the conventional meaning of these epithets. He is cared for and sought after; his works have won for him a devoted cluster of admirers, his character has earned him the faithful friendship of many; leisure, so dear to dreamers, and independence, the parent of complete individual growth, have both been freely allotted him. There are no tales to tell about him, nor is his

reputation of the kind that fills the trumpet of fame. He does not come before the public unless it be to thank it for the laurels showered on him and receive the rewards awarded to his merit. He became a member of the French Academy towards the end of 1881.

On the whole we must bring ourselves to ask no more about him than we can fairly hope to learn from the perusal of his books. Here a wide field is thrown open to us. His works are his autobiography, though only his moral and intellectual biography. Feelings, ideas are exhibited in them with much freedom, with a certain disregard of seemliness at times, for the good and the bad are put indiscriminately before us, notwithstanding that his revelations stop short of his personal history. Alfred de Musset, in the same way, shows willingly enough his own gaping wounds, but not the knife that inflicted them. For all those reasons we shall let the man go out of sight, and deal mainly with his utterance. This consists of four volumes of poetry which we propose to take up one after another in order to ascertain the evolution of his mind and the vicissitudes of his heart. It is a class important and numerous, and hard to define and judge—this to which Sully Prudhomme belongs.

Ancient and modern civilisation have at all times nursed in their fold a certain number of men, born with an intelligent and inquiring turn of mind, endowed with excessive keenness of perception, and blending to rare perfection the life of the intellect with that of the passions. Humanity could not produce richer natures nor characters more nicely poised. The mental organisation of such men binds them to use up their vitality in self-analysis, in working their faculties and intensifying their sensations. They are not transcendental minds; what they do they do discreetly; they prefer a lovely solitude to inspiriting crowds, dreamy musings to personal action. They seek the leisure of study, the ease of the soul. They cultivate art and beauty, elegance and purity; excesses are inconsistent with the moderation of their temperament. Violent and unforeseen contrasts are beheld by them with a feeling of painful surprise to which they give vent in measured and effective outbursts penned by a hand well under control, and cast in delicate moulds. They are sometimes scholars, critics, even philosophers, but generally they do not reach to anything beyond the reputation of being distinguished amateurs.

They are unacquainted with the spur of need, they are proud rather than haughty, reserved rather than timid, warm-hearted but

not effusive, more far-reaching than powerful; they do not brow-beat the tempest, but they weather it gracefully, like the reed. Storms are not perceived by them like an awful battering tumult, but like shrill, hushed-up gusts, such as the quiet murmur of raging winds that penetrates to our fireside chair. They have nothing effeminate, yet when reading them one rather fancies them with feminine features. Their voice is a sweet murmur, their bearing is nearly womanly in its grace; they are easily put out of sorts. In spite of their erudition and the zeal with which they will put their hands to most things, somehow they cannot prevail upon themselves to countenance the extreme conclusions of their premises. Nevertheless they are quite successful in whatever they undertake within the bounds of their competence; they like, mimicking in that spoilt children, to turn pouting lips upon the unkindness of life, but, as a set-off, they bear with stoic fortitude the misery the crease of a rose-leaf inflicts upon them. Their consciousness has inner sanctuaries in which they gather their experiences, like precious wines, till they bring them to the light of day, set in finished and transparent verse. By some inconsistency they have on many points the shyness of deer and the modesty of maids. They are frail outcomes of civilization and society; they would be unable to live for an hour without the complex social machinery that supplies their wants by bribing others into soiling their hands for their maintenance. Withal they curse civilisation for its by-products, corruption and misery; they taunt society as a mere din calling for deadening appliances, as a battle justifying distant inspection. On the whole they are an able, distinguished, sympathetic and true-hearted lot of men, useful in their way, and an ornament to the circumstances that bring them forth. If they are born with the gift of poetry, it often takes with them a lyric and personal shape.

Sully Prudhomme belongs to that type of humanity, save that his individuality is furnished with striking originality and peculiar virtues. At the outset we shall witness beginnings of a somewhat tearful and commonplace character. His earlier poetry may be likened to a dawn of uncertain brightness, with heavy clouds of melancholy hovering about the landscape. Later on, manliness bursting through the mist of immaturity rules the day, a day, it must be owned, of a rather northern severity, that does not foster a growth of profitless luxuriance, but calls forth a hardy, substantial crop, full of nourishment and utility.

Sully Prudhomme introduces his muse to us in these words:—

Quand je vous livre mon poëme,
Mon cœur ne le reconnaît plus:
Le meilleur demeure en moi-même,
Mes vrais vers ne seront pas lus.

Comme autour des fleurs obsédées
Palpitent les papillons blancs,
Autour de mes chères idées
Se pressent de beaux vers tremblants;

Aussitôt que ma main les touche
Je les vois fuir et voltiger,
N'y laissant que le fard léger
De leur aile frêle et farouche.

Je ne sais pas m'emparer d'eux
Sans effacer leur éclat tendre,
Ni, sans les tuer, les étendre,
Une épingle au cœur, deux à deux.

Ainsi nos âmes restent pleines
De vers sentis mais ignorés;
Vous ne voyez pas ces phalènes,
Mais nos doigts qu'ils ont colorés.

Musset has engraved on the frontispiece of his work the following sonnet:

Ce livre est toute ma jeunesse,
Je l'ai fait sans presque y songer,
Il y paraît je le confesse
Et j'aurais pu le corriger.

Mais quand l'homme change sans cesse
Au passé pourquoi rien changer?
Va-t-en, pauvre oiseau passager,
Que Dieu te mène à ton adresse!

Qui que tu sois qui me liras
Lis-en le plus que tu pourras
Et ne me condamne qu'en somme.

Mes premiers vers sont d'un enfant,
Les seconds d'un adolescent,
Les derniers à peine d'un homme.

Both poems are uttered in a tone of diffidence and modesty; there is as well a melancholy ring about both. A difference, however, lies therein. Sully Prudhomme distrusts merely his powers of expressing his conceptions, Alfred de Musset seems borne down by disbelief in his conceptions themselves. At the very beginning we understand why, with many features in common, they develop countenances so different in expression. Prudhomme has more faith than Musset;

he believes in the Absolute; it is the shape it will take in his human hands that troubles him. Musset barely believes in the Absolute; he is more concerned about the contents of his verse than about the fidelity of its rendering.

The key-note of Sully Prudhomme's poetry can be gathered from the perusal of the following lines, slipped into the first pages of his first volume as though they were a forecast of the whole:

J'ai voulu tout aimer et je suis malheureux,
Car j'ai de mes tourments multiplié les causes;
D'innombrables liens frêles et douloureux
Dans l'univers entier vont de mon âme aux choses.

Tout m'attire à la fois et d'un attrait pareil;
Le vrai par ses lueurs, l'inconnu par ses voiles;
Un trait d'or frémissant joint mon cœur au soleil
Et de longs fils soyeux l'unissent aux étoiles.

La cadence m'enchaîne à l'air mélodieux,
La douceur du velours aux roses que je touche;
D'un sourire j'ai fait la chaîne de mes yeux,
Et j'ai fait d'un baiser la chaîne de ma bouche.

Ma vie est suspendue à ces fragiles nœuds,
Et je suis le captif des mille êtres que j'aime:
Au moindre ébranlement qu'un souffle cause en eux
Je sens un peu de moi s'arracher de moi-même.

This volume contains also the author's first masterpiece, five stanzas only, yet such stanzas that they set him up at once as a poet.

LE VASE BRISE.

Le vase où meurt cette verveine
D'un coup d'éventail fut fêlé;
Le coup dut effleurer à peine.
Aucun bruit ne l'a révélé.

Mais la légère meurtrissure,
Mordant le cristal chaque jour,
D'une marche invisible et sûre
En a fait lentement le tour.

Son eau fraîche a fui goutte à goutte,
Le suc des fleurs s'est épuisé;
Personne encore ne s'en doute,
N'y touchez pas, il est brisé.

Souvent aussi la main qu'on aime,
Effleurant le cœur, meurtrit;
Puis le cœur se fend de lui-même,
La fleur de son amour périt;

Toujours intact aux yeux du monde,
Il sent croître et pleurer tout bas
Sa blessure fine et profonde,
Il est brisé, n'y touchez pas.

"This pearl of poetry," writes a friend of his, "created quite a sensation." Ste. Beuve went the length of saying that it breathed exquisite grace, and enshrined it in a "Causerie du Lundi." The success was genuine and well-deserved; yet it gave the author grounds for complaint. When the first impression made is a strong one, the public obstinately abides by it. Sully Prudhomme varied in vain the topics of his poetry, everything took in the public eye the shape of the "Vase Brisé." He was once and for all set down in the number of those fragile souls which,

> Feel, spreading and weeping low,
> The cut of the deep and subtle blow,

although he had more to be proud of than that "tiny bruise." His measure was being badly taken, not unaccountably, however, for instead of letting himself be carried away on the deepest rush of inspiration his soul could send forth, he wasted his talent in the description of his petty troubles as a lover or as a thinker. Certain periods of life are to the moral character what measles are to the physical temperament. They are somehow like the putting away of childish characteristics. Sturdy, matter-of-fact minds do not dream of putting around them a halo of a romance any more than they think of composing an epic poem on the ailments of their youth.

Sully Prudhomme must be reckoned amongst the poets who have broken that wholesome rule. Sentimentalism marks his virility with a lingering touch of childishness; with his lyric outpourings is mingled a flow of watery plaintiveness. He misapprehends somewhat the importance to a mature public of the precocious quarrels that divide his mental household. It is sometimes difficult to preserve a grave face in presence of a writer airing stolidly and at length the Werther-like troubles of his youth, of a man who is a truckler to his weaker self, instead of settling his face against it. Sully Prudhomme does not hurry to cast off his mental swaddling clothes. During three volumes his intellectual progress is hampered by them; in the last only he swings himself up into the regions of impersonal authorship.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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A Story of To-Day.

CHAPTER XI.

VIOLET'S ADVENTURE.

WE live in a poetical age. Our surroundings are sordid enough, and even our gold no longer glitters. The great gospel of elbow-room for the strongest has met with acceptance even from those who are on the point of being elbowed out of life altogether; and each individual, however weak, seeks to find a still more frail vessel whom he can jostle into potsherds ere the night come. And yet there is a glimpse of blue sky for us all, a rift in the dark clouds, the stray kiss of a summer breeze sometimes to be met in dull streets, the sweet smell of meadows and forest flowers stealing in upon the closed chambers of our souls. We are not quite easy in the bondage-gloom of Time and Care. Now and again we lift a corner of the shroud and have a passing glimpse of the brightness that lies outside us. In the hour of stillness we find ourselves listening for a sound of faint music to wake once more a forgotten echo; and in the very strife and turmoil of money-making we stay to look wonderingly in the face of Beauty as she passes by. Our sense of delight is but for a moment; yet, may be, if it were to be felt more often and longer it would be less exquisite. The very clanking of our chains makes more melodious the song of love; and the tinkling lutes of freer ages sound feebly indeed when contrasted with the passionate power of the verses of to-day.

Violet Churchill was conscious of this spirit as from afar. She had read deeply in the book of Nature, and had sung with all the

seasons; but, with perhaps an exception here and there, she had no love of poets and their works. Yet in the quiet of Kesterton Manor she had at times dreaded lest there should come an earthquake-throb; and the gloom that brooded so steadfastly over the gentle features of her aunt had whispered strange tidings of another world—a world of sorrow and sweetness, of fierce striving and overmastering joys. She had heard conversation turn sometimes upon the poetry of Tennyson and Swinburne, and Whitman and Buchanan. A line or a stanza quoted by way of illustration had caused the blood to mantle in her cheeks, and her heart to beat tumultuously in the grasp of an emotion she could not name. Her own passions lay calmly sleeping, as in an enchanted castle, and no knight-errant had raised the jewelled horn to his lips. The tale of other castles and of brazen gates flying open at the unloosing of the blasts of centuries was to her of no meaning. She listened and smiled and started and sometimes shuddered, but that was all.

And now the little wild bird found itself amid the palaces of a great city. The woods were no longer there with wind-rocked cradles of boughs and nooks of amethystine shade, lit by the shimmering lustre lightly leaping through the leaves overhead. The hedges had disappeared with their garlands of white roses, and their cool dragon-fly-haunted ditches where the tall foxglove looked tenderly down upon the simple wondering face of the primrose, and where the soft-eyed little field-mouse peered forth to hear the chimes that the cowslip bells were ringing to the daises. The avenue of elms was far away with its ancient settlement of rooks and its mad welcome to the March winds and its glittering fretwork of hoar-frost and icicles in the bright mornings of winter. The breezy heath with its wide-spreading view of parks and pastures and brooks and villages and soft hills in the blue distance had been left behind. Even the comrades of so many flights in the blithe air had vanished. Where was Margery, the soft-nosed, wise-looking cow that used to come to the gates of the home-paddock? Where was poor Joey, the white Angora rabbit, gently swaying its proud little head as it sat sedately with its paws stretched out in front like a very Sphinx? Where were Snap, that mystery of impudent shagginess, and Jack the indomitable goat, and Monkey the cat, cunning of fence and prodigal of welcome at every home-coming? Gone, all gone; to be never more seen of the little wild bird.

The first opening of the arms of London had been forbidding

enough. Violet shrank from thinking of Trafalgar Square and of the helpless position from which she had been saved by Bangles, her paragon of all that was beautiful and tender and good. Already she was fast forgetting her fright in the delightful amazement she experienced on beholding the splendour and gay doings of the Hall of Propos. During the whole of the scene that began with the procession of Pantagruel and ended with the termination of the thought-reading experiment she had stood enraptured, admiring, wondering and almost awakening. Gentlemen of handsome presence glanced at her, and their glances were as a new language softly spoken by an accustomed voice. Noble ladies whispered to her in tones of pleasant friendship, and in merry laughter whirled her thoughts away in a butterfly-dance of good humour.

When Bangles and Mr. Hoaxley had retired into the Symposium, Violet had been taken possession of by Professor Von Rösslein. At first they strolled about the Hall and then on the recommendation of Carpalim they entered the Joyaunce.

The table and sideboards were now spread with every delicacy, and bore a rich load of gold and silver plate mingled with crystal and exquisitely painted porcelain. The tall goblets of amber and ruby wine that stood on the carved pedestals round the apartment were a source of vast wonder to Violet. In each was placed one of those electric lamps which are enclosed in small glass bulbs, and the light thus imbedded, as it were, in the very midst of the liquid caused the wines to flash and sparkle like so many gems, an effect that was enhanced by a similar illumination of many of the flowers that hung from the trellis-work upon the walls.

"Ach, Himmel!" exclaimed the Professor, adjusting his spectacles with an air of immense and profound rapture.

"How lovely!" echoed Violet.

"Dey are vonder—peautiful!"

"Wine of jewels and flowers of gems! What a sweet idea!"

"Chewels! Chems! Ach! I comprehent. You haf right, matam. Dey are de fife-folt essence of life and de crown upon de het of Sorrow. De itea ist boetical, put brofount."

Violet looked enquiringly at her companion and saw that his blue eyes were fixed benignly in a direction quite other than in that of the goblets of liquid, living ruby and topaz, and the glittering many-tinted star-flowers that had so attracted her attention.

"I don't quite understand," she said timidly, having as yet

allowed the Professor to sustain the conversation during their tour of the Hall, and having been lost in bewildered admiration at his lofty flights of eloquence, which more than equalled all she had ever imagined of that mysterious being, a poet; though, it must be confessed, she was not fatally fascinated by the rotund presence and Teutonic grace of her cavalier.

"Ach! yes. A brofount itea ist shpoken more easily as it ist untershtoot. Prowning ist brofount, and he untershtants not himself. And I, Friedrich Von Rösslein, I haf leedle delicate chems of lieder written in one prief purning of mein pipe, and den it has taken all de great power of mein prain for tays and tays to untershtant dem. Put—put—peautiful Fraulein—how comes it dat you haf mein tiscovery so clearly seen?"

"Indeed, Mr. Von Rösslein, I am not clever enough for that, I am sure," rejoined Violet, more and more bewildered. "I simply made the first remark that occurred to me as I looked on such pretty things."

"And you shpoke of de vine chewels and de flower chems, and de foice of de Brerogative of Suffering was on your lips."

"I feel perfectly certain you are making some mistake," said Violet.

"De family of de Von Rösslein's haf nefer made a mistake—no, nefer," cried the poet, lifting his eyes for a moment, as though in dumb reverence to the memory of his illustrious ancestors. "I will explain to you, Fraulein of de bleasant eyes. Vat ist vine do you think? It ist de chewel dat can only be found through de paths of suffering and death. De green leafs vither and de purple grape ist crushed, and de chewel itself ist shvallowed into deshtruction until it shines once more in de fire of a glance and de shparkle of a choke. And so de great privilege of all tings in nature dat suffer and are kilt ist to make man live and take bleasure in his life."

"But I was speaking of those pretty lights," exclaimed Violet.

"Lights?" answered Von Rosslein, looking around him with an idle glance for a moment and then returning to the contemplation of the well-spread table in front. "De lights of life are its bleasures and de only bleasure dat lasts to de great end of our days is to eat and to trink. Come, Fraulein, I see a vonder-peautiful ham on dat tish, and ve vill enchoy de results of de big ven burified by suffering."

Whether the Professor was joking with native ponderosity Violet could not determine, but she had no doubt as to his seriousness on

the great question of supper. The room was deserted, save for themselves, and the music in the Dulcimery had ceased. From behind the curtains that hid the entrance to the Hall of Propos there came the hum of voices, and ever and anon a peal of light laughter. At any moment the merry company might come trooping in, and Herr Von Rösslein was not one to lose any vantage ground where a well-spread table was concerned.

They seated themselves, and as they did so Violet found herself facing the Dulcimery. While her companion was engaged in loading her plate and his own and pouring out a huge bumper of perfumed glistening hock, she looked absently at the curtains, wondering when her dearest Rosamond would appear. Presently she became conscious that she too was being looked at, and that a shadowy form stood immediately before the doorway. At first she felt no surprise, but as she gazed more and more earnestly the upper part of the form became better outlined, and she gradually was able to distinguish what seemed like a man's head, from which two brilliant piercing eyes beamed forth. The features were still obscure, and no movement of the form took place, and yet she had a strange impression of having met that ardent glance before and an equally strange fear that the form was about to advance towards her. The fear suddenly deepened into absolute terror, and with a low cry of affright she buried her face in her hands.

"Gott in Himmel!" exclaimed Von Rösslein; "vat haf you, vat haf you, Fraulein?"

"That face! that face!" gasped Violet.

The Professor looked very quietly and very methodically on every side.

"Dere ist no one here, no, not nopoty inteet," said he, in a tone that was meant to be reassuring.

Violet looked up.

The form had disappeared, and now that the sound of Von Rösslein's voice had roused her from the state of reverie into which she had so unaccountably fallen when she took her seat at the table, she began to think she had been perhaps dreaming. The Joyaunce shone brightly in the clear electric light, and she could see every little detail of the walls, and curtains, and sculptures. Yes; she must have been dozing; and she remembered that a feeling of lassitude had suddenly assailed her. Besides, the illusion was, after all, not very plain, and she was not quite sure that her eyes had been open when

she seemed to see it. On the whole, therefore, she concluded she would not mention the matter.

"Take a leedel vine," said the Professor filling her glass; "and tell me chust exactly vat you saw."

"Oh, it was nothing, Mr. Von Rösslein, thank you."

"Chust as I tought. Sometimes I see noting myself, and den I feel I am in de presence of de Infinite, and I am silent. Put you schreamt: how vas dat?"

"I suppose it is because I am not poetical," replied Violet, who had quite recovered her presence of mind, and now ventured to glance archly at her questioner.

"Gott! Vat a new peauty is in your eyes!" exclaimed Von Rösslein, bending busily over his plate, and devoting himself to the pleasures he had praised. "I shall nefer find de fire of my fancy go out ven it ist lighted by such looks. I vill trink teeply to dem. It ist a bleasure ven a goot reason is fount to trink teeply."

He was as good as his word, and, to Violet's amazement, emptied the huge goblet at a draught.

"And now, mein leedel heart-freund, you moost tell me how you fint me, how you like a boet of de boets," he continued, with a smile of the most complete satisfaction.

Poor Violet was embarrassed. She had never been called on to reply to such a question.

"I think you are a very good man," she said, after a pause.

"Goot! ach! yes: berhaps I am goot. Put, am I not goot-looking as well?"

"You have a very kind face," replied Violet, with the diplomatic instinct of her sex coming to her rescue.

"Kint!" echoed Von Rösslein, as he drained yet another bumper, "I am more as kint! Ven I came to-night into de beautiful bresence of Matam Bantagruel and yourself, Fraulein, I felt all de kintness of my heart changing into de meister-passion."

"Ye—es," rejoined Violet hesitatingly, not understanding the poet's meaning, but seeing from his pause that she was evidently expected to say something.

"De meister-passion—you understandt?" added the Professor.

"Well, no: not quite. But then I am very stupid," replied the girl, smiling in a fashion to set Von Rösslein's already excited blood still further on fire.

"It is imbossible! quite, entirely, altogeder *imbossible* for you to

be shtubit. You are too shveet to be shtubit. You are one pright tream of de sorrowful twilight, and *dat* can nefer be shtubit."

Violet, in spite of her inexperience, was by no means devoid of common-sense, and her amusement at Von Rösslein's peculiarities was beginning to be mingled with a feeling that he was taking a little too much wine. She accordingly rose from her seat, saying,

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Von Rösslein, but while you are finishing your supper I think I will go and stand in the cool air and the beautiful moonlight."

"And leaf me?" cried the poet disconsolately.

"You can join me on the terrace when you have done," replied Violet, again smiling.

"Vell—vell," said Von Rösslein, looking in perplexity first at the charming girl and then at the inviting table, "I tink you haf right. De bleasures of de life moost not be trifled with. Go your vays, leedel shtar of de heart-shky, and I vill soon follow on de vings of de evening. Laty, I kiss your hant!"

With these words he rose, and gravely bowing, lifted Violet's hand to his lips. It was the first time that she had been thus saluted. She started as she felt the warm pressure, and for a moment the room and all in it, and even the grotesque figure of her admirer seemed brighter and pleasanter, and the remembrance of the days and scenes of Kesterton Manor began at length to fade.

She passed through the Dulcimery and reached the terrace beyond. She had not been mistaken as to the night. The moon was shining brightly, and the garden below was full of mysterious shadows, alternating with silver pools of light. The inclement weather of the previous night had given place to the warm fresh air of early summer, and the sky was of that deep emerald green so seldom seen elsewhere than in London. The trees were rustling, and in the distance from across the still Thames came the faint trill of some bird of the night. The surrounding streets were quite silent, and had it not been for the tall houses that rose on every side Violet might have fancied herself far away from the world of busy life.

She had never until now been quite, quite alone since she had stood forlornly in Trafalgar Square. She was bewildered with all that had happened. It seemed to her that she was the heroine of some fairy tale, and that at any moment she might find everything about her change into scenes of dull commonplace misery. She had seen little of the world, but what she had seen had taught her that

the days of romance were past, if indeed they ever existed, and that the majority of men, women, and children found life a very prosaic, matter-of-fact, painful struggle. The newspapers she had sometimes seen were, she felt, quite incompatible with anything like enchantment, and railways, telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, had, even in her mind, almost struck a death-blow at all ideas of the supernatural. It was, therefore, with no tendency to superstition that she dwelt upon what had happened ; it was rather with an uncomfortable feeling of surprise at finding that, after all, such things could occur. The Home of Master Francis was an incongruity; the Rabelais Club was an improbability ; Bangles herself had no business outside a dream. Was it, could it all be true ?

She became so perplexed, and the garden below became so more and more mystical in the moonbeams, that she determined she would assure herself of its actual existence. She therefore lightly descended the broad stone steps and advanced across the lawn, looking in her white dress, and with her graceful, noiseless movement, like some ghostly inhabitant of the visionary world she half believed herself to be in.

Yes! the garden was quite real. It was real grass she felt beneath her feet, a real breeze that fanned her cheek, real flowers that greeted her with perfumed kisses. And the shaded walks beyond ? She would enter among the trees and shrubs, and would lose sight of the house of Master Francis, and all other signs of the city round about her, and would stand face to face with the still night.

With the still night ?

What was that deeper shadow that faced her in the shade ?

Violet neither cried out nor ran away. She felt more frightened, it was true, than ever she had been in the whole course of her life; but she was no craven. She stopped, and for a moment her heart beat so painfully that she could scarcely breathe. Then with a supreme effort, she said in a low, trembling voice,

" Who is there ? "

(To be continued.)

The Violinist of To-Day.

AUGUST WILHELMJ.

THERE are none who lead a more desultory, restless, or variable life, than the disciples of Music! How few ever return to the land of their birth, or realize the high ambitions of their youth. How many, disappointed in their early dreams, have at last to make their homes in countries where they were not born, but which have become theirs by habits and adoption.

An exception to this rule, however, is the rare genius now before us,—*he* achieved all his youthful aspirations, and returned to his native land, crowned with laurels. A thorough German,—for he comes from that wondrous land of song, love and beauty, that land where the kings "Rhein" and "Wein," have set up their joint thrones—is August Wilhelmj, the King of Violinists.

The only son of the celebrated wine grower, August Wilhelmj, Doctor of Laws of Hattenheim, he first saw the light of day on the 21st September, 1845, at Usingen, near Wiesbaden. His mother, Charlotte Petry, a well-known artist, was a pupil of the celebrated Councillor Anton André, of Offenbach, and also of Frederick Chopin, and Marco Bordogni in Paris. In addition it was a great advantage for him, that his father, who was a good judge of music, was also a distinguished amateur on the violin.

All his earliest years being thus spent in one of the first musical and hospitable houses on the great Rhine thoroughfare, and in a family where Art always played a prominent part, and where all those noted in the artistic and scientific world, were ever welcome, had a very happy influence on the lad. His father early recognising his talent, placed the boy with Conrad Fisher, the Duke of Nassau's "Hof Concert-Meister," at Wiesbaden, whose skilful teaching rapidly developed his pupil's marvellous musical gifts: so much so, that when Henriette Sontay was once staying at the Wilhelmj's in 185—, and

heard the lad play, she was so struck with his rare ability, and the clearness of his execution, that she exclaimed with enthusiasm: "You will one day be known as the German Paganini."

Wilhelmj's first public appearance was in the old episcopal city of Limburg on the Lahn, where, at a concert given on the 8th January, 1854, for the benefit of the poor of the town, he took all his hearers by storm. Two years later, on the 17th March, 1856, the boy went through a trying ordeal at the Court Theatre at Wiesbaden, where he completely electrified a numerous and critical audience.

Fearing that his son might share the fate of so many of the so-called youthful musical geniuses, his father destined him for the law, and it was only after numerous prayers and entreaties that he agreed to let the decision of his future career rest upon the ultimatum of a competent judge. No less a person than Franz Liszt was selected as arbiter, and with a joyful and light heart at the prospect of his wishes being at last fulfilled, August Wilhelmj went in the spring of 1861 to the great master at Weimar, provided with an introduction from Prince Sayn-Wittgenstein. Here his performance of Louis Spohr's "Gesangscene," and Erust's "Uargarische Weisen," caused the scale of Wilhelmj's life's destiny to rise, and preserved Germany's greatest violinist to the world.

Liszt, having accompanied the youthful performer on the piano, suddenly sprang up when he had finished, exclaiming:

"And they would hesitate for one moment as to your career! Why music is inborn in you! . . . . You are so evidently pre-destined for the violin, that had it not already existed, it must have been invented on purpose for you! Go on working as you are doing, my lad, and the world will soon speak of you!"

These prophetic and weighty words, naturally dispersed all the clouds of doubt, and a sunny future lay spread before Wilhelmj, when, a few days later, he went to Leipzig accompanied by Liszt, who himself presented him to the celebrated Ferdinand David for his further musical education, with these words:

"I here bring you a future second Paganini! Look well after him!"

Wilhelmj now studied for three years in the Conservatoire of Leipzig, of which he soon became the pride and ornament, taking the same place among the pupils there, that Schiller had done among the Karlsruke Scholars. Moritz Hauptmann and Ernest Friedrich Richter were his masters in the theory of music; who later on, when

Wilhelmj returned to live in Wiesbaden, found their imitator in the Symphonist Joachim Raff.

His comrades in Leipzig all looked upon Wilhelmj as a marvel, and he was often asked for private performances in his lodgings. On one of these occasions he played Erust's celebrated transcriptions of Schubert's "Erlkönig," with such faultless precision, and yet with such dramatic accentuation, that Old David exclaimed delightedly:

"Oh! he has overcome all difficulties! he is a real phenomenon."

Although Wilhelmj had during his pilgrimage made a great sensation at a Public Exhibition of the Conservatoire in April, 1862, by his performance of Erust's Concerto Pathétique; he created a perfect *furore* that same autumn at a Public Concert, when still a Conservatoirest. He played Joachim's "Concertos in ungarische Weise." Round after round of applause greeted the performer, and here on this classic musical ground, he laid the foundation of his world-wide fame.

Ferdinand David took the greatest interest in his young pupil, and kept him more and more with him. David's niece, the talented young Baroness Sophie von Liphart was at that time living with her uncle, and she became later on, in 1866, Wilhelmj's wife.

He made his first artistic tour in Switzerland and Holland in the years 1865 and 1866; from thence he went to England, and there, thanks to the kindness and influence of Jenny Lind, he appeared at one of Alfred Mellon's grand concerts, on the 17th of September, 1866, at Covent Garden Theatre. His playing took the audience back to the days of the great Nicolo's first appearance. Having thus earned fresh laurels, the young artiste hurried from the Thames to the banks of the Seine. Here, in January, 1867, in the far-famed "Concerts Populaires" of Pasdeloup, the German violinist created such enthusiasm that they called him "Le Nouveau Paganini." Never before had either male or female artiste caused such a sensation in Paris.

Europe is large, the world is larger, but greater than all is the love of travel, and the artistic wish to perform that fills the breast of every youthful genius who has already earned the first laurels of the immortal wreath of fame. So in the autumn of 1867 we find Wilhemj in Italy, when his incomparable rendering of classical music caused him to be elected "Prottetori" of the "Societá di Quartetto" of Florence. A few months later he went to St. Petersburgh, whither he was invited by the art-loving Grand Duchess Helena Paulovna.

There he lived in the "Palais Michel" with other celebrities, among whom was Hector Berlioz, the "French Beethoven," who made the following remarkable speech :—

"Never have I heard any violinist who equals Wilhelmj in the purity of his tone and the witchery of his playing. His whole manner and way of handling the instrument is marvellous."

That Wilhelmj's first public appearance on the 15th of January, 1868, transported the City of the Czars with ecstacy can easily be imagined. After this, musical tours, for the purpose of giving concerts, followed each other in quick succession. Switzerland, France, Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, all in turn witnessed his triumphs. In Stockholm he was made Honorary Member of the Royal Swedish Academy; in other places he was decorated, and had a sword of honour, etc., presented to him. In the winters of 1872 and 1873 our master for the first time undertook a great tour all through Germany and Austria. This was a great success for Wilhelmj, as it combined a brilliant début at Berlin, in the Singing Academy, October, 1872, and also at Vienna, in the Choral Union Hall, March, 1873. The results in these two Metropoli were truly astounding, making a perfect epoch in their musical annals. From 1874 to 1877 Wilhelmj resided principally in England, and there his artistic many-sided genius opened a fresh musical field; for, somewhat setting aside his own special career, we find him energetically espousing Richard Wagner. He succeeded in carrying out the Wagner Concerts in London, and even induced the great master himself to come over in May, 1877, when, under his leadership, he conducted the orchestra, consisting of over 200 members, at the much talked of "Wagner Festival," in the Royal Albert Hall.

All this energy on the other side of the Channel, was only preparatory to the very active part he took in the theatrical representations at Bayreuth, when it is well-known that August Wilhelmj filled the difficult post of orchestral leader with praiseworthy industry, and threw himself thoroughly into the spirit of Wagner's genius. It was at this time that the latter wrote those oft-quoted verses of his, describing his faithful friend, as "his Master of the Niebelenyen music," the "Siegfried among the Violinists," "Volker, the fiddler, now came forth," etc., etc.

But notwithstanding his naturally strong constitution Wilhelmj could not with impunity brave the great strain all this additional

work laid upon him. He became suddenly dangerously ill, and this obliged him for some time to give up his musical career. On his recovery, however, he returned to London, when he played at the great Crystal Palace Concerts of A. Manns.

A very flattering invitation, however, called him again South, to the land of perpetual sunshine. And still distinguished by his usual energy, he instituted a series of evening concerts for German concerted music (March 1878); through which he received the rare distinction of being made an honorary member of the celebrated Società di Quartetto in the old Lombard city of Milan. Paganini's native land thus acknowledged him as the first violinist of the world.

Having now become known in every part of Europe as an energetic and distinguished apostle of German art, Wilhelmj determined to cross the Atlantic, and begin the great tour of the world that had been his dream from his earliest youth. In the end of September, 1878, he played for the first time in the "Steinway Hall," at New York, with fabulous success. Thence he went on from town to town, and both in the north and in the south of the New World he gained fresh triumphs.

Loaded with honours he went on to New Zealand and Australia. Everywhere fresh ovations awaited him, and in some places he was even presented with the freedom of the city. Wilhelmj next hastened on to Asia, and Alexandria and Cairo. These last, however, on account of the disturbances, he could only just pass through on his way to London, whence he at last returned to his native land in July, 1882. The numerous and valuable collections he brought back with him from his voyage round the world he now placed in his villa at Mosbach-Bibrich on the Rhine.

In this great tour Wilhelmj realised the dream of his boyhood, and reached the summit of his ambition. He had stood forth in all parts of the earth as the faithful high priest of German art and music, thus proclaiming to the world the fame and honour of German culture. The art-loving Grand Duke of Baden was the first German prince who, in remembrance of the invaluable services rendered to German art abroad, presented the artist with the distinguished decoration of the Commander's Cross of the Order of Merit of the Zähringer Lion. The journey had indeed made Wilhelmj's name "world-celebrated," in the highest and widest acceptation of the word; and a post-card that was sent to him from Wiesbaden by some of his friends there "to put his celebrity to the proof" was simply addressed

"August Wilhelmj, America," and actually found its way into the artist's hands in South America, after having followed him from place to place, so that he was enabled to send it back to the addresses at Wiesbaden as they wished.

Wilhelmj appeared again before the European public on December 15th, 1882, at the Cursaal at Wiesbaden. The audience rose like one man to greet the great victory-crowned master, and the orchestra expressed the general joy by a flourish of trumpets. Wilhelmj is now making a tour through Germany, celebrating fresh triumphs wherever he goes, such as Liszt and Paganini alone could boast of.

We must not conclude this sketch without glancing cursorily at Wilhelmj's special standing in the musical world.

He is celebrated both as a concerted and orchestral as well as a solo player. Beethoven's last quartets, equally with the works of modern composers, are among his finest performances. But the grand old master, Johann Sebastian Bach, has found a wonderful interpreter in him. After his performance of "Chaconne," Richard Wagner, moved to tears, exclaimed,

"Words fail me, dear Wilhelmj. I cannot express what I feel! But you can see the impression you have made on me. It is the grandest thing in reproduced art I have ever heard."

Wilhelmj's own compositions for violin, voice, &c., as well as his numerous transcriptions, are much sought after, and in this respect he still promises great things.

Regarding his repertoire, we need only say that he has mastered the whole of violin literature, the classic as well as the modern romantic, amongst the latter numerous compositions of Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Raff, Johannes Brahms. Most interesting and charming of companions, "he is full of sparkling wit and vivacity," says Max Schlesinger of him, and those who have met him will heartily subscribe to this verdict. He is a true friend to his friends, but one must first know him well to fully appreciate this, for his sarcasm and irony often give the superficial observer a wrong impression of him. *One* virtue, however, he possesses, which all acknowledge, and which might serve as an example to others—that is his natural modesty and simplicity, which not all the honours and triumphs bestowed upon him have been able to destroy. He never speaks of himself, and is ever ready to recognise talent in others.

We all do what we can, each one according to the best of his

ability, and yet we all fall far short of our ideal. How can one speak of any special merit? He often says Bruch, Svendsen, Goldmark, Ferd, Hiller, &c., grace his programmes. He is in truth many-sided in his art, master of various styles, and without a rival in the art of phrasing and in taste and expression. In addition to these rarely combined qualities, Wilhelmj possesses another great feature which as a violinist cannot be too strongly dwelt upon—that is his marvellous execution, which gave him unbounded and unprecedented power over the world of sound and feeling. His wonderful purity of tone and the clearness and vigour of his fabulous thirds, sixths, octaves, and octave shakes, &c., &c.—all these are well known.

"In the special technicalities of the violin Wilhelmj is unsurpassed even by Paganini," says a celebrated French violinist, and he is certainly right.

Thus August Wilhelmj stands out from the rest of living German musicians as a true son and favourite of the muses, with his imposing appearance, highly gifted Beethoven-like head, and sparkling vein of high-toned feeling and bright humour. In him the laurel wreath of the victor is combined with the strong German oak and the poetical vine leaf. The great violin king is a worthy colleague of the sovereigns "Rhein" and "Wein," with whom he has lived in familiar intercourse since the days of his earliest youth.

(*From the German*).

A Thirty Years' War;

OR,

THE FIRST THIRTY YEARS OF HARRIET MARTINEAU'S LIFE.

TO most of us life is in one way or another a stern battle, and certainly during the first thirty years of her life, Harriet Martineau had to fight very hard for the victory and success which she achieved in her thirtieth year. "My life," she says in her autobiography, "began with winter, burst suddenly into summer, and is now ending with autumn, I have had no spring; but that cannot be helped now. It was a moral disadvantage, as well as a great loss of happiness; but we all have our moral disadvantages to make the best of, and "happiness is *not*," as the poet says, "our being's end and aim."

Her life "began with winter." She was a delicate child, bad health and even deafness being caused according to her mother by the fact that she was all but starved during the first weeks of her life. For years she had "a horrid lump" in her throat every morning, and the most terrific oppressions in the night. She feared every person except an aunt who won her confidence when sixteen. Every sound scared the sickly child. Her daily walk was a punishment rather than a pleasure because she was taken past a place where the residents were wont to air their feather-beds, and to beat them with a stick, and the dull shock made her heart stand still. Her parents knew nothing of this. "It never occurred to me to speak of anything I felt most: and I doubt whether they ever had the slightest idea of my miseries. It seems to me now that a little closer observation would have shown them the causes of the bad health and fitful temper which gave them so much anxiety on my account; and I am sure that a little more of the cheerful tenderness which was in those days thought bad for children, would have saved me from my worst faults, and from a world of suffering." As a remedy against such bilious unhappiness, little Harriet was sent to a farmhouse in the country. Her hostess and nurse, as well as the husband of that good lady, was a "Methodist of some sort." She returned the absurdest

little preacher of two or three years. She used to nod her head emphatically, and say, "Never ky for tyfles;" "dooty fust, and pleasure afterwards," and so forth. At this time, and for years afterwards, she was in a chronic state of fright or shame about something, so weak was her nervous system, Even the white circle on the wall formed by a Christmas magic lantern always made her ill with terror up to her thirteenth year. She was afraid to walk in the town for fear of meeting two persons who had on different occasions alarmed her. In the drawing-room the drops of the lustres on the mantle-piece when the morning sun shone on them, seemed to her morbid fancy "alive—imps of some sort." So well did she overcome this nervousness in after life, that even warnings of personal violence on account of her anti-slavery opinions could not discontinue a tour through the States of Southern America. The only support and pleasure she had from a very early age was from religion. "While I was afraid of everybody I saw, I was not in the least afraid of God. Being usually very unhappy, I was constantly longing for heaven, and seriously, and very frequently planning suicide in order to get there. I knew it was considered a crime; but I did not feel it so, I had a devouring passion for justice—justice, first to my own precious self, and then to other oppressed people. Justice was precisely what was least understood in our house, in regard to servants and children." Looking back on childhood, Harriet Martineau declares that her temper was "downright devilish," but adds that it might have been made a thorough good one by the slightest indulgence shown to her natural affections, and any rational dealing with her faults. She had no self-respect, and an unbounded need of approbation and affection. Her capacity for jealousy was "something frightful." One day a friend gave to her sister *Gay's Fables*, bound in red and gold. She stood with a bursting heart, beating her hoop and hating everybody in the world. For a long time she could not abide a red book. "Nobody dreamed of all this, and the 'taking down' system was pursued with me as with the rest, issuing in the assumed doggedness and wilfulness which made me desperately disagreeable during my youth to everybody at home." Nevertheless—and parents should note this—the least word or tone of kindness melted her instantly, in spite of the strongest predeterminations to be hard and offensive. She was fond of going to chapel but even here she was rendered unhappy. Her passion for justice was baulked. The duties preached were those of inferiors to

superiors, while the *per contra* was not insisted on with any equality of treatment at all. She was obedient in act, but her conscience was kept in a state of perpetual torture by reason of interior rebellion. "As far as I remember, my conscience was never of the least use to me, for I always concluded myself wrong about everything, while pretending entire complacency and assurance. My moral discernment was almost wholly obscured by fear and mortification." It was a great trouble to her that she could not pray in chapel. "I prayed abundantly when I was alone, but it was impossible to me to do it in any other way, and the hypocrisy of appearing to do so was a long and sore trouble to me. All this is very painful, but I really remember little that was not painful at that time of my life," (aged five.) The visits of her kind old nurse were looked forward to, but even she held the family impression of Harriet's abilities—that she was a dull, unobservant, slow, awkward child. The little girl's sense of justice and kindliness of feeling made her resent what she considered the harsh treatment of tradesmen and servants on the part of grown-up people. One of her chief miseries was being sent with scolding messages to the maids—*e.g.*, to "bid them not be so like cart-horses overhead." All through her life Miss Martineau had great sympathy for servants. In later life, when settled in a house of her own, she was in the habit of calling her maids in the evening and pointing out to them on the map the operations of the Crimean war, for she thought that young Englishwomen should take an intelligent interest in the doings of their country.

A gleam of sunshine came to the unhappy child when seven years old, in the discovery one day of a plain, clumsy, calf-bound volume called "*Paradise Lost.*" Taking the first word she saw, "Argument," to be a dispute, she naturally supposed it to be stupid enough, but when something about Satan cleaving chaos made her turn to the poetry, in a few months there was hardly a line she could not put her finger upon, and she used to send herself asleep by repeating it. She now became ashamed of her habit of misery and especially of crying. "I tried for a long course of years,—I should think from about eight to fourteen,—to pass a single day without crying. I was a persevering child; and I know I tried hard; but I failed. I gave up at last, and during all those years I never did pass a day without crying. Of course my temper and habit of mind must have been excessively bad. I have no doubt I was an insufferable child of gloom, obstinacy, and cross-

ness. Still, when I remember my own placability—my weakness of yielding everything to the first word or tone of tenderness, I cannot but believe that there was grievous mistake in the case, and that even a little more sympathy and moral support would have spared me and others a hideous amount of fault and suffering." All the while, however, circumstances were doing for her what she could not do for herself. A little girl friend had lost her leg by some accident, with great self-denial Harriet abstained from all games in which her afflicted companion could not join. She was fond of play, but for many years she used to stand with cold feet and a longing mind while her friend leaned on her arm looking on at the other children at play. All this was morally good for her. The birth of a youngest sister was henceforth a source of continual pleasure. The child of nine years of age told a young lady with joy that she should now see the growth of a human mind from the very beginning! All her spare moments were spent in the nursery watching the baby. It is to be feared that music *rouses* the savage breasts of little girls quite as often as it soothes them. With a good ear for harmony, shyness prevented Harriet from deriving benefit from her master's lessons. "He came twice a week. On those days it was an effort to rise in the morning, —to enter upon a day of misery; and nothing could have carried me through the morning but the thought of the evening, when he would be gone—out of my way for three days or even four. The hours grew heavier; my heart fluttered more and more! I could not eat my dinner, and his impatient loud knock was worse to me than sitting down in the dentist's chair." Is there any law of nature forcing all girls to play the piano with or without inclination? If not, a mother should excuse her daughter and visitors from "her piece" when music is not in the child's soul.

Harriet Martineau was on the whole a little more happy at school and her next great struggle was with deafness. "People in general have only to sit still in the midst of Nature, to be amused and *diverted* (in the strict sense of the word—*distracted*, in the French sense) so as to find "change of work as good as rest;" but I have had, for the main part of my life, to go in search of impressions and influences, as the alternative from abstract or unrelieved thought, in an intellectual view, and from brooding in a moral view. Life is a long hard unrelieved working-day to us, who hear or see only by express effort, or have to make other senses serve the turn of that which is lost. Considerate persons will at once see what large allow-

ance must in fairness be made for faults of temper, irritability or weakness of nerves, narrowness of mind, and imperfection of sympathy, in sufferers so worn with toil of body and mind as I, for one, have been." We think Harriet Martineau's case requires no such indulgence. She gathered herself up for a gallant breasting of her destiny. She felt that here was an enterprise, and the spirit of enterprise was roused in her, animating her to sure success with many sinkings and much lapse by the way.

When sixteen years of age she was tormented by her awkwardness in purchasing stores, setting out a table, or in dealing with the butcher and fishmonger. "I was always in terror at that great mountain of duty before me, and wondering what was to become of me if my mother left home, or if I should marry." In later life she thoroughly overcame all such difficulties, and made herself so "accomplished" in house-keeping that she felt herself "a good housemaid spoilt." That undue severity or roughness of manner on the part of parents tempts children to falsehood is very evident. While organized for sincerity and generally truthful, Harriet Martineau tells us that "towards one person I was habitually untruthful, from fear. To my mother I would in my childhood assert or deny anything that would bring me through most easily." When she left home, all temptation to untruth ceased, and there was henceforth nothing more than the habit of exaggeration and strong expression to struggle with. Her aunt had set up school at Bristol and thither Harriet was sent for the sake of her health. Before leaving home she was the prey of three rather amusing griefs. They were bad handwriting, deafness, and the state of her hair. "If any one had told me how many reams of paper I should cover in the course of my life, life would have seemed a sort of purgatory to me. As to my deafness, it was worse when I returned from Bristol. The third misery, which really plagued me seriously, was cured presently after I left home, and there was an end of one of those trifles which make up the sum of human things" Fifteen months were spent at Bristol happily enough, though home sickness spoiled the last part of the time. "Certainly, I passionately loved my family, each and all, from the very hour that parted us; and was physically ill with expectation when their letters became due. On her return her health was made rather worse than better by the wear and tear of home-sickness, by religious emotions, over-much study and medical mismanagement.

The marriage of her eldest sister made Harriet a young woman at

once. More and more her mother took her into her confidence as her mind opened, and as her increasing deafness bespoke motherly sympathy. "For some years, indeed, there was a genuine and cordial friendship between my mother and me, which was a benefit to me in all manner of ways; and, from the time when I began to have literary enterprises (and quite as much before I obtained success as after) I was sustained by her trustful, generous, self-denying sympathy and maternal appreciation."

When Miss Martineau was young it was thought rather indecorous for young ladies to study, more especially with pen in hand. They were expected to sit down in the parlour to sew, during which reading aloud was permitted, or to practice their music; but so as to be fit to receive callers, without any sign of blue-stockingism which could be reported abroad. Thus it was that Harriet's first studies had to be carried on with great care and reserve. She was at the work-table regularly after breakfast, making her own clothes, or the shirts of the household, or about some fancy work; she went out walking with the rest; and if ever she shut herself into her own room it was at the risk of being sent for to join the sewing circle or to read aloud. Nevertheless she managed to improve her style by translating the "Agricola" of Tacitus, while her cousin then studying at Norwich used to read Italian with her; she studied the Bible incessantly and immensely.

It was in her nineteenth year that she first appeared in print. Aspirations after authorship she had had ever since when a very young child she was in the habit of writing down Scripture texts in little paper books. This ambition had disappeared until her brother James, then her idolized companion, discovering how wretched she was when he left for College, advised her to take refuge in a new pursuit; and suggested an attempt at authorship. He desired her to try her chance in the *Monthly Repository*, a poor little Unitarian periodical. The title of her first article was "Female Writers on Practical Divinity." "I wrote away, in my abominable scrawl of those days, on foolscap paper, feeling mightily like a fool all the time. I told no one and took my packet to the post-office myself." She took the letter "V" for her signature, and her heart "thumped prodigiously" when she saw in the next number of the magazine that arrived before service time on Sunday morning her articles inserted, and in the notices to correspondents a request to hear more from "V" of Norwich. That evening her eldest brother and his bride invited her

to tea. Conversation turned on "V," the new hand that had appeared in the *Monthly Repository*. At length "V" herself was obliged to silence her brother's praises of the paper by pleading guilty of having written it. He then laid his hand on her shoulder and said gravely: "Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings; and do you devote yourself to this." From the age of twenty to thirty Harriet Martineau suffered through a decade of troublesome years. Consumption took from her the eldest brother from whom she never sought for encouragement in vain. Her father's death followed in quick succession. When able to stand straight after these two staggering blows and just as she was growing happy, surmounting her fears and doubts and enjoying the attachment of a lover to whom she was engaged, he became suddenly insane; and after months of illness of body and mind, he died. Of course a young girl of twenty-four must have felt this to be a terrible calamity, although the short-sightedness of our desires is well illustrated by her retrospect of the matter taken many years afterwards. "There has never been any doubt in my mind that, considering what I was in those days, it was happiest for us both that our union was prevented by any means. I am in truth, very thankful for not having married at all." And this by no means because of coldness at heart for she continues: "When I see what conjugal love is, in the extremely rare cases in which it is seen in its perfection, I feel that there is a power of attachment in me that has never been touched. When I am among little children, it frightens me to think what my idolatry of my own children would have been. My strong will, combined with anxiety of conscience, makes me fit only to live alone."

Next year Mrs. Martineau and her daughters lost almost all their means of support by the failure of the old manufactory in which their money was invested. This "calamity" as their friends called it, and as it must have appeared to themselves at the time, was really a blessing in disguise to the brave ladies. "In a very short time, my two sisters and I began to feel the blessing of a wholly new freedom. I, who had been obliged to write before breakfast, or in some private way, had henceforth liberty to do my own work in my own way, for we had lost our gentility. Many and many a time since have we said, but for that loss of money we might have lived on in the ordinary provincial method of ladies with small means, sewing and economising, and growing narrower every year; whereas by being thrown, while it was yet time, on our own

rosources, we have worked hard and usefully, won friends, reputation and independence, seen the world abundantly, abroad and at home, and, in short, have truly lived instead of vegetated." We have quoted this passage in full because it contains encouragement for the many one meets now every day who are suffering losses by reason of depressed trade, cheating companies, or foreign bonds. Let all such, says the spirit of Harriet Martineau, convert their financial losses into moral gains. This is, we have seen, the second "calamity" on which Miss Martineau could in after life look back cheerfully, and say that however painful at the time, both turned out "for the best." Truly we mortals know not what to ask or wish—know not what is most expedient for us.

When the Martineau family lost their property the question arose what was Harriet to do, as her deafness precluded both music and governessing? She devised a plan for guiding the studies of young people by correspondence, and sent out written proposals; but while everybody professed to approve the scheme no pupil ever offered. She had sent a "*Life of Harold*" to the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Society, but there was no prospect in that quarter. "Nobody knew that I was left with only one shilling, insomuch that I dreaded the arrival of a thirteenpenny letter in those days of dear postage. The sale of a ball-dress brought me three pounds; that was something. I hoped, and not without reason, that my needle would bring me enough for my small expenses for a time, and I did earn a good many pounds by my fancy-work. My mother would not hear of my paying my own expenses till she saw that I should be the happier for her allowing it, and then she proved to me that as she had to keep house at all events, and as my habits were extremely frugal (taking no wine, etc.), thirty pounds a year would repay her for my residence. Twenty pounds more sufficed for clothes, postage, and sundries, and thus did I live, as long as it was necessary, on fifty pounds a year." The Editor of the the *Monthly Repository* apologetically placed at her disposal the only sum at his command at the time—fifteen pounds a year, for which she was to do as much reviewing as she thought proper. "Every night that winter I believe I was writing till two, or even three in the morning—obeying always the rule of the house, of being present at the breakfast table as the clock struck eight. Many a time I was in such a state of nervous exhaustion and distress that I was obliged to walk to and fro in the room before I could put on paper the last line of a page or the last half sentence of an essay or review. Yet I was very

happy. The deep-felt sense of progress and expansion was delightful; and so was the exertion of all my faculties; and, not least, that of will to overcome my obstructions, and force my way to that power of public speech of which I believed myself more or less worthy." Failing in all attempts to get her articles even looked at, she was on the point of despairing when a new project turned up. The Unitarian Association had advertised for three prize essays. She competed for them all, and then while waiting in suspense for the result, she wrote a tale called "Five Years of Youth," for which she received twenty pounds. All the prizes were awarded to her. At the close of the year in which, besides the prize essays, she had written seven social science tracts, fifty-two articles, and a tale, it was no wonder that she should have become "nearly as thin as possible, and disturbed by excited dreams almost every night."

Harriet Martineau was in her twenty-ninth year when she put on the grand spurt which was to bring her up triumphant to the winning post. The *chef d'œuvre* that made her famous consisted of a series of stories designed to illustrate and popularise the more important truths of political economy. Her own idea was that these tales should appear quarterly, but her brother and the publishers urged their being monthly. "The whole business was the strongest act of will that I ever committed myself to; and my will was always a pretty strong one. I could never have even started my project but for my thorough well-considered conviction that the work was wanted, was even craved by the popular mind. I now believed that for two years I must support an almost unequalled amount of literary labour; that, owing to the nature of some of the subjects to be treated, my effort would probably be fatal to my reputation; that the chances of failure in a scheme of such extent, begun without money or interest were most formidable; and that failure would be my ruin. In the first place I resolved to sustain my health under the suspense, if possible, by keeping up a mood of steady determination, and unfaltering hope. Next, I resolved never to lose my temper. Lastly, I resolved to refuse, under any temptation whatever, to accept any loan from my kind mother and aunt." The difficulty now was, the same that exercised many another young genius—as to a publisher. With one consent all the publishers to whom she applied began to make excuse. Nor was there even the merit of variety in their objections. They one and all informed her in almost the same words

that owing to the disturbed state of the public mind, by reason of the Reform Bill and the Cholera, there was no encouragement to put out new books. Day after day she pleaded for her stories before publishers, who sat superb in their arm-chairs, looking as cautious as possible, but relaxing visibly under the influence of her confidence, until at length they joined the general chorus about the Reform Bill and the Cholera, and forced her to "move on," poor thing! out of their sight. And yet the time was to come when three publishers would wait in three different rooms in her house, each desiring an interview that they might compete with each other in bidding for the copyright of her "Society in America."

Now she had come to London as to a battle-field to struggle for literary existence. Day after day she returned from seeing publishers, weary with disappointment, and with trudging many miles through the clay of the street, and the fog of a gloomy December. "I came home only to work; for I must be ready with two first numbers in case of a publisher turning up. All the while, too, I was determined as ever that my scheme should be fulfilled." A few guineas were offered by relations towards publication by subscription, but all the time the same people were doing "more harm by their tongues than they could ever do good by their guineas." At last a publisher undertook to bring out the series by subscription, adding, however, the unreasonable condition that the success of the work should be secured in a fortnight. Harriet set out to walk the four-and-a-half miles between this Pharaoh's judgment-seat and the friend's house at which she was staying. "I could not afford to ride, more or less; but, weary already, I now felt almost too ill to walk at all. On the road I became too giddy to stand without support, and I leaned over some dirty palings, pretending to look at a cabbage bed, but saying to myself, as I stood with closed eyes, 'My book will do yet.' I moved on as soon as I could, apprehending that the passers-by took me to be drunk. I began now, at last, to doubt whether my work would ever see the light. I thought of the multitudes who needed it—and especially of the poor—to assist them in managing their own welfare. I thought too of my own conscious power of doing the very thing." She cried all that night, for she felt that there was no hope or prospect of usefulness or independence if this project failed. Just as the last straw was being put on the camel's back an uncle's packet of notes and gold, together with some priceless sympathy came to the rescue. Notwithstanding this she

returned to her mother threatened with a liver complaint, caused by over-walking—"yellow, and coughing with every breath." Mrs. Martineau now makes the happy suggestion that her daughter should send a copy of her prospectus to almost every member of both Houses of Parliament. "There was nothing of puffery in this—nothing that I had the least objection to do. It was merely informing our legislators that a book was coming out on their particular class of subjects." In the meantime a committee of the Diffusion Society returned one of Harriet's tales, having pronounced it "dull." In her bitter need how could she guess that Lord Brougham would one day say of the gentlemen who "declined with thanks" this story, that "he should revive the torture for their sakes, as hanging was too good for them." The effect of the circular in reference to the Political Economy Series was—success. At the end of ten days the publisher sent a copy of the first monthly number, desiring her to make with all speed any corrections she might wish to make, as he had scarcely any copies left. "He added that the demand led him to propose that we should now print two thousand. A postscript informed me that since he wrote the above he had found that we should want three thousand. A second postscript proposed four thousand, and a third five thousand. From that hour I have never had any other anxiety about employment than what to choose, nor any real care about money." The thirty years' war that had been waged against childhood's troubles at first and troublesome publishers afterwards was now ended. The entire periodical press, daily, weekly, and as soon as possible monthly, came out in her favour. She was overwhelmed with newspapers and letters, containing every sort of flattery. The Diffusion Society wanted to have the series now, and she was offered any price she would name by a new Society for the purchase of the whole. Members of Parliament sent down to the heroine of the hour blue books through the post-office, to the astonishment of the Norwich postmaster, who one day sent word that she must send for her own share of the mail, for it could not be carried without a barrow—an announcement which, spreading in the town, caused her to be stared at in the streets. Half the hobbies of the House of Commons and numberless notions of individuals were commended to her for treatment in her series. "I had not calculated on the additional labour in the form of correspondence. Many letters, particularly anonymous ones, required no answer;

but there were others from operatives, young persons, and others which could be answered without much expenditure of thought, and wear and tear of interest; and I could not find in my heart to resist such clients. One necessity soon became clear—that I must reside in London, for the sake of the extensive and varied information which I found was at my service there, and which the public encouragement of my work made it my duty to avail myself of." With her mother and aunt, Harriet now removed to London, and took a house in Fludyer Street, Westminster. She became the fashion, and might have been the "lion" of several seasons if she had not detested the idea and put down the practice in her own case. Although she had no time for visiting herself so many were the calls made upon her that Sydney Smith suggested the advisableness of her "sending round an inferior authoress in a carriage to drop cards." Every day somebody's carriage was sent to take her out to dinner. She was asked to write "leaders" for the two principal papers. The Prime Minister of the day was in the habit of sending confidential messages to her in reference to new bills, and even of modifying them at her suggestion. She was sought after quite as much by the leader of the opposition. So great a power had she become that on one occasion the *Time* taunted a Member of Parliament with going to a young lady in Fludyer Street, for direction in his political conduct. "Hommages" were brought to her from French savans and foreign ambassadors. Louis Philippe ordered a copy of her series for each member of his family, and desired M. Guizot to introduce a translation of it into the National Schools of France. "About the same time the Czar of Russia ordered a copy of the series for every member of *his* family, and a great number of copies were bought by his orders for the Russian schools. "More than once my study door was thrown open, and a Frenchman, Italian, or German stood on the threshold, with one hand on his heart and the other almost touching the top of the door clearing his throat to recite an ode, of which he wanted my opinion. Sometimes it was a lady from the country who desired to pour her sorrows into my bosom, and swear eternal friendship. Sometimes some slight acquaintance or another would enter with a companion and engage me in conversation while the companion took possession of a sheet of my writing paper, or even asked me for a pencil, sketched me, and put the sketch into her reticule; by which time the ostensible visitor was ready to go away. Sometimes my pen was filched from my inkstand, still wet, and taken away to be framed and laid up in lavender.

Sometimes ambitious poets obtained an introduction, on purpose to consult me as to how they should do their work. One young clergyman I remember who felt that he was made for immortality in the line of Shakespearian tragedy; but he wanted my opinion as to whether or not I should advise him to drink beer." All classes of society seemed to have read her "series." She received a message from the Duchess of Kent acknowledging the usefulness of her books to the young Princess—our present Queen. So stared at was she that it became necessary for her to visit picture galleries and other public places before the usual hour: and her sister on one or two occasions personated her "to carry off," as she said, "part of the tail of the comet." And yet like her friend Charlotte Brontë she was not only unspoiled by her sudden and prodigious fame (how like a shadow fame comes and goes!) but proved to be "unspoilable." She was somewhat amused by her fame but oftener annoyed. She *could* not degenerate into "a hackney-coach and company life." As she had not been morally frost-bitten in a winter of disappointment and failure so now she did not lose her senses by sun-stroke in a summer of glorious success. Her ideal of an innocent and happy life was very different from the excitement of "success" in London. It was a house of her own among poor improvable neighbours (and she did work hard at temperance speeches, lectures, building societies and such things for the poor at Ambleside), with young servants whom she might train and attach to herself, with pure air, a garden, leisure, solitude at command, and freedom to work in peace and quietness. Harriet Martineau earned ten thousand pounds by her writings; but no one could accuse her of being mercenary. "I believe," she writes, "I could easily have doubled the amount, if it had been my object to get money. There is nothing in money that could pay me for the pain of the slightest deflexion from my own convictions, or the most trifling restraint on my freedom of thought and speech." And that she really believed the last remark she proved by persistently refusing a pension lest it should take from her political freedom and turn Harriet Martineau into a government hack. Nor did the courage that supported this noble woman in her more personal trials forsake her in authorship. On five occasions in her life she wrote and published what she believed would be ruinous to her reputation and prosperity.

We must now conclude this sketch of Harriet Martineau's warfare against the temptations of adversity, and the equally severe

temptations of prosperity during the first thirty years of her life. We have no space to speak of her remaining years, nor do we think that there is as much instruction to be gained from any life when it gets into grooves, as when it is first started and beginning to make way. To many, Miss Martineau's religious opinions are as they were to Charlotte Brontë like "vinegar mingled with gall," though even these must respect her for having the courage of her convictions. We do not ourselves agree with her in this matter; but that should not prevent us from trying to learn some lessons her life is capable of teaching. The sorrows of Harriet Martineau's childhood (so very like the fears and miseries endured by Charlotte Brontë, that when that authoress read a description of them in Miss Martineau's "Household Education," she said it was like meeting her own fetch) may enable some parents who read of them to ward off similar suffering from their little ones. And may not her middle life encourage those of us who are now struggling half way across life's troublesome sea to suffer and be strong?

We are all far too prone to complain of our circumstances, as does the bad workman of his tools. As if circumstances made men and not men circumstances—as if *we ourselves* were identical with things outside of us. On this point Harriet Martineau tells us that a long series of grave misfortunes brought her to the conviction that there is no saying beforehand what the external conditions of internal peace really are. "I found myself now and then in the loftiest moods of cheerfulness when in the midst of circumstances which I had most dreaded, and the converse; and thus I cast off the torment of fear, except in occasional weak moments."

Only a Dog.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF IVAN TOURGENEFF.

IN one of the streets of Moscow, occupying a grey house with white columns and a balcony grown crooked with age, once lived an elderly lady, a widow, surrounded by her numerous domestics. She rarely went out, passing in solitude the closing years of her lengthened and monotonous existence. Her day, which had never been gay or bright, was now drawing near its end, but her evening was darker than night itself.

The most remarkable of her servants was her porter Gerassim, a tall, strong man, two arshines and twelve vershoks in height, built like a giant, but deaf and dumb since his birth. His mistress had brought him from the village where he lived alone, apart from his brothers, and where he was considered one of the most honest and punctual of taxpayers. Being endowed with extraordinary strength, he could do with ease tasks which it took at least four other men to perform. He did his work rapidly and well, and it was really pleasant to see him in the fields when, urging the plough forward with his mighty hand, he seemed to cut through the hard ground without any help from his miserable horse—when, at hay-time he used his scythe with such execution as to fell even young trees, or when, raining down quick and unceasing blows with his flail, three arshines long, the firm and strong muscles of his shoulders seemed to move up and down like so many levers. His constant silence, added to his unwearying toil, gave him an air of solemn gravity. Gerassim was a good-looking fellow, and had it not been for his misfortune there was no peasant girl in Russia who would not be married to him willingly.

On Gerassim's arrival at Moscow he was supplied with boots, a coat for the summer, a sheepskin, a besom and a shovel. At first his

new life strangely displeased him. He had been accustomed to field work from his childhood up. Cut off from society by his misfortune, he had grown dumb yet mighty in his silence, like a tree springing up from fertile ground. At last domiciled in a town, he felt uneasy and in suspense, like a young bull suddenly taken from the field where the grass had reached to his breast, placed on the waggon of a railway train, and then, nearly suffocated by smoke, sparks, or steam, suddenly whirled away in the midst of the noise of the wheels, of the shrieks of the locomotive. But whither—heaven only knew.

After the hard life he had led as a peasant, Gerassim could not help regarding his new duties as a good joke. It took only half an hour to do the whole of the work required of him; and when it was accomplished, he would either stand in the middle of the yard to gaze with open mouth at the passers-by, as if he looked to them for a solution of the problem that perplexed him, or he would hurry to some secluded corner, push away his shovel and besom, throw himself on the ground, and lie there for hours without moving, and with his face turned towards the earth. But in the end people get accustomed to everything; and so Gerassim got accustomed to his life in Moscow. He had not a great deal to do. It was his duty to keep the yard clean, to bring water twice a-day, to split and carry wood to the house, and to guard the building from strangers by day and from thieves at night. And it must be confessed that he did his duty conscientiously. You never saw any chips or dirt in the yard, so scrupulously clean was it kept; and if it happened that the sorry animal given to assist him with the water-barrels stopped at any time —in dirty weather for instance—Gerassim had but to put his shoulder to the wheel, when not only the cart but the horse itself, were compelled again to go forward. When Gerassim cut wood you could hear his hatchet ringing like bell-metal, while the chips could be seen flying in all directions. As for strangers, there was little danger from that quarter, for Gerassim had caught thieves, and had knocked them against each other so violently that all the neighbourhood had come to be afraid of him and to respect his prowess. To the rest of the domestics he was neither a friend, for all held him in awe, nor an enemy. He simply regarded them as belonging to the house. They explained to him what they wanted by means of signs; he understood them, fulfilled all commands, but at the same time stood up for his rights, nobody, for instance, daring to occupy his seat at dinner. In a word Gerassim was of a very serious turn of mind, and was fond

of order in everything. Even the cocks were not permitted to fight in his presence, else he would seize them by the legs, turn them round several times, and then throw them away from him in various directions. Geese were also bred in the yard, and being known to be self-important and judicious birds Gerassim esteemed and took care of them. He almost looked like a sedate goose himself.

Gerassim's room was above the kitchen. He had arranged it to suit his own taste. His bedstead, standing on four legs, and provided with oak boards, would have sustained the weight of a hundred pouds if necessary, without giving way. There was a trunk under the bed, and in one of the corners of the room a small table with a chair before it on three legs. Gerassim secured his room by means of a black lock, the key of which he always wore attached to his girdle.

A year passed, and then something happened to Gerassim. The old lady in whose house he acted as porter, adhered to the customs of her forefathers, and had therefore a large retinue of domestics. There were not only washerwomen, seamstresses, tailors, and dressmakers, but there were joiners, even a harness-maker (who was also a veterinary surgeon), and a physician to prescribe for herself and her servants. Most important of all, however, the lady had her own shoemaker—Capiton Klymov, and a terrible drunkard into the bargain. Klymov considered himself a very ill-used person. He was in the habit of saying that Moscow, where he had to live unknown, without occupation and without honour, was no place for a cultivated man like himself. As for his intemperate habits, he drank merely to drown his grief. In saying this he spoke deliberately and beat his breast at intervals. One day the lady spoke concerning him to her head steward Gavrilo, a man whom, judging by his small yellow eyes and duck-like nose, fate seemed to have destined for a superior position in life. She regretted Capiton's vicious habits, remarking that only on the previous day he had been found lying in the street quite tipsy.

"What do you say, Gavrilo?" she queried suddenly. "Had we not better get him a wife? What do you think of it? We should, perhaps, have him steadier then."

"Why not?" replied Gavrilo.

"But who would have him for a husband?"

"I don't know who will. However, if you desire it, we must do something. He is of some use at the worst, and then he must be reckoned among your serfs. He cannot be banished from the village."

"I think Tatiana suits him."

Gavrilo would like to have replied in the negative, but compressing his lips he said nothing.

"Yes, let him pay court to Tatiana," remarked the lady, taking a pinch of snuff. "Do you hear me?"

"I hear, and shall act in accordance," replied Gavrilo, at once departing to give effect to the desires of his mistress.

Having reached his room he reflected awhile—the lady's decision having visibly affected him—but in the end he sent for Capiton.

And while Capiton is on the way, it may not be superfluous to say a few words about Tatiana, and to explain why the steward had been so much perplexed by his mistress' injunction.

Tatiana was a washerwoman, yet withal a woman of parts—so skilful and learned in her avocation, in fact, that nothing but the thinnest and finest linen was ever entrusted to her. Twenty-eight years of age, neither tall nor stout, she was fair-haired and had moles upon her left cheek—a sure presage of a wretched life. From her earliest childhood she had been ill-treated. Not only was she overworked; her mistress clothed her badly, and her wages were altogether insignificant. She either had no relations, or could not remember them. An old man in the village said he was her uncle, and several other peasants made a similar claim. Beyond these, she was altogether without relatives. For years she had enjoyed some reputation as a beauty, but that was all gone now. Her nature was shy rather than quiet; you could never offend her, perhaps because she had such a constant fear of offending others. Her chief anxiety was to get her work done in time. She therefore spoke to people very rarely; of her mistress she was so much afraid that the mere sound of her name would often plunge her into a terrible fright.

When Gerassim came from the village, Tatiana almost died from fear at the sight of him, so huge he was and strong. She had, therefore, avoided him as much as possible, almost closing her eyes when she had to cross the yard in his presence, running meanwhile as quickly as she could to the wash-house, and trying to pass by unperceived. At first Gerassim paid her little attention. Gradually, however, he got into a habit of smiling as she approached, then of looking at her with a kind expression in his face, at last of refusing to turn his eyes away from her. Heaven knows what it was attracted him! Was it her features alone, or was it the shyness and timidity that betrayed themselves in all her movements?

One day while crossing the yard, holding high over her head her

mistress' starched jacket, she felt herself grasped all at once by the elbow from behind. Tatiana screamed, looked back, and almost fainted. Gerassim stood behind her with a silly smile on his face, he was offering her a gingerbread cock with golden tail and wings. Her first impulse was to refuse the gift, but he pushed it into her hand, and went away, making an unintelligible sound as he did so. From that day Gerassim gave her no peace. No matter where she went, he was sure to be in her way. He greeted her with unintelligible noises, smiles, and other manifestations of his affection. Sometimes he would pull a new ribbon out of his bosom and offer it to her, at other times he would insist on sweeping the dust from the pathway over which she had to go. The poor girl hardly knew what to do with herself. The gallantry of the dumb porter soon became known to the whole house, and all sorts of sarcasms and caustic allusions were showered down upon Tatiana. As for Gerassim, no one ventured to ridicule him, he did not like jokes; and in his presence, even Tatiana was left in peace, so that, voluntarily or involuntarily she had the advantage of his protection. Gerassim, as is usually the case with the deaf and dumb, was very sharp-witted, and could always tell when he or she was being made a subject for ridicule. One day at dinner the castellan's wife, Tatiana's superior, jeered at the poor woman until she was on the point of bursting into tears with anger and shame. Gerassim thereupon suddenly rose, stretched out his enormous arm, and laying his hand on the head of the castellan's wife looked at her so fiercely, that she involuntarily bowed her head to the table in fear. Having given this warning, Gerassim resumed his seat, took up his spoon, and went on eating his cabbage soup. On another occasion, noticing Capiton in rather too familiar conversation with Tatiana, Gerassim beckoned him away, led him to the coach-house, and there, taking up a beam from the corner, quietly but significantly threatened him with it. Thenceforward nobody cared to carry on a prolonged conversation with Tatiana. And Gerassim's conduct did not bring any punishment in its wake. It is true that the castellan's wife fainted as soon as she got to her room, and otherwise played her part so well that Gerassim's rudeness was brought to the knowledge of his mistress that very day. The whimsical old lady, however, only laughed at the episode, making the castellan's wife repeat it to her several times; and the next day she sent the hero of the story a silver rouble. She had a certain affection for him, for he was faithful as well as strong. Gerassim feared her

somewhat, as did the other servants, but he relied upon her favour and was going to ask her permission to marry Tatiana. He was only waiting until he had received a new coat promised him by the steward. It was while he was meditating how to present himself to his mistress in a suitable condition, that it entered into that lady's head to marry Tatiana to Capiton.

It will now be easy for the reader to understand why Gavrilo felt perplexed after the interview with his mistress.

"How," he asked himself, "can I tell my mistress that Gerassim wishes to court Tatiana? The lady would never approve of such a marriage, and what sort of a husband would a deaf mute make? And then, on the other hand, were this were-wolf (God forgive me!) to hear that Tatiana was going to be compelled to marry Capiton, he would pull the house down. Impossible to reason with a diabolical personage of his stamp! Impossible!"

The arrival of Capiton here interrupted the course of Gavrilo's reflections. The shoemaker, on entering the room, placed his hands behind his back, leaned against the wall near the door, thrust his right foot before his left, and shook the hair from his eyes as much as to say, "Now, here I am. What do you want with me?"

Gavrilo looked hard at Capiton and began tapping the window-frame with his finger. Capiton's eyes twinkled a little but were not lowered; a slight smile flitted over the face of the shoemaker. As he stroked his greyish, dishevelled hair, he seemed to be saying, "Yes; it's I and nobody else! What are you staring at?"

"Very handsome you are—in a fine condition, too," slowly ejaculated Gavrilo.

Capiton merely shrugged his shoulders by way of protest, wondering to himself. "And you—are you any better?"

"Now just look at yourself," continued Gavrilo. "What are you like?"

Capiton cast a placid glance upon his ragged coat, and patched trousers; attentively examined his boots, full of holes though they were, paying special regard to the one on the toe of which he was balancing his right foot; and finally, raising his head again to stare at his questioner, ejaculated, "Why do you ask?"

"Why?" repeated Gavrilo. "Why? Why, you are more like the devil than any one else; and may God forgive me for saying so. That's whom you are like!"

Capiton began to wink in a knowing manner.

"You've been drunk again," went on Gavrilo. "Have you not? Answer!"

"I admit I have been drunk, but it was on account of my bad state of health."

"Your bad state of health, eh? Ah! you have not been punished enough—that's clear. Were you not, by the way, sent to St. Petersburg to be educated? And what did you learn there pray? Why, you don't deserve the bread you eat!"

"If that's the case, Gavrilo Andreich, then I have but one judge and that is God, my Lord, and no one else! He alone knows what sort of a man I am in this world, and whether or not I deserve the bread I eat. As for my excessive drinking, the fault is not mine, but that of my companions, who having persuaded me against my will, left me in the lurch."

"Left you like a goose in the street! Oh, you dissolute fellow. But enough of that. I've something else to say to you. Our mistress (a pause) our mistress wishes to see you married. Do you hear? She believes matrimony will improve you. Do you understand?"

"Of course—how could I help understanding?"

"Well then. If it were my case, I should be inclined to be more severe with you. But as she chooses to be indulgent, that is her business, not mine. What do say? Do you give your consent?"

Capiton smiled contentedly, observing "Marriage is always a good thing for a man, Gavrilo Andreich, and I agree to it with the greatest pleasure."

"Of course you do," ejaculated Gavrilo, thinking to himself, "the fellow talks like a book." "But listen," he added aloud, "I fear the bride will not suit you."

"And who may she be? if I dare ask the question."

"It is Tatiana!"

"Tatiana?" demanded Capiton, opening his eyes wide, and taking a step from the wall.

"Now, then! what is it frightens you? Will she not suit you? Are you not pleased?"

"Who talks of not being pleased, Gavrilo Andreich? The girl is both gentle and industrious. But don't you know that the great werewolf—the phantom of the desert—is himself on the point of——"

"I know all, friend," said the house-steward, testily, "but if——"

"For heaven's sake, Gavrilo Andreich, take pity on me! he is certain to kill me; he'll squeeze me between his fingers like a fly, for

he has a hand—you yourself must have noticed what a hand he has. Why it is as mighty as that of either Minin or Pozharsky.* And how heavy are his blows! That's because he's deaf—because, being deaf, he does not hear the sound of his own blows. And oh! when he begins to brandish his enormous fist! you can't get him to stop. Why, you yourself know, Gavrilo Andreich! It is because he is deaf, and dumb, and, above all, as stupid as a block of wood. He is an animal, Gavrilo Andreich—an idol—nay, worse than an idol! Then why am I to suffer at his hands? I feel myself a lost man—a wretched being inured to suffering of all kinds, improved by use like an old pot! Still I am a man!"

"You needn't tell me, my dear fellow, I know all about it."

"Oh, heaven! then—what is my unfortunate avowal to end in? wretch that I am! is there to be no end to my misery? What an unhappy fate is mine! When a child I was beaten by my former master; later in life I was thrashed by my companions; and now in my mature years what is there for me to look forward to?"

"Enough! leave me!" exclaimed Gavrilo, impatiently.

Capiton at once retired.

"In Gerassim's absence would you consent then?" Gavrilo shouted after him.

"I vow I would," replied Capiton.

The house-steward took several turns round the room. At last he sent for Tatiana.

In a few moments Tatiana noiselessly entered the room, pausing, however, for a moment on the threshold.

"Have you any orders for me, Gavrilo Andreich?" she asked in a very soft voice.

The house-steward stared hard at her. "Well, Tanusha,"† he began, "have you any mind to be married? Our mistress has found you a husband."

"'Tis well, Gavrilo Andreich. But who is it that is destined to become my husband?"

"Capiton, the shoemaker."

"Very well, sir, I shall obey."

"He is a thoughtless fellow, it is true, but our mistress relies on you to improve him."

"Very well, sir!"

"The only inconvenience about the matter——Let me see, is not

* Two national heroes. † Diminutive of Tatiana.

Garaska (Gerassim) courting you? However did you manage to tame such a bear as he? he may kill you yet."

"He will certainly kill me, Gavrilo Andreich—he is sure to kill me."

"Kill?" Let him kill if he dare! we shall see. Kill! How can you suggest such a thing? What right has he to kill?"

"I don't know, Gavrilo Andreich, whether he has any right or not."

"What a strange girl you are! I suppose you have made him no promise of any kind?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

Gavrilo remained silent a moment, thinking to himself, "How resigned the good creature is!" "Very well," he went on, "we'll talk the matter over again. You may go now. I am beginning to see, Tanusha, what a weak woman you are."

Tatiana turned, leaned for an instant against the door post, and then went out.

"Perhaps madame will forget all about this wedding to-morrow," thought the house-steward. "In any case why should I allow it to bother my head? If necessary we can easily hand the saucy fellow over to the police. Ustinia!" he called in a loud voice to his wife, "put coals into the *samo-var*, dearest."

Tatiana did not leave the wash-house the whole day. She wept a little, but wiped her tears away, and was soon going about her work again as usual. Capiton remained till late in the evening in a wine cellar, telling a rather monotonous companion the story of his sojourn in St. Petersburgh, and of his employment by a gentleman who only had one defect—an excessive love of order. His hearer listened attentively, but, on Capiton declaring that something had happened which might tempt him to put an end to his life on the morrow, broke silence with the observation that it was time to go home.

Gavrilo's anticipations were not realised. The notion of marrying Capiton interested the lady so much that she spent the whole night in talking about it to her *femme de chambre*. Gavrilo was in the habit of visiting his mistress every morning for the purpose of submitting his daily report, and now the first thing she asked him was, "What about the marriage?" His reply was, "Swimmingly! Capiton is coming to express his thanks to you in person."

The matter was, however, too important to pass unheeded by the domestics and officials of the household. The steward summoned a

large number of them to his own room for purposes of deliberation. Tatiana displayed her usual modesty, and was silent. But Capiton protested that he had only one head to lose, and not two or three. Gerassim frowned through the apprehensions that were plainly depicted on his countenance. The first business of his "council of war" had been to shut up Capiton in a small pantry. Violence was at first suggested, but as somebody pointed out that madame might get to hear of it, more peaceful inclinations were allowed to assert themselves. It was well-known that Gerassim detested the vice of insobriety, and could not bear even the sight of drunkards. When a tipsy man passed, Gerassim always turned his eyes in another direction. It was decided, therefore, that Tatiana should pretend to be drunk, and present herself to Gerassim in an apparently advanced state of intoxication. The poor girl, much against her will, had at last to bend to the wishes of the assembly. She herself, indeed, saw no other way of getting rid of her troublesome lover.

Tatiana departed to do what was required of her. At this moment Gerassim was sitting on a stone near the gate, apparently absorbed in thought, and unaware that he was being watched by scores of eyes from behind the blinds of adjacent windows. The artifice met with the most complete success. As soon as Gerassim perceived Tatiana he began to make the usual signs of welcome. But a moment afterwards he rose, seized her by the hand, and half dragged her, half ran with her into the room where the domestics had assembled, and there rudely pushed her into the arms of Capiton, who by this time had been set at liberty. Then, after steadily gazing in her face for a few moments, Gerassim—a disdainful smile playing about his lips—turned on his heel and tramped heavily from the room, immediately returning to his own cabin. He shut himself up there for twenty-four hours. The stable-boy afterwards narrated how, peering through a chink in the door, he had seen Gerassim sitting on his bed, swaying his body to and fro, his head meanwhile resting upon his hand. Yet on the following day nobody could detect any change in Gerassim. He went to the river for water as usual, but this time came back without bringing any—he had broken the barrel on the road. And at night he groomed his horse as usual, but did it with such vigour that the animal was scarcely able to keep its legs.

What is narrated above happened in spring. At the end of the succeeding twelve months Capiton had so incapacitated himself for work by inebriety that he was sent to a distant village with a transport

of carts as an idle and useless person. Tatiana, as his wife, accompanied him. At first he tried to appear contented, even gay, but he ended by looking more gloomy than ever. On the morning of his departure, everything being ready for the valedictory "God with you," Gerassim issued gravely from his cabin, went up to Tatiana, and gave her as a keepsake a red cotton handkerchief. Until this moment Tatiana had borne all the vicissitudes and trials of her life with the most exemplary fortitude, but now she could no longer restrain her emotions. She burst into tears, and kissed Gerassim on both cheeks three times. He had intended to accompany her to the environs, but went no farther than the Crimea Ford, there waving his hand and making a sign of renunciation.

It was already evening but not night. In his return walk along the river Gerassim saw something moving in the mud of the bank. He approached the object and saw that it was a small black-spotted dog struggling to regain dry land, but every moment slipping and falling back into the river. One look at the unfortunate creature was enough to enlist sympathy. Gerassim picked it up, thrust it into the bosom of his coat, and strode forward again. On reaching his cabin he placed the rescued dog on his bed, covered it with his heavy smock frock, and then went for straw and milk. The poor animal was not more than three weeks old. Its eyes had only just opened, and one of them still seemed bigger than the other. Taking its head between his fingers, Gerassim pushed its nose into the milk. The dog drank eagerly, sniffing, trembling, and almost choking itself. Gerassim looked at the creature for a while, and all at once burst into a loud laugh.

He watched the animal the whole night. Never did mother care more for her child than Gerassim for this miserable dog which he had rescued from drowning. Yet, fatigued by his cares, he ended by falling asleep at its side, and his sleep was a calm and happy one. Weak at first, and not over handsome, the animal, under his fostering attention, soon grew stouter, and in eight months was transformed into a pretty dog with long ears and large expressive eyes. It was soon passionately attached to Gerassim. It never quitted its master for a moment, and was always at his heels, contentedly wagging its tail. Gerassim gave it the name of "Miti," which was extended by those who liked the animal into "Mitinia"—a diminutive of affection. Miti however loved only Gerassim, and Gerassim returned its affection with interest. So fond was he of it that he did not like

others to caress his favourite. It awoke him every morning by tugging at his blanket, it led his horse by the reins, followed him to the river, mounted guard over his besoms and shovels, and allowed no one to approach his cabin without the permission of its master. For the special convenience of the dog, Gerassim cut an aperture in the door of the cabin through which it could go out and in. Miti scarcely slept a wink at night, but never barked without cause, as is the fashion of crazy old watch-dogs. True there was another dog in the yard in addition to Miti. Its name was Volchok. But it was kept chained and was not released from its kennel even at night. It was too old and demented to sigh much after liberty—only from time to time did it emit a hoarse sound, somewhere between a bark and a growl, desisting however immediately, under the consciousness, no doubt, that its protestations and warnings were without the slightest avail. Miti never entered the house, and when Gerassim carried wood thither, it always remained at the door, awaiting his return with impatience, listening attentively and turning its head to right and left at the least noise.

When another year had passed in this manner, Gerassim was still to be found at his duty, and seemed, on the whole, to be quite satisfied with his lot. All at once, however, something occurred to disturb the peaceful current of events. One day the lady took a stroll with several of her guests. She was in a very good humour, though her companions did not relish her gaiety over much, simply because it never lasted long, and was always followed by a period of gloom and bad temper. To-day she was particularly pleased, for the cards—which she was in the habit of consulting every morning—had disclosed four knaves in sequence—a sign that all her desires were to be accomplished. She liked the tea, and to the servant who had prepared it she tendered, not only complimentary observations, but a coin of the value of ten copeks. With a smile playing about her withered lips, the lady passed through her parlour to the open window. It was summer; the air was fresh, and right in front of the house there was a blossoming flower-garden. But beneath a rose bush in the finest of beds, the lady's eye caught a strange object. It was Miti, busy with a bone.

"Heavens!" she screamed all at once, "whose dog is that?"

The domestic addressed hardly knew what to reply, feeling the hesitation always seen in menials when they do not know what action or remark will best suit their superiors.

"I really cannot say," the woman at last replied. "I believe it is Gerassim's dog."

"Dear me! It seems a pretty little thing; let it be brought in. Has he had it long? Why have I never seen it before?"

To Stepan, an active fellow, employed in various duties about the house, was delegated the task of bringing in the dog. But when he was on the point of seizing it, Miti adroitly evaded his grasp and ran to Gerassim, who was at the moment cleaning a barrel, which he turned about with as much facility as if it had been a toy drum. Stepan pursued, but all his activity was no match for the agility of the fugitive. At last he had to explain to Gerassim by signs that the dog was wanted in the house by madame herself. Gerassim, though visibly surprised, called his dog, took it in his arms, and then handed it to the servant. Miti trembled much in the presence of the lady, and would have escaped by the door of the apartment had not some one been stationed there to prevent its exit.

"Miti Miti, come to your mistress. Don't be afraid, you silly little creature!"

But Miti did not move an inch except to look anxiously all round for a means of escape.

Stepan brought in a dish of milk, but this temptation was insufficient—Miti would not so much as smell the food.

"Why, you silly creature!" ejaculated madame, approaching the dog, and bending as if to caress it. At this movement the dog emitted a low growl.

Frightened, the lady drew away her hand. Miti gave utterance to a low cry, as if appealing for mercy. But the lady frowned, and leaving the room, returned to her cabinet. Thither she was followed by several women. "Dear me, has it bitten you?" "My goodness! who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Take it away!" commanded madame, her voice completely changed, and all her good humour gone.

Stepan seized the animal and threw it out of doors, where it fell at the feet of Gerassim.

Half-an-hour after this event, there was deep silence throughout the building. The old lady sat on her sofa, gloom and anger depicted in her countenance. The whole day she spoke to no one, refused to have her usual game of cards, and spent an unusually bad night. The next day Gavrilo was summoned into her presence a full hour earlier than usual.

"Tell me," she demanded, "what dog that is in the yard—the animal that barks all night and prevents me from sleeping a wink."

"Dog! what Dog? Let me see—perhaps it's Gerassim's dog her ladyship means," gently suggested Gavrilo.

"I don't know whose dog it is, but I know that it deprives me of rest. And what do we need with so many curs here? Have we not a yard-dog of our own?"

"O course—there is Volchok."

"Well then, of what use is a second?" It merely makes work and creates disorder. And all because there is no master to look after these things! Besides, why should Gerassim have a dog? Who gave him permission to keep one in my yard? It must be sent away —do you hear?"

"Very well, your ladyship—your orders shall be obeyed."

There must be no delay, remember! And now you may go."

Gavrilo dutifully transmitted the order to Stepan. Five minutes later Gerassim came up, carrying an immense bundle of wood, and closely followed by his inseparable Miti. While Gerassim entered, the dog, as was its habit, remained behind. As it stood at the door listening, Stepan pounced upon it, and this time the dog did not escape him. Mounting the first cart which passed by, he took Miti to the market and there sold it for fifty copeks on consideration of the dog being kept fastened up for a full week. Stepan did not return through the gate: he got into the yard by jumping a hedge, for he feared to meet Gerassim. But he was fearful without cause, for Gerassim was not in the yard at all. The moment he emerged from the house he missed his dog. He looked for it in all directions. He sought it in the cabin, in the hay-loft, and in the street, but found it nowhere. Lost! Then, overwhelmed with despair, he addressed himself to the domestics, telling them by means and signs that he had lost something half an arshin high—he held his hand at the distance from the ground, and then drew in the air with his finger the shape of the missing animal. Some of them answered with perfect truth that they knew nothing whatever of the dog—others knew what had happened and treated him with derision. The steward was too much occupied in looking after the coachmen to pay any attention to Gerassim's voiceless complaints. At last Gerassim left the yard. When he came back the night had grown cold. His weary countenance, unsteady gait, and dusty clothes, all showed that he had traversed half the streets of Moscow. The next morning the inquisi-

tive stable-boy could assure his companions that Gerassim had spent the night in sighing and groaning. The whole of the next day Gerassim kept indoors, and the coachman had to take his place as water-carrier. The morning after Gerassim was again at his work. He also presented himself at dinner, but ate in silence, and did not make the slightest bow to any one. His face, although it had always worn an inanimate expression, now seemed turned to stone. At night, the sky being serene, and the moon shining brightly, Gerassim might have been seen lying in the hay-loft. From time to time he fetched a deep sigh, and every now and then turned from side to side. All at once he felt something tugging at his coat. A fit of trembling seized him, and for some moments he dared neither to raise his head nor to open his eyes. But when the pull came a second time, and now with two-fold vigour, he sprang up and saw——Miti, with the fragment of a rope still clinging to its neck. Gerassim uttered a low moan of pleasure. He hastily clutched his dog, covering it with kisses, and the dumb creature replied by licking its master's nose, eyes, whiskers, and beard.

Gerassim having been informed by the domestics that the animal had bitten their mistress, he resolved to keep Miti in the cabin during the day, to visit it there from time to time, and only to allow it out at night. The aperture in the door he stopped up with his old coat, and at day-break presented himself in the yard as if nothing had occurred. Poor Gerassim never imagined that the dog was capable of betraying itself. Yet sooner than he had bargained for, everybody knew of the animal's return.

Gerassim, nevertheless, laboured lustily the whole of the day. He cleaned out the yard, weeded the flower beds, and renewed the hedge stakes—did so much work, in fact, that he drew upon himself the notice, if not the praise of his mistress.

It was midnight when he sallied forth for a walk with Miti. As they were passing a hut on the road a rustling sound became audible. Miti, pricking up his ears, barked vigorously for some seconds.

Gerassim's mistress, who had not long before fallen asleep after a nervous attack, was aroused by the barking of the dog.

"Help, help!" she screamed, stretching out her arms in distress. "That horrid dog again! call the doctor! I see they are bent on my death." As she uttered this last exclamation her head fell back, and she appeared about to faint.

The physician was quickly in attendance. His knowledge of

surgery did not go much farther than the feeling of the pulse, but he wore boots with india-rubber soles, and prescribed for his perpetual patient nothing stronger or more bitter than cherry drops. On this occasion he made her sniff the odour of burnt feathers, and on the lady opening her eyes offered her the inevitable sweetmeats. The lady swallowed them, and thus fortified began to complain of the dog, of Gavrilo, of her ill-luck, in a word, of everybody and everything.

Miti, meanwhile, had begun to bark again, Gerassim vainly endeavouring to bring it to silence.

"There again!" screamed the lady.

The physician whispered something to a domestic, the domestic ran to awaken Gavrilo, and Gavrilo, losing his head on the spot, quickly aroused the whole house.

Looking back, Gerassim saw lights moving at the windows. His heart told him there was something wrong. Hastily seizing Miti, he ran to the cabin and there shut himself in, locking the door.

A few moments later five men were knocking loudly for admittance. The bolt of the lock, however, kept them on the outside of the cabin, and when Gavrilo came up, quite breathless, he ordered the men to remain there till morning. This command given, Gavrilo went to the head housewife, Lubov Lubinovna—the domestic who was in the habit of helping him to certain perquisites of tea and sugar—with instructions to her to report to the lady that although the dog had broken loose and returned, it should be put away for good on the morrow. All this was duly done, yet the tranquilising effect which followed was due, not to the head housewife, but to the doctor. He, unhappy man, instead of pouring out only twelve drops of a sedative, administered at least forty, the result being that his patient fell soundly and almost immediately asleep.

Gerassim meanwhile lay on his bed pale and agitated. The next morning the lady awoke earlier than usual. Gavrilo, who had come to ask her to assent to forcible measures for the recovery of the dog, stood awaiting a severe reprimand. But the storm had blown over.

"Lubov Lubinovna," she called, "you see what a frightful condition I am in. Go and speak with Gavrilo Andreich. Can it be possible that a nasty dog is of more value than the peace of mind, even the life of his mistress?"

Lubov Lubinovna went into Gavrilo's room. What passed there is unknown, but it is certain that soon afterwards quite a crowd of

people were seen moving in the direction of Gerassim's cabin. In front of them marched Gavrilo, hat in hand, though there was not the slightest breeze stirring. At his side walked the domestics, and the rear was brought up by boys. The party found the cabin guarded by three men, two of whom were armed with sticks. The new comers at once ascended the narrow staircase leading to the cabin door.

"Open the door!" commanded Gavrilo, advancing and striking the wooden structure with his fist. A suppressed barking was the only answer.

"Open, I say!" he repeated,

"You forget," remonstrated Stepan from below, "that he is deaf and cannot hear."

A loud burst of laughter followed this speech.

"What's to be done then?" asked Gavrilo.

"Don't you see—there is a hole in the door—try to do something there."

Gavrilo bent down.

"But its stopped up with something—a coat."

"Push it in, then!"

Another half-suppressed bark.

"There! it's betraying itself again."

"No, friends," observed Gavrilo, scratching his head, "if you want the coat pushed in, why, come and do it yourself."

"Why not? make room!" Here Stepan climbed up, pushed the coat inside, and moving his stick about through the hole, called, "Come out—come out!"

As he was thus engaged, the door suddenly opened. Everybody flew down the staircase—Gavrilo first.

"Softly! Look out! Take care of yourselves!" shouted the leader of the retreat.

Gerassim meanwhile stood stock still on the threshold. The crowd ventured to draw a little nearer. Gerassim looked down upon it. He held his arms akimbo. In his red shirt he seemed a giant compared with the rest.

Gavrilo made a step forward.

"Mind what you're doing, and don't be vicious." Gavrilo then explained by signs that the dog was wanted, and must be given up.

Gerassim pointed at the animal, and drawing his hand round his own neck, looked at Gavrilo enquiringly.

"Yes!" nodded Gavrilo, "and without delay."

Gerassim then made the assembly understand that he would hang Miti himself.

"But you will probably deceive us?"

Gerassim replied to this suggestion by a scornful smile, immediately afterwards entering his cabin and slamming the door to.

"What's the meaning of that?" asked Gavrilo. "He's locked the door again."

"Let him alone, Gavrilo Andreich," enjoined Stepan. "He has promised, and he will do what he promises. I know him well."

"Yes, he is right," affirmed the assembly. "Gerassim will do what he has promised."

"We shall see," observed Gavrilo. "But we must not remove the guards. Here, Tegoshka, take a stick, sit here, and tell me when anything happens."

Tegoshka did as he was instructed, taking up his place at the lowest step of the staircase. The crowd thereupon dispersed. Gavrilo went home and sent Lubov Lubinovna to inform her ladyship of the state of affairs. On hearing the news his mistress poured some *eau de Cologne* on her handkerchief, placed the latter to her nose, drank some tea, and immediately thereupon went to sleep again.

An hour after the subsidence of the tumult the door of the cabin opened wide. Gerassim was ready. He had his Sunday coat on, and was holding Miti in a leash. He slowly descended to the steps, and made his way to the gate. He only once looked back, and did not put on his hat until he had reached the street. A little distance along the road Gerassim turned into a tavern. He was well known there, and his signs were understood by everybody. He first ordered cabbage soup, and then, leaning his head on his hand, began to ponder over the undertaking he had given. Miti stood near his chair, quietly watching him with its large, intelligent eyes. The hair on the dog's coat fairly shone, having just been combed. The soup was brought. Gerassim crumbled some bread into it, added meat cut into small pieces, and then placed the bowl on the floor. Miti, nice as usual, at first hardly touched the soup even with its nose. Gerassim meanwhile gazed long and steadily at his favourite. All at once two great tears started from his eyelids. One of them fell on Miti's forehead; the other dropped into the bowl of soup!

Gerassim buried his face in his hands. Miti ate half of the food, then withdrew from the bowl, licking its nose and mouth. Thereupon Gerassim started from his seat, paid the tavern keeper, and

went out. He was followed at a distance by Tegoshka, who observed all his movements. After pausing for a while at the corner of the street, as if in hesitation, Gerassim set out with tremendous strides for the Crimean Ford. Only once did he slacken his pace. It was when he entered a yard where house-building was in progress to bring thence two bricks, with which he resumed his journey. Having reached the Crimean Ford, he went some distance along the river bank to a spot where two boats had been moored. Into one of them he jumped, accompanied by Miti. At this moment an aged peasant came out of an adjacent cabin to make gesticulations and utter incoherent noises. But Gerassim merely shook his head, and began to row away from the shore with such vigour that, in spite of the tide, which was running in the opposite direction, he was soon at a distance from the bank of three or four hundred yards.

The old peasant, to whom the boats belonged, stood for a few moments scratching his back first with his right then with his left hand, but finally limped back to his cabin.

Gerassim, meanwhile, rowed on and on. Already he had left Moscow far behind. Fields, kitchen-gardens, meadows with a hut in them here and there, began to appear. At last, fully in the country, Gerassim threw down his oar; then, bending towards Miti, who sat on one of the crosspieces (the bottom of the boat being full of water), he took the animal in his hands and kissed it. The current, meanwhile, was slowly drifting the boat back in the direction of the town. At length Gerassim raised his head erect. With a hasty, nervous movement he fastened the bricks to a piece of rope, at the other end of which he made a running noose, and attached the whole to the neck of Miti. Then, with an expression of pain and anger on his countenance, he slowly raised the animal over the side of the boat. He was gazing upon it for the last time, and he devoured it with his looks. The dog regarded its master with the most perfect confidence —so far was it from feeling afraid that it wagged its tail in token of joy.

Gerassim turned his face away, closed his eyes, relaxed the grasp of his fingers on the rope, and ——

He heard nothing—neither Miti's sudden scream nor the loud splash of the water. The noisiest day was as calm and quiet for him as the stillest night is to us. And when he again opened his eyes there was nothing to be seen save the tiny wavelets that chased each other as far as the shore, or broke against the sides of the boat with a gentle splash.

Tegoshka, having lost sight of Gerassim, had hurried back to relate what he had seen.

"He'll drown it," said Stepan. "You may depend upon that—once he promises anything ——"

Gerassim did not come to dinner, and when supper-time came he was again absent.

"What a strange fellow Gerassim is," ejaculated a stout washer-woman. "How can he absent himself so long, and all for the sake of a dog?"

"But Gerassim has been here," suddenly observed Stepan, taking a spoonful of gruel.

"How? When?"

"Two hours ago. I met him at the gate, as he was going out again. He came from the yard. I intended to ask him about the dog, but he was in a bad humour, for he gave me a rude push. Perhaps he merely wanted more room to get past—perhaps he took that way of showing that he wanted to be let alone. At any rate the push was so violent that ——" Here Stepan smiled, rubbing the nape of his neck. "Yes," he added, "Gerassim has a heavy hand. a mighty hand, it must be confessed."

While the domestics were laughing at Stepan there might have been seen striding along the highway a giant-like figure with a bag at its back and a stick in its hand. The figure was that of Gerassim. He had hurried home, and having hastily packed in an old horse-cloth the miserable chattels that belonged to him, he at once set out for his native village, the place of his birth. He was acquainted with the road, for it was along this road he had come to Moscow. The village was twenty-five versts from the highway. It was easy to find. Therefore he marched boldly forward with a resolution in which there was mingled both despair and joy. On he walked, just as eagerly and hurriedly as if he could hear his aged mother calling for her son—looking for him and awaiting him after long sojourn in foreign lands and amongst strangers. The summer night had just fallen—warm and mild. The sun had left colour in the west—to the east the sky was involved in a bluish darkness. It was from the east that night came. Hundreds of quails flew above and around him, and the voices of many night-birds rose on the air. But Gerassim could not hear them, nor could he hear the soft evening whispering of the trees. He was only conscious of the scent of the ripening rye —he felt, too, the caresses of the welcoming breeze—the breeze that

blew from his home—as it touched his face and played with his hair and beard. Far on before him ran the white road, straight as an arrow, to his native village; above him innumerable stars shone, casting light on his path. So he strode bravely and steadily and unweariedly forward, and when the red and moist rays of the rising sun fell upon him Gerassim had gone thirty-five versts from Moscow.

Two days afterwards he was at home. His first act was to offer up a prayer before the holy images. Then he set off to see the bailiff, who, though at first greatly surprised at his return, was pleased to have so powerful and industrious a worker again in his service, and all the more so because the harvest was just beginning.

Gerassim, scythe in hand, at once began working as in former days—that is to say—with such execution as gave great displeasure and offence to his more idle fellow-workers.

In Moscow a great tumult followed the discovery of Gerassim's flight. His cabin was rummaged, Gavrilo questioned, the police communicated with, but all to no purpose. Gavrilo merely shrugged his shoulders, being of opinion that the fellow had either run away or got drowned with his stupid dog. The lady fell into a passion, had a fit of weeping, and finally ordered Gerassim to be found at all costs, declaring that she had never given any orders about the killing of the dog.

News was ultimately brought to the effect that Gerassim had gone back to his native village. This reassured and tranquilised the lady somewhat. At first she desired them to bring Gerassim back to Moscow, but after consideration, intimated that she did not desire to have anything more to do with such an ungrateful fellow.

Her decision was not interfered with, for she died soon afterwards, and her heirs had too much else to think about to trouble their heads with Gerassim. In this way the dumb giant was left to himself—to his wretched life and his solitary hut. He seems as healthy and robust as before, still does as much work as four other men, and preserves his old steadiness and gravity. But his neighbours have discovered in him a peculiar aversion to women—with whom he refuses all intercourse—and dogs, with which he rejects all companionship.

"Happy fellow!" reason the peasants, "not to trouble himself about women. As for a dog—of what good could one be to him? *His* yard is sure to be safe from thieves, whatever attractions it may offer!"

And this is what the peasants say about the deaf and dumb giant Gerassim!

Electricity Free of Cost.

A PRACTICAL SOLUTION OF A PRACTICAL PROBLEM.

THE most important necessaries of life cost us nothing. Air, sunlight and sun-warmth are "distinctly precious" as our new Old-English folk are wont to say; their preciousness may never be measured in terms of filthy lucre; and yet they come to us and are consumed by us free of all cost, If, then, I talk of electricity as to be had for nothing I am not to be off-hand told that I am talking nonsense, and he who shall dismiss me with a superior smile and the remark "it's too good to be true," will thereby only distinguish himself as a member of the large family of Dogberry, Q.C.

In an article entitled THE MODES AND MIGHT OF ELECTRICITY, published in the June issue of To-DAY I directed attention to the vast store of electrical energy which is available by means of the earth's rotation and I ventured upon the prediction that "the day is fast approaching when we shall look upon dynamos, batteries and other similar devices as rude expedients, and when in all parts of the world, from the North Pole to the Sahara, from Mount Erebus to Tahiti, electricity will be obtainable as easily and as abundantly as the very air itself." On the present occasion I desire to deal with the subject in a homelier and less speculative fashion, and I hope to show that even if we regard electricity as an ordinary industrial product, it may yet be had under conditions which may be fairly and soberly secured free of cost.

Here, again, an analogous case may be found. Most people are aware that of late years coal-gas has been produced more and more cheaply. The interesting report just issued by the Gas-light and Coke Company states that whereas at the outset of their operations the price charged for their gas was 15s. per 1000 cubic feet it is now reduced to 2s. 10d.; and in spite of this reduction they are enabled to declare a dividend of 11 per cent per annum and to carry forward an undivided balance of £208,287. Indeed, many competent authorities assert the 2s. 10d. is all profit; or in other words, that the gas really

costs the manufacturer nothing. The assertion has much foundation in fact. Coal when heated in a retort is not wholly converted into gas. The greater portion remains behind in the shape of coke which has a commercial value not far short of the original coal. And the gases that pass off consist to a considerable extent of condensible vapours which soon cool down into tar and ammoniacal liquor, both products serving as the raw materials of several important chemical industries and fetching high prices in the open market The combined value of the coke, tar, ammoniacal liquor and other bye-products which need not be specified, may often exceed the the original cost of the coal together with the working expenses of of distilling, purifying, storing, and distributing the gas. In such a case the gas might positively be given away or suffered to escape (as, until very recently, took place in coke ovens), and yet a gas-works might pay its way and make a profit. What is thus shewn to be true of gas may, in like manner, be shewn to be true of electricity.

Before entering into the details of the subject, I will briefly describe the general nature and laws of electricity and the ordinary modes of generating, measuring and controlling electric currents. I think it necessary to do this as I am writing for the information of the public at large who cannot be expected as yet to be very familiar with the matter. Electrical engineers and all having technical knowledge will therefore pardon my repetition of facts and views with which they are already well acquainted.

If one end of a bar of iron be placed in the flame of a candle the other end will soon become hot. The heat of the flame travels along the bar, a fact that may be proved by touching the bar at different distances from the flame. And by placing one end in the flame and the other end in a bowl of water it will be found that the water gradually becomes warm in consequence of a flow of heat along the bar. If, however, we employ a rod of glass instead of the bar of iron we shall find that the heat of the flame no longer travels to the water at any appreciable rate.

These phenomena are familiar to everyone, though we generally find heat transferred from one place to another by "convection" rather than "conduction," *i.e.*, by the movement in bulk of gases and liquids rather than by the vibration of the molecules constituting solid bodies. Similar phenomena occur with regard to electricity which, so far as we at present know, is a kind of vibration transmitted from particle to particle in much the same way that sound, light and

heat are propagated. The electric "fluid" so often spoken of is a misnomer like "caloric" as applied to heat; for as yet electricity cannot be recognised as a substance. I say 'as yet,' because the time may come when we shall find the physical forces to be akin to matter; but for all practical purposes we may put these hypotheses aside and may content ourselves with knowing merely the distinguishing properties of the mysterious something which the world has agreed to call electricity.

I will, for the moment, postpone the question of how electricity is produced, and will first explain how it is controlled and measured for practical use. Let us assume, then, that we have some source of electricity at our disposal and that we desire to turn it to account in the illumination of our homes. We must provide a path along which it can travel and within which it can be confined whilst travelling; just as, in fact, we did with the heat conveyed from the flame of the candle to the bowl of water, or just as we do with the gas and water supplies of our towns. This path in practice takes the form of a metallic rod or wire leading from the source of the electricity to the lamp where the electricity is to be utilised. The wire may be turned and bent to any extent and may be carried underground or overground and through walls, floors and ceilings just as the circumstances of the case may require, without reference to any considerations of level such as have to be so carefully provided for with gas and water pipes. All that is necessary is to take care that the wire never comes in contact with any conducting substance leading to the earth or to other wires; and this may be ensured by covering the wire with indiarubber, guttapercha, cotton, silk and other non-conducting materials.

The reason for this care is to be found in the fact that a current of electricity is more subject to leakage than is either gas or water; for these substances when in movement through pipes tend to flow past all lateral openings that are not skilfully adjusted to the direction of the current; whereas electricity distributes itself most thoroughly and impartially into every conducting path that it meets. It moreover effects this distribution in the exact proportions of the sizes of the conductors met with. For example, if I make use of three wires having respective cross-sections of 1-10, 1-100 and 1-1000 of a square inch, I shall find that 89 per cent of the total electricity goes through the first, 10 per cent through the second and 1 per cent through the third, each wire thus taking a share proportioned to its cross-section

which is, of course, the size of the path it offers to the electric current. The earth itself being a conductor of electricity offers a path immeasurably greater than any wire; and therefore all accidental connections "to earth" cause what is practically a total leakage.

The size of the path is not however the only circumstance that determines what amount of electricity can flow through it. A great deal depends upon the material of which the path is made and whether this material is hot or cold. Metals form the best conductors but they vary greatly as to their powers of conduction. Copper, for example, conducts seven times as well as iron; that is to say a copper wire will allow seven times as much electricity to pass as an iron wire of the same cross-section. So, too, a copper wire at 32° Fahrenheit will allow 10 per cent. more electricity to pass than the same wire at 74° Fahrenheit. On the other hand a piece of carbon improves in conductivity when heated. Accordingly, seeing that the capacity of the path depends upon size, material, and temperature it is found more convenient to speak of *resistance* rather than of conductivity and most specifications of lamps and wires are now expressed in terms of resistance, or "Ohms." The term "Ohm" has been adopted in honour of the great German electrician of that name and the actual quantity of resistance represented by an Ohm is that which is opposed to any electric current by an iron wire of 0·16 inches diameter and 328 feet in length. When, therefore, we speak of a lamp or a line of wire having say a resistance of 10 Ohms we mean that it opposes the same resistance as would be opposed by an iron wire of 0·16 inches diameter and 3280 feet in length. The proportion between the flow and resistance is of course the inverse of that between flow and conductivity. The greater the conductivity the less the resistance and, therefore, the greater the quantity of electricity that will flow through in a given time; and, inversely, the greater the resistance the less the conductivity and the less the quantity of flow.

Let us now return for a moment to our bar of iron. Let us place it on an anvil and strike it with a sledge hammer. We shall find that the effect of the blows is to heat the bar; and if we substitute an iron nail in its place we shall not have much difficulty in making the nail red-hot by our hammering. The reason of this is that the momentum of the hammer encounters the resistance of a number of particles of iron held in proximity to each other by the force of cohesion and thus forming an elastic mass in a state of constant

tremor which is augmented by the blow and reveals itself in the shape of heat. And the particles of the nail being vastly fewer than those of the bar, the same force will cause the former to tremble more violently than the latter. A similar condition of things obtains in the case of a wire conducting an electric current. The electric vibration has to propagate itself from particle to particle. If the particles are numerous the amplitude of each vibration will be small; if they are few they must vibrate more energetically in order to transmit the same degree of force. But electric vibration is so similar to heat vibration that the one mode of motion constantly passes into the other; and the more energetically the particles of a conductor are agitated the more electricity becomes transformed into heat. A thin wire, therefore, becomes hotter than a thick one when traversed by the same quantity of electricity, just as the nail became hotter than the bar when struck with the same hammer. If the wire be made very thin it may easily be raised to red or white heat or actually melted by sending an electric current through it; and if we employ an infusible wire such as the slender filaments of carbon used in Incandescence lamps it becomes so intensely hot as to shine with a brilliancy comparable to that of sunlight. The carbon would, of course, soon burn away in the open air; but to guard against this it is enclosed in a glass bulb from which the air has been almost perfectly exhausted. Thus, then, light may be electrically produced by raising a carbon conductor *in vacuo* to more than a white heat. There is also a third method. If we cut a conductor through which a current of electricity is flowing and draw the cut ends apart we interpose a stratum of air in the path of the current. Air offers an enormously high resistance to the passage of electrical vibrations, and, in accordance with the above explanation, an enormously high degree of heat is forthwith produced at the point where the conductor is separated. If the conductor be of metal its ends melt and burst into flame, but if it be of an infusible, difficultly-vaporisable material such as carbon, it wastes away with comparative slowness, and by keeping the two ends pushed forward as fast as they consume, so as to maintain a constant distance between them, a steady light of surpassing brilliancy may be secured. The electric current in leaping across the interval takes a slightly curved direction and forms what is called the "voltaic arc," and a lamp constructed on this principle is called an "Arc" light; while the lamp that depends upon the intense heating of a continuous filament of carbon is called an "Incandescence" or

"Glow" light. This explanation is not unnecessary, because the filament of carbon in an Incandescence lamp is generally bent into a curve, and I have frequently been asked if the arch of light thus produced is an "Arc" light.

I have spoken of the bar and nail as being struck by a sledge-hammer. But sledge hammers are not all of a size, and it may be asked whether any particular weight is necessary. Not at all; a light or a heavy hammer may equally well be employed; but in order to produce the same effect we must strike an equally hard blow; that is say, if we use the light hammer we must bring it down with much greater velocity than in the case of the heavy one. This is precisely what occurs with electrical work. The degree of speed impressed upon the particles of the conductor, determines the extent of their vibration, and a small number moving at a high velocity represents the same amount of force as a larger number moving more slowly. Hence any given electric current may be considered as the product of mass and velocity, or quantity and pressure; and if we wish to measure it, either we must ascertain the amount of work it is doing, or we must separately determine the number of particles it moves, and the speed at which it moves them.

Balances of various descriptions have been invented for these measurements. To determine the amount of work being done by an electric current, a part of the conductor consists of a vessel containing a solution of sulphate of zinc. The molecular vibration occasioned by the passage of the current causes some of the zinc particles to become separated from the sulphuric acid, and to collect on a plate which is weighed from time to time, and thus shows how much electric energy has been exerted in the liquid, and, consequently, in every other part of the whole circuit traversed by the current. To determine the number of particles moved, and the velocity with which they are set a-vibrating, a different form of balance is employed. It consists of a needle kept in a certain position by the attraction of a magnet, and surrounded by wires through which the electric current to be measured can be made to flow. Every electric current has the power of causing a magnetic needle to assume a position at right angles to the course of the current. When therefore the current is made to flow through the wires surrounding the needle, this latter is exposed to the action of two opposing forces, namely, those of the magnet and the current, just in the same way that the index of an ordinary pair of scales is pulled right and left by the opposing weights

in the two pans. All we have therefore to do is to note the extent to which the needle is dragged from its original position, and this shows us the amount of current at work; while by using thick and thin surrounding wires in succession, we can distinguish between the number of particles moved, and their vibration-speed.

We can now perceive the distinction that must be drawn between the supply of gas and water on the one hand, and electricity on the other. Gas and water are substances that can be measured by the space they occupy; but electricity is intangible, and can only be measured by the energy it exerts. It is just as though in making out a gas or water bill, we had to charge not only for the quantity supplied but also for the degree of pressure at which it was delivered at the consumer's tap. Electric energy is, as we have seen, quantity and pressure combined, and cannot be valued unless both of these elements are known, or unless their product (i.e. the power exerted) is observed. We must therefore have some standard measurements to which our observations can be referred. In speaking of power, it has been found convenient to preserve the old term "horse power," which, as everyone knows, means a weight 33,000 lbs. lifted 1 ft. high in a minute; but this being a rather large quantity to adopt as the unit, electricians have agreed (for certain scientific reasons unnecessary to explain here) upon the 1-746th part of a horse-power as their unit of energy. It is called a "Watt," in honour of James Watt, of steam-engine fame; and a force of 1,000 Watts acting for the period of one hour, is proposed as the trade "unit," *i.e.*, as the standard quantity for which consumers of electricity will be charged. A customer who cuts off his gas, and has a supply of electricity laid on, will no more be told he has consumed so many thousand feet of gas, but will learn instead that he has consumed so many "units" of electricity, the price of which will probably be about 8d. per unit.

If we wish to compare this with the cost of gas, we can do so in the following way: Light equal to one candle can be obtained by passing 3 Watts of electric energy through a properly constructed Incandescence lamp. Accordingly one unit will give us the light of say 333 candles for one hour. Now 5 cubic feet of gas will, with a burner in proper order, give the light of 16 candles for one hour, so that it will take $333 \div 16 \times 5 = 104$ 1-16th cubic feet of gas to give as much light as one unit of electricity. At the price of 3s. per 1,000 feet, the cost of 104 1-16th cubic feet is 3¼d. The charge for lighting by gas at 3s. per 1,000 feet is therefore rather less than one-half that

of lighting by electricity at 8d. per unit. Against this apparent saving by the use of gas have to be put two facts: first, the waste of property, comfort, and health caused by the dirt, corrosion, heat, and poison that inevitably attend the burning of gas in our houses; and secondly, the steady progress that is being made in the art of manufacturing Incandescence lamps which day by day require less and less electric energy to produce the same amount of light. It may, therefore, be anticipated that at no distant date the price of electricity will be reduced to say 4d. per unit, and will thus be as pecuniarily cheap as gas at 3s. per 1,000 cubic feet. In speaking thus, I am alluding to electricity as proposed to be supplied from central stations equipped with steam-engines and dynamos. There is another method of supply which entirely alters the conditions of the problem, and about which I shall have to speak later on, after completing my preliminary explanation of the theoretical features that are needful to be understood.

A Watt has been defined as being the 1-746 part of a horse-power; but although this tells us the amount of energy it represents it does not tell us how that energy is developed. It may for anything we know, be the result of a small mass moving at high velocity, or of a large mass moving slowly. If, then, we wish to thoroughly understand what kind of a current we are employing we must know something more than the "energy" it developes. We must know its quantity (or "intensity"), and also its pressure (or "tension"). Both of these can be measured by the magnetic balance already described, and here again electricians have had to agree upon specific standards and names. The standard of quantity is called an Ampère, in honour of the great French electrician, and the standard of pressure, or "electro-motive force," is called a Volt, after Volta the Italian physicist. But how much is an Ampère, and what degree of force is a Volt? Here the measure of resistance, the Ohm, becomes very useful. Electricians have agreed that an Ampère shall represent the quantity of electricity propagated through one Ohm resistance by the electro-motive force of one Volt; and, conversely, a Volt is the degree of force required to propagate one Ampère through one Ohm. The idea of time must be added to express absolute quantity, and this is done by the Coulomb (after the French electrician of that name), which is the amount of electricity represented by one Watt acting for one second. It may be further mentioned that an Ampère is sometimes called a Weber, and that a Watt is often spoken of as a Volt-Ampère. The latter term is misleading, as it seems to imply the

product of one Volt and one Ampere only; whereas a Watt may consist of half an Ampère driven at the rate of two Volts, or one-third of an Ampère propelled by three Volts, or half a Volt driving two Ampères, or 100 Volts driving the one-hundredth part of an Ampère, or any combination of the two factors which by multiplication will give unity.

It is worth while taking some pains to thoroughly understand the mutual relations of Volts, Ampères, Ohms, and Watts, for they form the whole basis of electricity as applied to the ordinary purposes of life, and as a homely illustration often conveys a clearer idea than does the most learned of discourses I venture to suggest the following way of picturing the subject. Let us imagine a ditch broader in some places than in others. Let us find a plank, say ten feet long and twelve inches broad, and let us take it to where the ditch is exactly ten feet wide. It is clear that at this spot the plank will just stretch from side to side. Now let us go to where the ditch is twenty feet wide and let us see if we can manage to lay the plank across. We find we can do so only by sawing the plank in half lengthwise, and then joining the two halves together end to end. We shall then have a plank twenty feet long, but only six inches wide. If, on the contrary, we had moved the plank from its first position to where the ditch was only five feet across, we should have had to saw the plank in two widthwise, and by placing the halves side by side we should have had a bridge two feet wide, it being understood that we are always to use up the whole plank, and to make the bridge of an even width for its whole length. It will be seen that the broader the ditch the narrower and longer the plank; and the narrower the ditch the wider and shorter the plank, the quantity of wood always remaining the same. Translated into electrical terms the ditch represents Ohms, and the plank Watts; while the length and breadth of the plank are Volts and Ampères respectively.

We are now ready to deal with the question of how electricity is produced, and in speaking of this I will confine myself to the three methods adopted for industrial purposes, and will not discuss such as are, at the present time, of only scientific interest. Electricity, then, is generated from either heat, mechanical force, or chemical action. The heat apparatus is called a thermopile, and depends for its effect upon the fact that when heat is applied to the point of junction of two dissimilar conducting bodies a portion of the heat-vibrations assume the form of electricity-vibrations, and an electric current at once

flows through the circuit of conductors. In practice some thousands of pairs of metallic bars are arranged round a hollow space in which a gas flame is placed, and an electric current of considerable energy is thus obtained. This direct transformation of heat into electricity is unquestionably a better process than the employment of machinery or chemical apparatus; but the ingenuity of inventors has not yet achieved the construction of a thermopile which can hold its own against dynamos and batteries; and though, as in the case of the electrotyping department of the Bank of France, thermopiles have been turned to practical account, they cannot be said to have actually won their spurs. I may, therefore, dismiss them without further remark.

The case is different with regard to mechanical apparatus. The public, indeed, is probably under the impression that electricity for lighting purposes cannot be produced by any other means—an impression without suitable foundation, as I shall presently show. Meantime, confining our attention for the moment to the question of machinery, it may be useful to explain what a "dynamo" really is. In principle it is simple enough. Any conducting body when moved near a magnet has its particles thrown into a state of electrical vibration and a current of electricity flows through the conductor. A dynamo consists of one or more powerful magnets and an "armature," which is a combination of coils of wire, or bars, or strips of metal so arranged as to be capable of being revolved in close proximity to the magnets; or sometimes the armature and magnets both revolve, but in opposite directions. Suitable connections are attached to the armature and enable the electric current to be led away to the lamps or motors, or other points of utilisation.

When an armature and a magnet are properly placed with regard to each other, they are mutually attracted, and it requires considerable mechanical power to displace them from this position of equilibrium; and the stronger the magnet the greater the power required, and the more energetic the electric vibration that results. So, too, the more quickly the displacement is effected the greater the speed of the vibration. In other words, the more powerful the magnet, the greater the quantity of electricity produced, and the more quickly the armature revolves the greater the electromotive force of the current. The mechanical energy developed by the steam-engine reappears in the molecular energy developed by the dynamo; and as force, like matter, cannnot be annihilated, its reproduction is com-

plete, save only what escapes in the form of heat from the friction of bearings, etc. Some existing dynamos give as much as 950 Watts of electricity for every 1,000 Watts of mechanical power exerted by the engines that drive them, a rate of efficiency far in excess of that of these engines, for if we were to calculate the molecular energy developed by the combustion of coal in a furnace we should find it amount to 10,000 Watts for every 1,000 that appears as mechanical work performed by the steam. The better class of dynamos may accordingly be regarded as almost perfect forms of mechanism, and as an electromotor is simply a dynamo reversed, we may reasonably hope for a colossal development of the world's industrial power when once electricity comes to be widely employed in that form.

A singular instance of the advantage to be derived from calling molecular energy into play is found in the case of gas beating itself as an illuminant. In Mr. J. W. Swan's house at Bromley, for example, two gas engines are employed to drive dynamos for the production of electric light, They consume 150 cubic feet of gas per hour, which if burned in the ordinary way, would supply 30 jets of 16 candle power each or 480 candles altogether. When used in the engines the same quantity of gas enables 30 incandescence lamps of 20 candle power each, or 600 candles, to be kept going; so that by interposing an engine and dynamo between the gas and the point of illumination its lighting capacity is increased one-fourth. The explanation is to be found in the more perfect combustion of the gas when exploded in the cylinder of a gas engine, and in the more perfect heating of carbon particles in a vacuum as compared with a gas flame.

But dynamos are "kittle cattle" after all. Their constitutions are of the tenderest character, and they have to be nursed with the utmost care. Unless the speed of rotation be kept absolutely uniform the electromotive force must vary, and this shows itself by a corresponding variation in the quantity of electricity driven through the lamps, which accordingly flicker and shiver at the inconstancy of their emotions. Even the mere joint of a belt when passing round the driving pulley is sufficient to cause an appreciable change in the light. Again, as the magnet itself is formed by the very current it creates in the armature—there being a connection between the conductors attached to the magnet and armature respectively—any alteration in the current arising from a variation of speed or an alteration in the number of lamps burning, etc., reacts upon the strength of the magnet and consequently upon the work to be done

by the driving engine, which then "races" or "slows" as the case may be, and further irregularises the current. And, if such a catastrophe as a "short circuit" should take place—*i.e.*, if the main wires should touch each other or become accidentally united by some conductor touching them both—the current having no work to do will find some mischief for its idle hands, and will, in all probability amuse itself by heating the wires of the dynamo to destruction point. These and a thousand other ills dynamo flesh is heir to, and such skilled attendance is thereby rendered necessary that I cannot regard dynamo-generated electricity as at all likely to be adopted for domestic installations.

There remains the chemical method to consider. Everyone is more or less familiar with the leading facts of chemistry, with the fact, for example, that water is a combination of two gases (hydrogen and oxygen) the particles of which have stuck together under the influence of the force called chemical affinity. It requires a tremendous exertion of energy to tear these particles apart, and as they are too small to be caught hold of by grappling-hooks and the like, we can only accomplish the task by calling molecular energy to our aid. If, for example, we pass steam through a porcelain tube heated to redness and containing iron we find that the violent vibration caused by the heat aided by the affinity that exists between iron and oxygen, suffices to separate the two gases, and pure hydrogen issues from the end of the tube, while the iron retains the oxygen in the form of a black oxide.

When water is acidulated it may be decomposed without the employment of heat. A piece of zinc placed in a vessel of dilute sulphuric acid has a great tendency to unite with the oxygen of the water. If a piece of carbon be also placed in the vessel and be made to touch the zinc there is no longer any hesitation. The zinc forthwith seizes upon the oxygen and rejects the hydrogen, which hastens to the carbon and meeting with a cold reception rushes in disconsolate bubbles to the surface of the water and flies off *superasque evadere ad auras.*

Why the contact of the carbon and zinc should thus pronounce a divorce between the hydrogen and oxygen is not exactly known; but electricity, which seems to play the part of "woman" in most cases of molecular mischief, is most assuredly at the bottom of it. If the connection between the zinc and carbon be made by means of a wire traversing a measuring instrument we at once find the two-headed

nightingale, Miss Volt-Ainpère, at work. And without troubling to give other examples, suffice it to say generally that all cases of chemical composition and decomposition are attended, if not actually caused by a current of electricity.

The contact or connection of dissimilar conducting bodies appears to be as necessary in a galvanic cell (the name given to any such apparatus as that above described) as in a thermopile, if an electric current is to be produced. If both strips in the cell be of the same metal no electric current is observable, even though considerable chemical action be taking place, shown by the solution of the "electrodes," as the immersed ends of the conducting circuit are called. It does not, of course, follow that no electricity is generated, for it is conceivable that two opposite currents are flowing and neutralising each other so far as our measuring instruments are concerned. In some cases, however, such as, for example, where both the electrodes are made of platinum or carbon, or some material having very little affinity for oxygen no action of any kind, whether chemical or electrical appears to take place. But if we connect these inert electrodes with a dynamo or other source of electricity and so cause an electric current to pass through the fluid we shall find that a brisk decomposition of the water at once occurs. Oxygen bubbles rise at one electrode and hydrogen bubbles at the other, and on stopping the current a very singular phænomenon is observed. The two electrodes are covered with films of hydroge and oxygen respectively, and these films act just like electrodes of dissimilar metals, but more energetically. The hydrogen film plays the part of the zinc and becomes oxidised at the expense of the water, while the hydrogen of the decomposed water instead of flying off joins with the oxygen film that plays the part of the copper. This duplex action is, as might be expected, attended with a correspondingly augmented electric current. Accordingly the secondary current procurable by causing electricity to pass between two inert electrodes is more powerful than that obtainable by the coupling up of two active electrodes at the outset without the intervention of an extraneous source of electricity.

There are some inert electrodes which will not remain unchanged in substance when a current of electricity is forced through the cell. Electrodes of lead are a case in point. The hydrogen bubbles and flies off and films as before at one electrode, but at the other the oxygen enters into chemical combination with the lead and produces

a coating of lead peroxide. The secondary action is also different from the case of platinum. Instead of two films, one of hydrogen and the other of oxygen, we have a film of hydrogen and a coating of lead peroxide containing much more oxygen than is sufficient to balance the hydrogen film. Accordingly the secondary action lasts much longer. After the hydrogen film has been entirely oxidised the lead electrode beneath it commences to be oxidised, while the lead peroxide on the other electrode is being de-oxidised by the hydrogen of the decomposed water. At last the two electrodes arrive at an equal state of oxydisation and then the action ceases, and the cell is ready for receiving another supply of extraneously-produced electricity. This, as before, oxidises one electrode and hydrogenises (de-oxidises) the other, and by disturbing the equilibrium renders the cell once more fit to evolve an electric current on its own account.

The question here arises whether a similar round of action may not be contrived in the zinc-carbon cell. The answer is in the affirmative. At the outset the zinc becomes oxidised and as fast as the oxide is formed it enters into combination with the sulphuric acid, making sulphate of zinc, which dissolves in the water and so leaves the surface of the zinc free for further attack. Presently the sulphuric acid is all exhausted and the chemico-electric action is brought to a standstill. Now let us bring our extraneous current of electricity into play. The solution of sulphate of zinc will be decomposed. The zinc will go back to the zinc electrode and the sulphuric acid will be set free in the liquid, so that we have the original state of things restored and the cell is prepared to again produce a current of electricity.

It is the fashion to call the cells with dissimilar electrodes "primary" cells, and those with similar electrodes "secondary" cells, or "accumulators." There is, however, no distinction in principle between the two classes. The real distinction is a practical one. A cell of the zinc-carbon type may be re-charged by passing through it an extraneous current of electricity, and thus decomposing the sulphate of zinc; but it may equally as well be re-charged by pouring away the liquid and re-filling it with fresh sulphuric acid and water. The aid of a dynamo or thermopile or other source of electricity may thus be dispensed with, and the primary cell becomes an everlasting electric generator so long as we can feed it with zinc and sulphuric acid. The secondary cell, on the other hand, is altogether dependent upon some outside supply of electricity and virtually can only re-deliver a part

of the electric energy that has been put into it. This explains the names of "storage" battery or "accumulator" that are given to cells of this kind.

From what I have explained it will be evident that galvanic batteries form a most convenient and manageable source of electricity; and as they were known long before dynamos we may well ask why they were not from the outset brought into general use, and why electric lighting and electro-mechanism are developments of to-day. A part of the answer is supplied by the long-enduring imperfection in the details of electric lamps and motors, but the most important obstacles are to be found in three troublesome peculiarities of primary batteries themselves.

First, the electromotive force of any galvanic cell is constant for the same chemical combination without any reference to the size of the cell. Zinc and carbon in dilute sulphuric acid give the same number of Volts no matter whether the cell has a capacity of a pint or a gallon. With a dynamo we can increase the electromotive force by increasing the speed at which the armature revolves, but in a battery we cannot make the particles of oxygen and hydrogen vibrate at any greater speed than that due to the chemical affinities called into play. All we can do is to choose the most energetic combination to be found. Thus in the "Daniell" cell, the electrodes are zinc and copper, with solutions of sulphate of copper and sulphate of zinc for the operative fluids. This combination gives an electromotive force (or "E.M.F." as it is commonly written) of 1·079 Volts. In the Leclanché cell the electrodes are zinc and carbon agglomerated with the black oxide of manganese, while the exciting fluid is a solution of sal-ammoniac, giving an E.M.F. of 1·48 Volts. The Grove cell has zinc and platinum electrodes with nitric and sulphuric acids, and gives an E.M.F. of 1.955 Volts. The Bichromate cell has zinc and carbon electrodes, with a fluid consisting of a solution of bichromate of potash to which sulphuric acid is added, the combination giving 2·028 Volts. The Faure-Sellon-Volckmar secondary cell has lead electrodes with dilute sulphuric acid and a coating of lead peroxide, and gives 2·25 Volts. And so on; each particular kind of cell giving its own degree of E.M.F., which in no case is large. Hence if we wish for an electromotive force capable of driving a large current through a high resistance, such as an Incandescence lamp, we must employ a number of cells and join them together in such a manner that the current passes through each in succession, and thus receives a succession of

impulses corresponding to the augmented number of revolutions in a dynamo. Suppose, for example, we wish for an E.M.F. of 20 Volts. We can get this by coupling 20 Daniell cells, or 14 Leclanché, or 11 Grove, or 10 Bichromate, or 9 Faure-Sellon-Volckmar. We do not thereby increase the quantity of the current, *i.e.*, the Ampères, but we increase its vibration-speed. We use a longer plank in fact, and so can span a wider ditch, without diminishing the breadth of the plank. There is, however, another element to take into account, that of the "internal resistance" of the battery. In a dynamo the increased speed of revolution does not lengthen the wires of the armature and magnet; but in a battery every additional cell adds to the length of the path that the current has to travel, and thus imposes additional work of an unprofitable nature. We want the electric energy for use in overcoming the resistance of the lamp, and there producing heat and light; we do not want it for the purpose of warming the fluids in the cells. Yet we are compelled to put up with a little waste of energy in a dynamo and a good deal in a battery; and until very recently the proportion of waste in the latter case has been such as to preclude the use of batteries for electric lighting.

Secondly, the production of an electric current by a battery is apt to be impeded by the hydrogen-fluid I have already spoken of. The electrode at which the hydrogen becomes evolved (and which is called the "negative" *electrode* and the "positive" *pole*, while that at which the oxygen is absorbed is called the "positive" *electrode* and the "negative" *pole*—a nomenclature certainly confusing) is coated with the gas, and as all gases are bad conductors of electricity, a very high resistance is introduced into the cell. Also, as hydrogen has a great affinity for oxygen it acts as a competitor with the zinc electrode and produces a current in a reverse direction, thus neutralising a proportionate degree of the original electromotive force available. This state of things is called "polarisation," and the current from a battery that "polarises" becomes rapidly weaker, and soon ceases to be of practical service. If the cell be then thrown out of action for a time the film of hydrogen will quickly disappear and the cell is ready for a fresh start. Accordingly where, as in the case of telegraphs, telephones, and electric bells, the current is only required at intervals, and for a few seconds at a time, the trouble of "polarisation" is unimportant; but for the purpose of electric lighting, or driving machinery by electricity, it is most essential to have a current which will continue to yield a constant amount of energy for many hours

together. Many attempts have therefore been made to overcome polarisation, and in three instances these attempts have been partially successful. The Daniell cell gets rid of the hydrogen by causing it to be evolved in the presence of sulphate of copper, which is at once decomposed by hydrogen—a gaseous metal—just as it is by iron, as shown in the familiar experiment of plunging the blade of a knife into a solution containing copper. So long, therefore, as the cell is kept properly supplied with sulphate of copper all polarisation is prevented. This is an excellent device, but unfortunately the E.M.F. of the current generated by a zinc-copper couple is very low, and the internal resistance of the fluids employed is very high, defects which have rendered Daniell batteries out of question for electric lighting. In the Bichromate cell the de-hydrogenising agent is chromic acid, a body that readily parts with a certain proportion of oxygen and thus burns up the hydrogen as fast as evolved, the result of the combustion being, of course, water. This device also acts well for short periods, but the chromic acid does not part with its oxygen very quickly, and does not hold any very large quantity in an available shape. Accordingly, a Bichromate battery cannot be depended upon for constant currents for more than a few minutes at a time, and is moreover costly to use, owing to the high price of chromic acid, which is obtained in the market in a compound condition as bichromate of potash. The Bichromate battery, however, is a most energetic chemical combination, and gives an E.M.F. of 2·028 Volts, so that one cell will give a current equal to that from two Daniell cells. A Grove or Bunsen cell depends upon nitric acid as the de-hydrogenising agent, and although the E.M.F. is rather lower than that of a Bichromate battery, the constancy of action is well-nigh perfect, the current remaining steady until most of the nitric acid has become decomposed by the hydrogen given off at the negative electrode.

But for all that there is a rift in the lute. When nitric acid loses some of its oxygen it takes the form of a gas which escapes from the fluid, and on entering the air partially re-supplies itself with oxygen and then develops some very objectionable characteristics. It takes the shape of red fumes which are horrid to the nose, choking to the lungs, and repugnant to the stomachs of all philosophers and Christians. Inside the battery nitric acid is a faithful servant; outside it becomes the baddest of bad masters. Hence the general objection to use Grove or Bunsen batteries for electric lighting; though their advantages in other respects have often caused their services to be called into requisition for temporary installations.

These three peculiarities, therefore,—viz., high internal resistance, polarisation, and fuming—have hitherto barred the way to the widespread employment of primary batteries. And yet it is upon primary batteries that the future of electric lighting greatly depends.

Consider what a galvanic cell really is. It is the very parallel of a gas retort; *i.e.*, a chemical factory on a small scale. The coal subjected to destructive distillation in a retort gives up its volatile constituents, which thereupon group themselves into an amazing variety of gases and vapours, all of which are commercially valuable, while the bulk of the carbon remains behind in the form of coke. So, in like manner, the metal and fluids subjected to electro-chemical decomposition and re-composition in a galvanic cell produce an abundance of gases and salts, all of which are commercially valuable quite irrespective of the electric energy evolved during the operation. If then the materials acted upon be judiciously chosen, there is no obvious reason why the manufacturing process should not in itself be a source of profit, and the electric energy a bye-product costing nothing. It is no answer to reply that the technical managers of English manufacturing establishments are far too scientific and practical to have allowed so economical a source of light and power to remain unused. If such an objection be raised I meet it by pointing to what is even now taking place at the ironworks and collieries of England. It has suddenly been recognised that for generations our blast furnaces and coke ovens have vomited forth large volumes of ammonia into the atmosphere as so much waste; and now the ironmasters and colliery proprietors are all busily engaged in putting up apparatus to catch the pounds, shillings and pence they have for so long thrown heedlessly away, in spite of the well-known fact that at every gas works ammonia was a staple product of the combustion of coal. When, therefore, we find a tangible substance of marketable value allowed to escape unnoticed we need not be surprised if intangible electricity flows away unutilised. But many actual cases in point can readily be mentioned. At one factory, for example, a ton of zinc is every-day dissolved in sulphuric acid for the manufacture of sulphate of zinc, which is then used as the basis of a chemical process. Now the mere union of zinc and sulphuric acid is, as I have already shown, an abundant source of electricity. As a matter of fact each ton of zinc that is worked up at the establishment in question produces some 2000 units of electricity, (*i.e.*, over 2,000,000 Watt-hours,) a quantity which at 8d. a unit is worth £66 13s. 4d., so

that, assuming 300 working days to the year, we have energy to the extent of £20,000 per annum being uselessly developed in the solution-vats, whereas, by simply using these vats as galvanic cells the waste might be avoided. Again, some thousands of tons of copper are made every year by dissolving out the metal from heaps of poor ore and then precipitating it by placing iron in the fluid. This is in reality the same thing as a Daniell cell on a large scale, with the exception that iron is used instead of zinc as the soluble electrode. Hence a very simple change in the arrangement of the precipitating tanks would enable the electricity evolved to be turned to good account, and at the same time the quality of the copper precipitate would be much improved. I need not multiply examples. Those already quoted prove that chemical industries do exist in which electricity is a bye-product and costs nothing.

Here, then, we find ourselves face to face with the solution of the problem, how to obtain electricity free of cost. All we have to do is to fit up primary batteries in such a fashion that while they are lighting our houses and driving our machinery by means of the electric energy they develope, they shall at the same time be effecting chemical changes of commercial value in the substances with which they are fed from time to time. And if in thus solving the problem of cost we can also contrive to conquer the three obstacles of internal resistance, polarisation, and fuming we shall have an electrical generator as much superior to dynamos and accumulators as they, in their turn, are to the original Daniell battery.

Lord Bury, in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, has spoken of battery installations as being alone suited for the illumination of ordinary dwelling-houses, and he mentions a galvanic cell invented by Mr. O. C. D. Ross as giving a good current, and as being, in his opinion, practically adapted to the desired purpose. Mr. Ross himself has also published a pamphlet description of this particular battery, and concludes his explanation with these words:—

"When once their advantages have been comprehended, high and low will want such batteries in tens of thousands of homes, and wherever they are adopted there will be an ever-increasing demand for the acid and metal ingredients with which to feed the lamps. The company which should undertake to supply them will be secure of a princely income."

How far the particular form of cell in question complies with all the conditions I have shown to be essential to success I do

not know, as neither Lord Bury nor Mr. Ross gives any figures indicating the power developed, nor is anything said as to utilisable products; but the article and pamphlet both prove that it is to primary batteries we must look as the coming kings of the electrical world.

There is another primary battery in existence which has stood the test of practical use for some time past, and which is rapidly coming into public favour. Its internal resistance is far lower than that of any cell ever yet recorded, and consequently its power and economy of work are very great. Polarisation is entirely overcome by the de-hydrogenising fluid employed; and the fumes that arise from this fluid are effectually trapped and converted into valuable products. The battery is composed of what are known as Oxydone cells, in which the electrodes are zinc and carbon, and the fluids are a mixture of water, sulphuric acid, and oxydone. The products of the battery are zinc-white and nitrite of ammonia (both of commercial value), and a fluid possessing powerful disinfecting and deodorising properties, and capable of making excellent chemical manure when mixed with phosphate of lime, crushed bones, blood, or any animal refuse. The combined value of these products may be demonstrated to exceed that of the original zinc, sulphuric acid and oxydone placed in the battery. Accordingly if the products be collected and utilised there seems to be no reason why the Oxydone battery should not be worked and its electricity produced free of cost.

Of course no electrical company or contractor would actually *give* electricity to consumers any more than a gas company would make a present of its gas. People who use gas or electricity save the cost of candles or other illuminants, and therefore can well afford to pay something for the substitute. If, however, a few consumers were to co-operate in the purchase of the necessary plant, they might work the business for themselves, and might thus obtain their electricity at an extremely low rent, while making profits sufficient to speedily repay their capital, and leave them in free possession of their installations. This view of the subject is of such importance that it may be well to give some approximate figures:

Let us take the case of a locality in which there are 50 houses to be electrically lighted—20 requiring 20 lamps each, 20 requiring 10 lamps each, and 10 requiring 5 lamps each, it being understood that the lamps are to be equivalent to ordinary gas flames. Taking the published price-list of the Company that supplies the Oxydone

Batteries, we find that a complete installation of 20 Incandescence Lamps, including Battery, Wires, and all requisite fittings, can be bought for £69, delivered free at any railway station in England. A similar installation of 10 lamps costs £43, and one of 5 lamps costs £28. Accordingly the total capital required may be estimated as follows:—

	£
20 Installations of 20 Lamps each	1380
20 do. 10 do.	860
10 do. 5 do.	280
Fixing the Installations	100
Stock of Zinc to be kept at Local Station	150
Do. Sulphuric Acid do.	20
Do. Oxydone do.	50
Spare Lamps	25
Do. Batteries and Fittings	100
Truck, Plant, and Utensils at Local Station	100
Floating Capital for Wages, etc.	435
	£3,500

The revenue that would be yielded by such a local station may be thus estimated:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
650 Lamps at 35s. per lamp per annum—this being equivalent to 650 burners, each consuming 10,000 cubic feet of gas at 3s. 6d. per 1000 cubic feet ..				1137	10	0
Sale of Zinc products				1920	0	0
Do. Oxydone Fertiliser at £5 per ton				2625	0	0
Sale of Ammonium Salts				900	0	0
Gross Revenue				£6,582	10	0
Deduct Working cost:—						
Zinc and Mercury	900	0	0			
Oxydone & Sulphuric Acid ..	1082	10	0			
Manufacturing Chemicals and Materials	2471	10	0			
Manipulation and Packages ..	665	0	0			
Wages	156	0	0			
Rent, Rates, and Taxes	100	0	0			
				5375	0	0
Nett Profit				£1207	10	0

This profit is in excess of the rental paid for the lighting, and therefore the association of consumers could, as I stated at the outset, obtain a return of their entire cost of lighting, and so have their electricity cost free. In practice, however, it would probably be preferred to pay a dividend of say 10 per cent. per annum on the capital invested, and to apply the surplus in gradually redeeming the capital which would be completely effected in three years, and then the factory would remain as so much accumulated profit.

It seems to me that the above figures are well worth the attention of local authorities throughout the country—offering, as they do, the opportunity of carrying out the electric lighting of small towns, and even villages, on most advantageous terms, with the additional benefit of producing locally the chemical manure required for the surrounding agricultural districts.

In cases where there is no demand for chemical manures, the battery system can be utilised, on similar principles, for the production of other articles.

It must be also be remembered that by adopting the system of battery installations, the laying of wires in the streets becomes wholly unnecessary, and district lighting can be undertaken without coming under the rules and regulations of the Electric Lighting Act. Each house, or each group of houses, will have its own separate installation whether for light or power, and the risk of a whole district being plunged into darkness by an accident at the central station will be avoided. In large cities it may be found practicable and beneficial to work with steam-engines, dynamos, street mains, and the rest of the prodigious appliances contemplated by Mr. Edison and his imitators; but for smaller centres of population, such gigantic methods are clearly inapplicable, to say nothing of the exaggerated cost of working them on any save the very largest scale. It was only a few days ago I was informed by a gentleman from New York that the Edison trial installation of a square mile in that city had up to the present time proved unsuccessful from a pecuniary point of view, though very good indeed in other respects. He assured me that the rental charged for the Edison Lamps came to nearly three times that of gas, which he stated to be 9s. per 1,000 cubic feet in New York; and he explained that where customers stated they could not afford the luxury, and determined to go back to gas, the Edison Company offered to supply the light at the same price as gas, but at the same time owned the bargain would leave them heavy losers. It is said that the Holborn Viaduct installation is a somewhat similar case, as is also the lighting of part of the House of Commons—all of which may possibly be sound policy from the advertisement point of view, but is hardly likely to create a good impression in the end. Electric lighting has surely by this time passed its experimental and exhibition stage. Enough has been seen of it as a free display. It has now to take place among the every-day requirements of the people at large, a place that rightly belongs to it, but a place it can only obtain by showing that it can pay its way and yield a reasonable profit.

APPENDIX.

As the preceding paper is intended to be a popular guide to the subject of practical electricity, it will not be out of place for me to supplement it by the following brief notes explanatory of the most important systems now in vogue—and by copies of some specifications and estimates recently obtained from leading Electric Companies.

I.—THE BRUSH SYSTEM.

The distinguishing feature in this system is the employment of a current of very high electromotive force, so that a number of arc-lamps may be worked in *series*, *i.e.*, placed in succession on the same line of wire, each lamp causing an extra resistance, and thus necessitating a proportional increase of E. M. F. in order to ensure the passage of sufficient Ampéres to yield the required degree of light. If the lamps were arranged in *multiple arc*, or "parallel," *i.e.*, if each were supplied by a branch from the main wire, the total resistance of the system would be lessened, as each branch means an additional path for the current, and a correspondingly low E. M. F. would suffice. But in this latter case each division of the current would have to carry enough Ampéres for a lamp, and the main wires would consequently have to transmit this number of Ampéres, multiplied by the number of lamps, and would have to be very thick and expensive. By the Brush system a comparatively thin wire may be employed.

The Brush dynamo has many constructive peculiarities which fit it for producing currents of high E. M. F., and which make it a very effective electric generator. The system also comprises an Arc-lamp invented by Mr. Brush, an Incandescence Lamp invented by Mr. Lane Fox, and a secondary battery invented by Mr. Brush. As yet, most of the Brush installations have been carried out by Arc lights, but owing partly to the "series" arrangement by which any irregularity in one lamp is apt to affect all the others, and partly to the details of the Brush lamps, the light yielded is marked by much flickering, and it is moreover of the bluish tints observable with currents of high E. M. F.

II.—THE EDISON SYSTEM.

This is exclusively an Incandescence lamp system, and is distinguished by having a dynamo and circuit of very low resistance, with lamps of very high resistance. The armature of the dynamo is furnished with copper bars instead of wires, and the supply mains are

also bars. The work done by the current is therefore almost all effected in the lamps themselves: *i.e.*, very little idle work is done. And as the lamps are all arranged in multiple arc, any number (within the limits of the dynamo-power employed) can be turned on or off without affecting the rest to any practical extent. The system is of a very complete and scientific character, and, given the requisite plant, it is unquestionably efficient and economical. But, to properly apply it, a very costly provision of engines, dynamos, main circuits, etc. has to be made, and the lamps themselves, as hitherto seen in England, seem to be worked at an unduly low degree of brilliancy.

III.—THE FAURE-SELLON-VOLCKMAR SYSTEM.

Secondary batteries alone constitute this system, which therefore does not include any provision for the supply of electricity. The cells require to be charged by dynamos, primary batteries, or thermopiles, and their efficiency consists first in their "storage capacity," *i.e.*, in the amount of lead-oxidation they are capable of supporting, and, secondly, in the lowness of their internal resistance, which enables a high proportion of their electric energy to be utilised for outside work. The Faure-Sellon-Volckman accumulators are among the best in the market, but they are necessarily only adjuncts of other electric systems.

IV.—THE HOLMES-EMMENS SYSTEM.

This system is the only development of primary batteries that has hitherto been put to the test of continuous employment on a commercial scale. It is therefore without competitors in its own line. It comprises the Oxydone batteries of which mention is made in the preceding paper, and, also "Trichrome," "Bisulphate," and "Signal" batteries for special work, such as table lamps, the lighting of ornaments, and places where access to the outside atmosphere is difficult, bells, telephones, telegraphs, fire and burglar alarms, and the like. The batteries may be and are used with Swan, Edison, and other Incandescence lamps, including the Emmens double-filament lamp, which has the advantage of allowing its light to be increased or diminished without change of colour, and is also of longer duration than single-filament lamps. Arc-lighting may in addition be carried out by means of the Holmes-Emmens Oxydone Batteries. The system embraces a complete series of apparatus and methods for utilising the chemical products of the batteries.

V.—THE JABLOCHKOFF SYSTEM.

This is composed solely of an Arc lamp, the construction of which renders all regulating mechanism unnecessary. The carbon rods instead of being placed end to end and fed forward as they are consumed, are placed side by side, so that their ends are always at the same distance apart. As, however, the carbons burn unequally if an electric current continues to flow in the same direction, it is necessary in working the Jablochkoff "candles" as they are called, to make the current flow alternately from one to the other of the two carbon rods. Any dynamo can be arranged so as to give an "alternating" current, and therefore the Jablochkoff system can be worked as an adjunct of any other. The "candles" are of comparatively low illuminating power, and are successfully employed for interior as well as exterior lighting. In the opinion of many electricians they will outlive and supersede all the Arc lamps hitherto invented.

VI.—THE SWAN SYSTEM.

Just as the Jablochkoff system consists solely of an Arc light, so the Swan system consists solely of an Incandescence lamp. The Swan lamps are decidedly the best in the market as regards excellence of manufacture, and they have no superiors with respect to the amount of light yielded by any given electric energy. They are made of any desired resistance or candle-power, and can be worked with any dynamo, thermopile, primary battery, or accumulator.

VII.—THE SIEMENS SYSTEM.

This system comprises two very efficient dynamos, both of which are used for lighting purposes, and one of which forms a very good electro-motor. It also embraces a fairly good Arc lamp. The dynamos are used with all kinds of Incandescence and Arc lamps, and for charging all kinds of secondary batteries.

NOTE.—It will be observed that all the so-called electric "systems" mainly refer to generators and lamps. The practical details of circuits (whether "series" or "parallel"), branches, fittings, switches, etc., are common ground, and form the general province of the electric engineer, who has to study how best to adapt the parts of any given installation to the requirements of the particular case.

SPECIFICATIONS AND ESTIMATES

Received from various Electric Companies for an Incandescence lamp installation at a certain mercantile office in the City of London.

I.—From the Edison Electric Light Company, (Limited,) 74, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

Engine.—2 h-p nominal "Otto" Gas Engine, with water-vessel and extra fly-wheel.

Countershaft.—4 feet of 2 inch B.B. shafting, with pulleys on A frames.

Belting.—30 feet 3 inch leather belting.

Dynamos.—To be one of the Company's E Dynamos, capable of sustaining 15 lamps of 16-candle power (actual) at a speed of 2,000 revolutions per minute.

Cable.—As required for the installation.

Wiring.—To be done throughout with best double-insulated copper wire, protected by wooden mouldings, having safety catches inserted in all main and branch circuits.

Switches.—To be placed where required for controlling groups of lamps.

Fixtures.—12 attachments for existing gas brackets.

Sockets.—12 polished brass.

Lamps.—12 of 16-candles (actual).

The whole to be fitted up in good working order (exclusive of foundations, if required, and of all builder's work) for the sum of two hundred and forty-four pounds sterling (£244), payable—cash upon completion of the installation.

II.—From the Swan United Electric Light Company, (Limited,) 9, St. Mildred's Court, London, E.C.

Terms of Payment—Cash on completion.

	£	s.	d.
Supplying 1 ½ h-p Crossley's Gas Engine and Dynamo complete	125	0	0
Electric light leads	2	7	0
Switches and lead cut-outs	1	17	0
7 plain and 5 ornamental brackets and globes	6	0	0
12 Swan 20-candle lamps and holders	3	12	0
Fixing the above with all necessary foundations for the engine, gas connections, etc., running leads and casing them where necessary, and mounting brackets, the whole to be left in proper working order	50	13	6
	£189	9	0

III.—From the Metropolitan Electric Light and Power Company, (Limited,) 110, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

	£	s.	d.
1 "A" Dynamo Electric Machine	50	0	0
1 Speed indicator and bracket	6	0	0
25 Incandescent lamps	6	5	0
25 holders for ditto	1	5	0
Wall switches, safety fuses, and sundry small fittings	7	10	0
*Main insulated cable, per yard, 1s. 6d.			
*Branch ditto ditto 4d.			
1 2-h-p nominal "Otto" Silent Gas engine, with water-vessel	138	0	0
	£209	0	0

EXTRAS.

* Cable according to length required, packing, carriage, fixing, erecting, and starting, and instructions in use of machine and lamps.

Foundations for dynamo and engine (if any).

Connections and fixing engines.

IV.—From the London and Provincial Electric Lighting and Power Generating Company, (Limited,) 21, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

	£	s.	d.
1 "Otto" Silent Gas Engine, 1 nominal h-p, 2.26 indicated h-p	100	0	0
1 "M" Gramme Dynamo	45	0	0
12 Incandescence lamps, to burn 1,000 hours each	3	0	0
Main Cable, according to quality, and three lengths from offices to basement—say 100 yards at 1s.	5	0	0
Branch cable to connect lamps with main cable—say 50 yards at 6d.	1	5	0
1 main switch	1	10	0
12 small switches at 2s. 6d. each	1	10	0
Labour, including erecting and fitting everything	5	0	0
Wall brackets extra, from 10s. and upwards, according to design			
	£162	5	0

V.—From the Economic Electric Company, (Limited,) 9, Soho Square, London, W.

	£	s.	d.
A complete 20-lamp Holmes-Emmens Oxydone Battery installation, comprising battery, lamps, wires, and all requisite fittings delivered in London - - -	69	0	0
Fixing and starting - - - - - - - - -	5	0	0
	£74	0	0

Terms—One fourth cash with order, and the balance on completion.

Comparison of the Preceding Estimates.

System.	No. of lamps.	Total cost.			Cost per lamp		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Holmes-Emmens	20	74	0	0	3	14	0
Brush	25	209	0	0	8	7	2
Gramme	12	162	5	0	13	10	5
Swan	12	189	9	0	15	15	9½
Edison	12	244	0	0	20	6	8

Some Poetry of To-Day.

VII.—LORD OF THE SOIL.

From citadels of sylvan heights,
  Despising mankind's harvest toil,
Upon the land the crow alights,
  A very owner of the soil.
As walked the farming squire of eld,
  When farming yielded wealth enow,
With hands beneath his coat-tails held:
  Thus lordly walks the straight-tailed crow.

In palaces that earliest catch
  The herald shafts of earliest morn,
His ancient race keeps noisy watch,
  Whilst fallows change to lands of corn:
Whilst budding April weeping turns,
  From March's kiss as from a blow,
With tender passions throbs and yearns,
  The bosom of the high-born crow.

Without the pale of towered woods,
  No corvine weakness he betrays:
Beyond the procreant time of buds,
  No tender dalliance him delays;
But in his sable grandeur dressed,
  Whilst seasons into seasons flow,
Of magisterial mien possessed,
  Stalks o'er the land the solemn crow.

He stately treads his worm preserves,
In rough red glebe, or pasture green;
An owner proud, who never swerves
From sovereign dignity of mien.
Sometimes he steps with solemn gait,
Behind the churl that guides the plough;
Horse, man, and plough but grace his state,
Who owns the soil—the landed crow!

What matters though the tiller fail
To profit by the fecund mould,
Or, wielding the transmuter's flail,
To hoard a tithe of summer's gold!
The mould-warp turns the soil for him,
Let farmer come, let farmer go,
The urchin guards the woodlands dim
Of that conservative, the crow.

O'Donovan Rossa.

THOUGH unenviable notoriety has alighted on the shoulders of O'Donovan Rossa, very little is popularly known respecting his earlier life and antecedents, and what is generally known or circulated regarding him is grossly inaccurate.

Fifty-four years ago he saw the light in the little village of Rosscarberry, a fishing hamlet in the south-western portion of the County of Cork. His father was a country weaver in poor circumstances, and young "Jerry" was the youngest of a numerous family. The famine years of 1847 scatted them, as it did many another Irish family, The father died and the bulk of the family then emigrated, leaving the future projector of the "dynamite policy" at the age of sixteen all but alone in the world. He was just of an age to realise the horrors of the famine, and according to his own account it was this early experience, that stamped in his soul a burning consciousness of his country's sufferings. Some how or other he managed to struggle through the "bad times" as they were called; shortly afterwards he directed his footsteps to the next town—Skibbereen, where he first got employment as an assistant in a dry goods store, and afterwards set up in business for himself. He once boasted in the Dublin Criminal Courts, when on trial for his life, that he was a rebel since he was born, and it looks like it. He was hardly located amongst his new townsmen, when he commenced to hatch a conspiracy on his own account. He established what he called the "Hibernian Reading Room;" in reality it was a school for the fostering of revolutionary principles. No distinct object was in view. Poles, Greeks and Irishmen, came in for about an equal share of sympathy, The matter, however, came before the attention of the authorities and, though little beyond mere smoke in a Petty Session Court came of the matter, it served Rossa's purpose. It pushed him into notoriety, and this notoriety brought him in contact with the celebrated James Stephens.

This was in 1858, fully five years before the Fenian agitation came

into existence. Stephens and O'Mahony had been refugees in Paris since 1848, but now once more ventured on the dangerous paths of Irish revolution. O'Mahony started for America, Stephens for Ireland, and the first man he sought out was the Skibbereen shopkeeper, who had already acquired some notoriety through the resistance he offered to the "little tyrants of his field,"—policemen and magistrates especially.

Rossa was proud of this distinction, and jumped at Stephen's proposals at once. In a few months he had inoculated most of the young men in the town and surrounding district with the new doctrines. Within a year the "Phœnix Society," as it was called, had fast hold of the South of Ireland. The authorities got alarmed, the ringleaders were arrested—Rossa among them, but after a few months imprisonment they were released, it being deemed more prudent to thus treat with contempt what was regarded as a boyish affair. The Government evidently little knew that Stephens was in the back ground, nor had they the slightest conception of the character they had to deal with in Rossa. Up to this, he was known as Jeremiah Donovan, and is so described in the charge sheet of the Cork Assizes of March, 1859 but, after release from prison, he modestly assumed that his martyrdom deserved some mark of distinction by way of recompense, and accordingly he assume the patronymic "Rossa," from Rosscarberry his native village. He had the name painted in Celtic characters over his shop door, and in the window displayed guns, and bayonets to "inspire the populace with a warlike feeling." There was no Arms Act then and Rossa knew that he was acting strictly within the law. Emboldened by immunity he employed a shop-assistant on market days to clean the old muskets and bayonets before the shop door, to the gaping delight of the simple rustics who had never before in their lives seen a musket, except in the hands of soldiers and policemen. They actually believed that no one else but these was priveleged to keep such weapons, and it was to dispel this illusion that Rossa had recourse to these tactics. His over zealous deputy, however, overstepped matters, when he practically showed his andience how these articles could be used with effect in actual warfare,—with malicious zest and suggestive mimic prods hinting what havoc they would cause on the body of the big burly policeman looking on, pacing up and down on the flags outside and casting a suspicious eye on the whole performance. Again Rossa fell foul of the local magistrates. Through the mediation of McCarthy Downing,

afterwards M.P. for the county, however, the matter was compromised. He gave up the obnoxious weapons and once more returned into shop-keeping life.

Not into obscurity, however. We next hear of him towards the close of 1863, when he appears on the scene as manager of the "Irish People" newspaper in Dublin, the official organ of the Fenian organisation. He sold up his business in Skibbereen, and now devoted all his energies to the work of revolution.

His was the most aggressive turbulent spirit in the whole party. On the newspaper itself he was factotum. Nominally he was book-keeper, but in reality he was chief of the whole concern. Luby and O'Leary, gentlemen by birth, instinct and education never mixed with the revolutionary masses. They were only theorotic revolutionists; Rossa a practical one. They could write about war, freedom, liberty, slavery and oppression, in the purest Saxon prose; Kukham, also on the staff, wrote poetry and poetic prose that rivalled the genius of the old '48 school, but neither the one nor the other could raise a barricade, blow up a barrack, lead a squadron, or indeed in anything stood in contact with the masses. England had little to fear from such conspirators. But Rossa was a man of a different mould. About 5ft. 6in. in height, of square thick-set limbs, and half rowdy, half jaunty appearance, he was the very embodiment of action. At a pinch he could dash off an article that "went down" with the class for which it was intended; none was keener than he in looking after a paper contract for the journal, or closely checking the petty wages and expenses. At night cudgel in hand, he would be seen at the head of a gang of roughs breaking up an obnoxious "constitutional meeting." On the race course or on the pattern green he was the picture of rustic gaiety, treating the "boys," and "swearing" them in. He was the most trusty messenger to send to America with despatches; and occasionally came across to Liverpool, Manchester and London to attend important conferences. In a word, he was to the Fenian organisation of that day what Sheridan of the present time is reputed to be as regards the "outrage-mongers,"—"going about the country, here, there, and everywhere." Rossa in those days was "No. 1;" next to James Stephens himself, the most dangerous enemy of English rule in Ireland.

And yet midst all his sinister machinations he found time for love courtship, and marriage. Rossa has been three times married. His first two wives were above his station in life, and with one of

them he acquired most of the property he possessed. Female contributors to Irish revolutionary journals have always figured in Irish politics; such was "Eva," "Speranza," (Lady Wilde, mother of Oscar Wilde,) "Mary," and several others to the "Nation" newspaper of the Young Ireland party of '48, and among a less prominent sisterhood of *literati* in the Fenian movement of 1865 such was Molly Irwin, "the poetess of the south." She was the daughter of a shopkeeper at Clonakilty, a small town near Rossa's birthplace; but it was through her contributions to the "Irish People" that Rossa first made her acquaintance, and through this acquaintance he made her his wife. An incident connected with the marriage will show the resoluteness of his character. A middle aged man with six children, and of doubtful occupation, did not appear to old Mr. Irwin to be a suitable husband for a tender girl of nineteen. A temporary prohibition was put on all espitolatory intercourse, but like Othello's appeal to Brabantio and the Senators, Rossa referred the old man to the daughter, and she—the blushing, convent-reared girl of eighteen —like another Desdemona, owned to a double allegiance. She had given her heart to the burly revolutionist; so parental assent to the marriage perforce reluctantly followed. There was a tougher obstacle to be overcome. The Fenians were banned by the Catholic Church, mainly through the influence of Cardinal Cullen; Rossa could not get a marriage licence. The local priest at Clonakilty would not perform the ceremony, nor could any other clergyman be got to tie the knot. With Cromwellian brusqueness Rossa voted a plague on all such ceremonies. For decency's sake he would go through the the marriage ceremony, but if churchmen declined—well, it was no fault of his—he would dispense with it. Worthy Father Leader, the parish priest, never anticipated obstruction of this kind. What! a convent-reared girl to run away with a blackguard from Dublin, and belie the whole teaching of her life? Yes, she was quite willing to live with him for better or worse without further ceremony. Rossa just gave him an hour to deliberate. The train would start within that time, and with him, married or unmarried, would go Miss Irwin. A summary dispensation had to be given, and Rossa for the third time became a respectable married man.

It cannot be said that he has been positively unkind to this simple trusting girl, but he has sadly neglected her, poor soul! She is the very antithesis of his nature, a woman every inch of her. The sacrifices she has made for that man! Her letters to him in prison

during the weary years of her maiden widowhood are full of pitiful tenderness. The brute, perhaps in his coarse way unable to appreciate such consuming love, construing her plaintive wails into matrimonial regrets, bluntly told her if she regretted aught she was free to marry again, and he, even if ever released, would never trouble her. During all this time she actually supported his children. She went to America, tried her hand at literary work, and failed. She then lectured and gave readings, and her success was better. In this latter capacity she visited most of the towns in the United Kingdom, and such was her industry and perseverance that at the time of her husband's release she actually had a thousand dollars put by wherewith to re-commence the world. Poor thing! she knows best how her conjugal affection and unexampled self-sacrifice have been requited. The last time I heard of her—some years after—she was at home on a visit to her father, partly to recruit her health, and the hat was going round to pay her way back. Alone in the world, the poor girl supported his six children, kept them at school—one of them on the Continent—and saved besides something to set her husband up in the world when a free man. This great patriot was so consumed with love of country that he had none left for his little wife. He paid her back by subjecting her to the indignity of begging. This is what Berkeley would call "scurvy patriotism."

In the dock Rossa's conduct was such as might have been expected. All the Fenian prisoners were chivalrously and ably defended by the late Isaac Butt, M.P., but Rossa would have nothing to do with judge, jury, or counsel. He bullied them all, and despised them all. Nor was he altogether unsuccessful. Nothing could be more effective than the bitter, ribbald taunts he hurled at Judge Keogh. Keogh himself was a '48 man, and his after connection with the Sadler faction was notorious. Of this circumstance Rossa made unsparing use, quoting passage after passage from the judge's earlier speeches to show the shameful apostacy of the political renegade who was now to try him. He actually tried to break down the machinery of the law, by pursuing this line of defence *ad infinitum*. For three days the judges bore with it, but when six o'clock on the third day arrived, and the prisoner asked for an adjournment, the reply was, "No, the Court would sit all night." Rossa, who had read and spoken for eleven consecutive hours, saw the game was up. That night found him in a felon's cell.

Though he himself has written a goodly egotistical volume on the

subject, it is difficult to estimate truly the story of his prison life. There are two versions. From Mountjoy to Pentonville, from Pentonville to Portland, from Portland to Millbank, and from Millbank to Chatham he was sent, and in one and all these places he was treated with exceptional severity. He himself says that he went to prison with the best possible disposition, determined to make the best of a bad matter, but that the prison officials were prejudiced against him, and acted accordingly. It is possible that Rossa's fame as a bully might have penetrated even through bars and keys, and it looks as if it had. At any rate it was war to the knife between him and the officials wherever he was sent. Prison after prison was changed to no effect. His bad character preceded him. Rossa fought the turnkeys, insulted the governors, despised the chaplains, set rules and regulations at defiance, and one and all in turn retaliated. But though the provocation was great, the punishment visited on him cannot be justified. One of the sentences, at least, is a specimen of unmitigated and unexampled barbarity. For thirty-five days he was kept manacled, with his hands behind his back, in a dark cell, on the bare flags, and all this time had to take his food like a dog. How reason remained intact during all this time is a miracle. The question is, did it? Can Rossa's wild conduct since be ascribed to a burning sense of personal wrong? Are the English people to suffer through the irresponsible acts of vindictive officials? Is a double wrong to be visited on Ireland, holding her responsible for the acts of an Irishman urged to madness by the wrong-doing of Englishmen? It is no vindication of Rossa, nor in the slightest degree is it a palliative. But facts are facts and these are the facts, as stated in the report of the Devon Commission. Whatever the influence his prison treatment may have had on the inception of his diabolical creed, certain it is that it shaped his course after landing in America. With the exception of Devoy and Davitt, all the other released prisoners settled into private life. Not so Rossa. Revenge is sweet: henceforward his life was consecrated to revenge on England. He did not all at once adopt the dynamite policy. At first he was content with vague threats, but in all these vagaries he continually harped on one theme—the lesson of the "Clerkenwell explosion." A famous statesman had declared that this incident paved the way for the Irish Church Act and the Irish Land Act of 1880; "and if," argued Rossa, "a few pounds of gunpowder can be made to accomplish what years of political agitation

and three unsuccessful revolutions failed to do, what would not like operations on a larger scale accomplish? As for the barbarity of it, less life would be lost than in actual warfare. As to morality, it was as moral as England's conduct in scalping North American Indians, or in blowing Sepoys from the cannon's mouth. Make the Union a dear partnership for England, and she was bound to let Ireland go." So argued Rossa and so preached he to his countrymen through the pages of the Dublin "Irishman," the "Irish World," and afterwards in his own paper, the "United Irishman."

How any sane men, not to say patriotic Irishmen, came to supply him with funds, is a mystery. He never very clearly unfolded his plans; many of the subscribers thought he only meant bluster, and as they did not mind giving John Bull a scare, sent a dollar or two for the fun of it. Undoubtedly some fanatics drank deep of his inspirations. Without fanatics there would never have been Mahommedans or Mormans, and it was these poor and misguided fanatics who risked their lives in attempting to blow up the Liverpool Town Hall and other places, whilst the big braggart Rossa was safely housed brawling and carousing in New York taverns.

Most of the money that he got he squandered. To show some results, he took credit for all imaginable sorts of disasters that occurred from time to time in England, but in reality he had nothing whatever to do with any, save one or two of the earlier outrages. In consequence of proved defalcations, the funds were taken from him, and a new organisation was formed by Crowe, of Pretoria, and others, and it is with this second dymanite organisation that the authorities have now to deal. It is more formidable than the first. There was more bluster than real harm in Rossa, but the late outrage in London, the establishment of the "Invincibles" in Dublin, and the deeply planned murders perpetrated within the last two years in Ireland, show the ramifications of the present dymanite faction to be extensive, and its purpose to be dogged and stern.

What hold has it on the political sympathies of Irishmen? is a question that might fairly be asked. None whatever! The Irishman is nothing if not chivalrous. In the height of the Fenian troubles, even the "Daily Telegraph" acknowledged them to be a "Nation of Gentlemen." Thousands of Irishmen are willing to fight England, but only by the time-honoured medium of the sword. Not a single prominent man of the old Fenian organisation countenances the dynamite faction; on the contrary. Luby, O'Leary and

Stephens have written strongly condeming it. No Irishman, caring one straw for his country, would sanction such a fatuous, criminal, degrading policy. The men that support it, and promulgate it, are men of the Rossa stamp—egotists and bar-room brawlers, who, in any other country in the world, would never have risen above village politics. They are not representative Irishmen in any sense and, though they do harm, greater harm still would be done by England, if she held Ireland or Irishmen generally responsible for their irresponsible deeds. Who is Rossa, the Skibbereen grocer—that he should speak and act for Ireland? Who is Sheridan? I remember him in the early days of the Land League, when it opened its first little office in Abbey Street. A loutish, lazy Micawber; with unshaven face, faded coat, dilapidated sinister appearance, doing porter's work about the premises for a miserable stipend, whilst his wife and little ones—how like the conduct of Rossa—were away in Tubbercurry, working hard for a living. And this man dares to speak and act in the name of Ireland. And his sins and the sins of the Rossas and the Crowes are to be visited on Ireland. I should despair of my country's future if her fate depended on such as these. But it does not. They represent few save themselves. They are the foul offspring of misrule and, with the disappearance of misrule, they will vanish. They may taint the honour of Ireland, but will not permanently tarnish it. Irishmen, worthy of the name, disown such men and silently, if not openly, deplore and condemn their actions.

Sully Prudhomme.

(*Concluded from page* 471.)

THE contents of his first volume, entitled "Stanzas and Poems," indited during 1865 and 1866, may be summed up in four words: Doubt, Love, Despondency and Ambition. These words represent four successive moods: the talent of poetry, the care of humanity pervades them all, yet it cannot give them the nobleness they lack in themselves. What is the doubt he paints, if not the doubt of an unripe, anticipating mind, a transitory collapse of the soul, as much like Faust's despair as a childish grief is like a man's sorrow. What is this love, if not a flimsy outflowing, without solidity, made up of sighs and cravings, void of pride and perseverance, a passion without gall, the unhappy termination of which leaves on the lips a mere smack of bitterness, and the fibre of the heart as loose as when it opened itself to that torment. Despondency he pictures, but what despondency!—that of Chatterton, who plots suicide and sometimes executes it, because he does not harbour in the inmost recesses of his vitality the strength of believing that real sorrow is no courtier of death, but establishes on self-respect the duty of living. His ambition at that early period is the shadowy flightiness of a dreamer, the ambition of an indolent wisher for better worlds, who does not know how to become his own task-master, and complains of the unfitness of things instead of laying his energy on to their improvement. Such sentiments, the weeds and unthinned crop of a young consciousness, such poetry, saved from insipidity mainly by its confiding spontaneousness, were a slight foundation whereupon to build a genuine reputation. Sully Prudhomme's merit is as yet limited to being a meditative and fretful Lamartine, bereft of breadth of imagination and firmness of belief. Fortunately the taker of these first unsteady steps did not stop there. A profound

sense of human dignity was gradually fostered in his breast, and drew him away from the clutches of enervating self-contemplation and the dimness of negatives. The somewhat clumsy birth of his first productions did not bring on sterility. Little by little his talent, of a prying and restless nature even when at its best, his poetical utterance, sad and soft at all times, as if undermined by some wasting disease, becomes firm and clear. Like a peak coming out from behind the clouds, his manliness takes a definite shape, gives body and vigour to his song: his thought, more and more energetic and imposing, imparts to his inspiration a severe and uniform gait: it teaches the muse to combine with finished elegance of delivery the philosophic meaning of the discourse. He calls then for slow readers, for his full and laconic stanza owes its brilliancy much more to the shine of the ideas than to the flame of the imagination.

On opening the second volume we find another address to the reader, an address which is a distinct improvement on that prefixed to the first volume. It breathes force of character; after reading it one expects something active, fresh, positive. What is our disappointment when on turning over the page we are confronted by a title: "Les Epreuves," subdivided into four books under the headings of Love, Doubt, Dream, Action. What is this? A relapse? Quite so, a relapse worse than the ailment; the poet penetrates far deeper into his secret workings, the process of illness consumes morbid germs of a more intimate nature, the hour can be already foreseen when it will reach the innermost seat of life and induce a definite crisis between well-being and unhealthiness. As for the sickness now on show, its course is a well-known one and its symptoms are plain enough. They follow one another in the wonted order.

An unsmooth love throws the mental machine out of gear: disorder begets doubt. Then the weary soul turns from its struggles to the still contemplation of nature; and this is the dream, from which it emerges at last with a mind restored to order and braced up for action by the monotony of its rest.

Love first: avenging the heart with petty annoyances, piercing it with pin-thrusts till the long-suffering victim, ignoring the strength of his mettle, believes himself to be but at the very spring of life, and strikes up a death-march on his lute. But it is not death, it is doubt that becomes his next master; it sits astride on his brain, fanning into a conflict where broader issues are at stake, the strife

kindled by the ferment of love. The yet undeveloped intelligence, which fain would measure the Universe with the odd bits of string its presumption can lay hold of and proceeds straightway to weigh God in scales of its own clumsy contrivance, finds of course both wanting: the Universe being obviously badly adjusted, and God under weight. Such anxious work cannot but be a little emotional; a very praiseworthy sense of deception creeps over the investigator at finding his work so easy. Indeed, when one has, by a stroke of genius becoming very common in our days, solved Archimedes' problem, lifted the world out of its hinges, and made, as it were, the Divinity tremble on his throne, it is becoming to look dolefully at one's own handiwork. After such destructive labours, to dream in nature's still fold is a welcome fillip: surely one should not for ever moan over the perversity of womankind, one should not deplore for ever the universal deformity and the divine imperfections. After all, since such things as forests and fountains do exist, since a poet can still muster a few friends on earth, since he has an ear for the voices of solitude, why should not our sensitive Hercules take now to dreaming? Accordingly be becomes a quietist for a while. But this is the third stage of his complaint. The hour of recovery is striking; with health returning on the wings of dream, action in its turn becomes desirable. The cured poet girds his loins, winds up with an ode or two the elegies he has penned, and looks as if he was prepared to stand up to any foe.

Henceforth, in his book of "Les Solitudes," and that of "Vaines Tendresses," Sully Prudhomme indulges no more in lengthened attacks of low spirits and acute collapses of the moral energies. Nothing remains of his earlier weakliness but a tone of gravity, of earnest warmth and tender compassion. The lesson of experience leaves him a wiser, a stronger, yet a sad man, because irresolution is at the bottom of his nature. His life, glowing between different lights, remains full of shadows; undecided as to which he will turn to, he dallies in the midst of them all, and unable to trace back their several beams to the one luminary from which they are descended, he strikes out a steerless path that is bathed in many rays, but leads to no sun. The clever artist, the true poet, the learned scholar, the philosopher, the philanthropic thinker, shine in the increasing brilliancy of this period. The traveller becomes the author of "Italian Sketches;" the patriot jots down "War Impressions," and makes several sonnets on the "Regeneration of France."

To the artist justice shall be done forthwith by quoting the sonnet he addressed to Ronsard in his third volume :—

O maître des charmeurs de l' oreille, ô Ronsard,
J' admire tes vieux vers, et comment ton génie,
Aux lois d' un juste sens et d'une ample harmonie
Sait dans le jeu des mots asservir le hasard.

Mais plus que ton beau verbe et plus que ton grand art,
J' aime ta passion d' antique poésie,
Et cette téméraire et sainte fantaisie
D'être un nouvel Orphée aux hommes nés trop tard.

Ah ! depuis que les cieux, les champs, les bois et l'onde
N'avaient plus d'âme, un deuil assombrissait le monde,
Car le monde sans lyre est comme inhabité!

Tu viens, tu ressaisis la lyre, tu l' accordes,
Et, fier, tu rajeunis la gloire des sept cordes,
Et tu refais aux dieux une immortalité.

"The true poet," relates an admirer of his, "whom we began to love as the author of the 'Vase Brisé,' goes on unveiling his soul, whose susceptibility procures him more emotions than he ever could express." Everything he sees troubles and puzzles him, awakens an idea, a sympathy, which would strike no other. Stalactites become in his eyes petrified tears, funereal drops suspended without ever falling. He says to the evening stars, "You do not look happy," and the stars answer that they are lonely. He cherishes old houses, to which he attaches quite a flock of remembrances. Does he happen to see, when strolling out of doors, human footprints on the sand, he exclaims :

"Si chaque homme après soi laissait partout sa trace,
Quels bizarres circuits vous ferons sur ses pas."

If at sunset a shadow is thrown by some walking thing, he is struck at once with the notion that man is but a strip of breathing darkness :

" Ce n'est qu'une ombre d'ange et l'ange n'est lui'-même
Qu'un des derniers reflets tombés du front suprême,
Et voilà comme l'homme est l'image de Dieu."

Does he recollect the school in which he suffered, he is mindful only of these gentle children, who, during the games, haunt the corners of the playground. For these, childhood is bitter, their comrades treat them as aristocratic weaklings, because they keep their hands clean. Mothers, guilty mothers, what bids you tarry afar from your forlorn little ones ?

" Ou leur a donné les chemises,
Les couvertures qu'il leur faut ;
D'autres que vous les auraient mises :
Elles ne leur tiennent pas chaud,"

Yet mothers are not always merciless, this exclamation to wit:

"O mère, unique Danaïde
Dont le zèle soit sans déclin
Et qui, sans maudire le vide,
Y penche un grand coeur toujours plein."

The traveller, the tasteful bard of Italian scenes, dwells occasionally on feminine beauty, with grace, though not without a touch of modern squeamishness. One day, on a railway journey, a young girl happens to be seated next to him. She has fallen asleep, her hands hang loosely over the elbow of the stall, a hand aged sixteen, slightly overshadowed by her cuff, and overrun by a small blue vein. He forthwith imagines that this hand must be true, and forever faithful to the clasp once given. In the meanwhile the gasping engine is slackening its pace. "Vichy, cinq minutes d' arrêt," shout the officials, as the train thunders in along the platform. The carriage doors are flung open. Alas, his lovely neighbour is led away by an unsympathising mother:

"Cette enfant qu'on autre eut suivie,
Je me la laissais enlever ....
Un voyage .... telle est vie
Pour ceux qui n'osent rêver."

The patriot, in the palmy days of peace, bore his country an indifferent love, but no sooner have the Prussian Eagles cast their shadow on French soil, than he takes his share of his country's woe. He does not only picture it intensely in his imagination, he claims his place in the ranks as a French soldier, for the connection between the "patrie" and its people, is like some kind of marriage bond, contracted in ages gone by:

"De là vient qu'elle est sainte et cruellement chère
Et que s'il y pénétré une armée étrangère
Cétte vivante injure aux entrailles nous mord,"

The learned scholar takes an interest in the facts of astronomy, in the history of language, in human labour of every description: the blacksmith's shop, the photographer's studio, the telegraph office engross his attention. He provides the philosopher with stores of comparative knowledge and scientific data, he lends to the humanitarian an eye trained to observe and a hand used to experimental methods. The discoveries of the one help to fill the treasury of the two others. The lights of the first, the depth of the next, the philanthropy of the last are welded to form an individuality full of knowledge, mysteriousness, and compassion; a fellowship in which science

illuminates philosophy, philosophy sobers science, and philanthropy compels both to acknowledge the dignity of man, pressing them all along into its service. The thinker encompasses them all like a subtle element, giving motive force to their efforts. His unwearying labours are the secret of their fertility; they receive aim and direction from him; his breath nourishes their manifold workings. Sully Prudhomme describes capitally this crowning capacity of the thinker harboured in his breast. He tells us how in mighty arms he wraps the entire circle of human acquaintance, the entire range of possible perceptions, what inroads his dauntless spirit makes in the adjoining realms of the Unknown and the Infinite, how his unruly temper blows at times like a hurricane through the mental atmosphere, throwing in wild confusion the landmarks of the mind, and how at other times, dispelling the clouds that crush the horizon, he spreads above it new skies of such deepened hue and clearer transparency that God Himself appears with a new face in their midst.

The wear and tear undergone by the soul in these exhausting processes of growth is well set forth in the book of "Les Vaines Tendresses." Its title is a fit signboard of its contents; they are truly vain caresses, these little poems dwelling on a reminiscence from a happy past, a badly dissembled regret, an unfed hope, an aspiration beyond realisation, an unavailing revolt, a barren wish or an incurable doubt. Like Alfred de Musset, Sully is one of those whom the "Infinite" torments; he is divided against himself by an everlasting duel between an understanding open to the new doctrines and a heart which has cast its roots into the old ones. Some instinct lays down the dogmatic assertion that he is immortal and that God exists; reason with an insistance equally dogmatic, refutes it by claiming that it should be proved. He has the craving of implicit faith: he nurses a grudge against the scientists, the "analysers and sophists," as Musset calls them, who compel him to open to the chill glare of science eyes created for the soft shaded light of days of greater ignorance. The old creeds are disowned, but for a sweeping denial he cannot muster courage. Throughout the "Vaines Tendresses" lies an undercurrent of protests laid down in jottings against the setting in of the new era. Then the spirit of innovation takes the pen in its turn, and he establishes in a set poem his claim to laying out the Universe on a rationalistic plan.

Undertakings of this sort being in the main a more or less disguised attempt to rid one's self of spirituality, the necessity of justi-

fying and explaining the Moral Law, the existence of which cannot be talked away, hampers sadly the progress of otherwise most winsome theories. In the poem of "fates" the spirit of evil and the principle of righteousness are represented as alternately achieving against each other the conquest of the planet, and finally settling their dispute by sharing the empire. Nothing is good, nothing is bad, everything is rational; it is an armed truce, hardly a solution for a poet to rest in. Accordingly the immaterialistic spirit snatches up again its fallen sceptre, uttering also its set poem entitled "The Revolt of Flowers," a delightful composition, distinguished by a profound insight into the part acted by Beauty in the economy of the human mind.

Before we bring forward the capital works of Sully Prudhomme, we wish to make two more citations. Here is an entreaty, which it must have been difficult to withstand:—

Ah! si vous saviez comme on pleure
De vivre seul et sans foyers,
Quelquefois devant ma demeure
Vous passeriez.

Si vous saviez ce que fait naître
Daus l' âme triste un pur regard,
Vous regarderiez ma fenêtre
Comme au hasard.

Si vous saviez quel baume apporte
Au coeur la présence d'un coeur,
Vous vous assoiriez sous ma porte
Comme une soeur.

Si vous saviez que je vous aime,
Surtout si vous saviez comment,
Vous entreriez peut-être même
Tout simplement.

The forthcoming sonnet has come to vie with the "Vase Brisé" in popularity:—

LA COUPE.

Dans les verres épais du cabaret brutal,
Le vin bleu coule à flots et sans trêve á la ronde;
Dans les calices fins plus rarement abonde
Un vin dont la clarté soit digne du cristal.

Enfin la coupe d'or du haut d'un piédestal
Attend, vide toujours, bien que large et profonde,
Un cru dont la noblesse à la sienne réponde:
On tremble d'en souiller l'ouvrage et le métal.

Plus le vase est grossier de forme et de matière,
Mieux il trouve à combler sa contenance entière,
Aux plus beaux seulement il n'est pas de liqueur.

Cést ainsi le plus on vaut, plus fièrement on aime,
Et qui rêve pour soi la pureté suprême
D'aucun terrestre amour ne daigne emplir son coeur.

We wrote somewhere in the foregoing lines, and more than once, we believe, that after a period of groping and stumbling, Sully Prudhomme throws off the shackles of precociousness, grounding his judgments on convictions of greater solidity, and deriving poetic inspiration from passions of steadier flow. We were speaking the truth, but perchance did we speak it too early, before it was fully borne out by facts, for it is the fourth volume of Sully Prudhomme's works which established finally his right to the admiration of our time. We are coming at last to his poem, "La Justice," a philosophic conception evolved from the depths of intense thoughtfulness, and clad in an armour of poetry, so beautifully wrought, that it will certainly bear successfully the brunt of oblivion.

"La Justice" is a drama of the human mind, concerning issues purely intellectual and moral. The passions are not called directly into play. Life itself disappears in the back ground. The whole action hinges on the human brain merely as a thinking organ. None but this century could have been father to a work such as the one now before us. And that on the strength of a feature of his of striking originality, standing out boldly in a countenance of admitted dulness. Science, the promoter of our material well-being, has been thrust like a disturbing element in our spiritual life. Bitter flames of discord have sprung from it; it has certainly come to us as an additional force, but our faculties, unaccustomed to the wielding of such an agent, are no more up to their work; like an old plant put to fresh uses, they require some fitting up before they can get the whip-hand of their new servant. Bursting into their concert like a mighty untrained voice, it has set harmony to flight. "La Justice" is nothing but a narrative of the trials undergone by the mind in a particular case of the universal leavening process to which it is being submitted. Sully Prudhomme prepared himself for the writing of "La Justice," by translating the first book of Lucretius into French verse. He could not have chosen a better master. The Lucretius of Rome is in many respects the ancestor of the Sully Prudhomme of modern France. The former is perhaps richer in warmth and partisanship, in enthusiasm and vigour: so much the better for the latter, whom the conventionality of his day bounds to more lukewarmness of expression. This translation of the "De Rerum Natura" is remarkable in itself; it is still more so by the introduction that heads it. A French philosopher is seldom more than a logician. Sully Prudhomme, true to the national bent, does not indulge in

metaphysics, but his logic is first-rate. As for those debateable tracts of thought not yet invaded by the exact sciences on which the Germans rear their speculative systems, Sully Prudhomme gives them up to the fanciful buildings of his muse. He declines to make a choice between the different theories in repute, discarding impartially the materialistic and the idealistic view of the Universe, on the plea that humanity is yet too ignorant to come without bumptiousness to a decision on matters of such importance. What is more, he holds that mankind's concern should be about the settlement of points of the "moral order," and its aim to lay bare the foundations on which rest the uncontrovertible truths of the heart. How to strengthen the moral fibre of man; how to brace up against threatening enervation, and to uphold against the impact of inimical theories, the fundamental moral rectitude vouching alone for the progress of mankind, which neither philosophy can account for, nor scepticism quench. These are the points studied in "La Justice," with all the energy and attachment he can bestow upon them. Now of all moral entities dear to man, there is none whose worship was more anciently established, or is more wide-spread than that of Justice.

Justice! why it has been so much believed in, so well trusted, so many altars have been built for it, it has looked so beautiful in the light of so many speeches, it has inspired so much devotedness, so many oppressed ones have invoked it; it has become so precious and dear as the guardian of society, that till yesterday, whoever had disowned it, had been regarded as a madman or a criminal. But to-day we are no more the idealists we were.

We were glad once to see her striding in our midst like a goddess. We tried to be ruled by her; at present she shares the woes of crowned heads. Man picks up a quarrel with his guest, he threatens to take proceedings against her, nay, not against her alone; there are many other gods still lingering amongst us. It is time to look into the credentials of our time-honoured beliefs, some inquirers are even on the verge of finding bills against our virtues, of turning them out of our polity like French pretenders, as if their beauty was not enough marred, their kingly bearing enough bowed by the hands of vice and misery clinging to their robes.

Justice has been hauled down from her throne, she is being brought to the bar of science, the upstart queen of our century. A committee of scientific pedants is holding an inquest on her rights to the

citizenship of the world. She may be an impostor, they deem, established in our midst on false pretences. And how have we come to this? Because our age has set up a new principle, setting in abeyance, as it seems, the rule of Justice.

Led on by one of the greatest inquirers of this country, modern thought has applied throughout its domains a theory bred from the study of fossils, which revives the dead with much skill, but cribs the living by setting at naught the liberty of individuals. Ever since educated people have been talking of the struggles for existence, of natural selection, survival of the fittest, humiliation of the weak, heredity, the modes of life; propagation and extirpation represented by these words have been attributed to all things. It is not only actual beings cursed with real life, it is also ideas, philosophic entities, mental states, whose growth and decay are thus explained. Mankind, family, peoples, the organic and the inorganic world, phenomena, conceptions, truths, superstitions, everything exists by means of a struggle, everything betters itself by means of a selection, everything dies off for the advancement of the race, the species or the category. This permanent strife is the fount of an ever-renewed suffering in the sentient world. In the world of ideas it brings pain to their harbingers. Beasts suffer, man suffers more, giving on multiplication of each individual's suffering by the number of individuals and that of generations, an amount of suffering so appalling, so wanton on the face of it, that aghast souls question straightway the existence of Justice and the goodness of the Almighty.

In the scheme of the Universe contrived by Charles Darwin is there any room for the ideal? That is the question, and Sully Prudhomme puts it. They are over, the days of erotic minstrelsy, the moods of blank despair, childlike discords without issues! Now truly everything is at stake: on the verdict found depends unlimited consolidation or final disintegration.

He used to believe in the ideal, the ideal has done him good, has brought him joy, sprightliness. It was now proved that the ideal is but a fallacy, that it has no place of its own amongst the motives at work for the improvement of mankind!

The form of idol jeopardized most by the principle of a blind and merciless universal strife is undoubtedly Justice, whose instruments of sway are peace and good-will. Her case shall be a test-case. To doom her without further ado were too much felony, the poet loves her the kind, chaste, incorruptible goddess. Before casting her aside

like a found-out idol, the poet, alive to the legitimate claims of science, wishing also to preserve to mankind its truest friend, makes up his mind to hear the pleadings of science, then that of his conscience, with a view either to triumphantly reseat accused Justice, or to turn her shamefully from amongst men, according to the course of the debate. It will be a memorable debate: its originator is at once judge and party in the suit. Justice he cherishes as a sister; summing-up against her would be like dismissing an old master to welcome an intruder, who came to lay down the law when love that makes it acceptable had gone to another. But what is that higher mastering power that bids the poet arraign Justice before him, if it be not a prompting of justice herself turning against her own breast at last the the edge of the principle she had been teaching. Will it not be the triumph of Justice if she is disowned on her own showing of imposture, perhaps on insufficient evidence, however conclusive it may appear to the judge's appreciation. For there is the curse of all judgments: the craving after Justice is all-consuming, and the lights by which it is dealt are misleading. Under such conditions, the stoicism of the judge and his self-confidence are equally remarkable. Sully Prudhomme shows an abnegation worthy of special praise, as Justice is wont to appear to him under features akin to those of Christian Charity, an image betokening more clemency than rigour. In fact he seems to hold that the sword is no fair attribute of Justice, betraying thus a leaning towards a dim finding that she does not take it freely, but that the wielding of punishment is thrust upon her by the outcry of ignorance, vindictiveness and fear. The Judge is alive to pity; he cannot accept the scientific tenet that the enormous amount of suffering gone through by the beaten and eaten multitudes is a mere waste of human or animal energy: it cannot be an idle by-product of the operation of physical laws: it must bear some spiritual fruit. He weeps over the barrenness of such sacrifices, he seeks a cause for these superfluous hecatombs.

At last something warns him that suffering is the means of moral growth, that conscience, which beseeches us to do what is right and good is the surviving voice of the generations done out of the world, removing by their death some germs of weakness from within the race, and begging of us not to render vain their martyrdom by neglecting to make conducive to moral progress the conditions of life improved by their foregone sacrifice. He believes to have made out that human dignity rests on all this heaped up woe, that it is the

outcome of the distinction of imperfect types, the crowning redeeming feature of universal suffering, that conscience is its organ, and they together are perhaps the parents of Justice. Thus Sully Prudhomme opposes to the crude arguments of science more finished ones in keeping with its own distressing data.

The way is thus paved to a compromise. Justice shall not be expelled, but it will drop its historical claim to the rule of the Universe. Man has mistaken her function, it is not one that swayed from the beginning as an absolute principle, it is one that grows with the times, relative in the past and present, excellent only when the ages shall be fulfilled. The actual sceptic passes to science: but from the crushed life and murdered blood through which scientific law pursues the creation of the Perfect Type arises a continual cry for justice. As the type in formation grows in perfection it will become more and more aware of the justness of the entreaty, till at last reacting victoriously on the process of evolution it shapes it on the lines of the principle of Righteousness, it is its ultimate end to uphold. In that way the gloominess of the present vouches for the splendour of the future.

Notwithstanding so cheering an outlook, the present generations, whose sky is overcast by the horrors of the struggle with barely a glimmering of the distant blessing, are interested in hurrying on the day of deliverance by all means in their power, and reducing to a minimum the waste of the strife. Therein is implied a distinct duty for each individual,—that of enlisting all his active powers on the side of self-improvement and of putting down evil in him as well as in others. Philanthropic activity, moral earnestness becomes binding on all; every concession to weakness, every pandering to evil is a step backward. Its wickedness is revealed to us by the pangs of remorse, the haunting voice of those who have suffered and whose woe your faithlessness is setting at nought. On the contrary, our endeavours to shorten by self-discipline the period of relentless probation and to bring about the "perfect city," will meet with their reward in a whisper of approval and gratitude uttered by all that lives and breathes.

We have drifted very far from Alfred de Musset. In fact, as we progressed in our study, the path along which we followed Sully Prudhomme has little by little diverged from the one on which Alfred de Musset travelled to the end. Lost in confused negation, he was for ever craving for positive affirmations, and for ever unable to

arrange the conflicting appearances of life into one systematic whole. His early ailments were those of a cripple, to be neutralised by no growth of his healthy parts, but to eat him away till he decayed into his grave. Sully Prudhomme, on the contrary, owing to the solidity of his inmost fibre, has reached a theory on which life can hinge and move easily; a theory open to controversy, but affording room for the virtues, leaving a fair field to hope, giving finality to every existence, prescribing duty and self-help, leaving out none but God and transcendental religion. Yet there is more than a reminiscence of Christianity in his scientifically-established moral creed. It is immediately derived from it; it is stripped of its mysticism; but it breathes its spirit of earnestness. After all, as long as he does not swell the army of the unrighteous, it matters little to the world at large whether a poetic philosopher lets go God out of his reach into a dimness beyond the patches lit up by his flickering oil-lamp. There will always remain in the ignorant many an imperishable impulse to attribute even the gifts of unbelievers to the power they "agnosticise." An anecdote out of Sully Prudhomme's life, recorded by his friend Coquelin aîné, illustrates fitly the manner in which, even when defined dogmas succumb to arguments, the force displayed in wreaking their destruction defeats its own application by implying an Almighty origin.

Sully Prudhomme happened one day to be in the house of a young woman endowed with great moral and intellectual gifts, but who contrived to mar them by the admixture of an excessive religious bias. Three or four priests were as usual seated with her. After dinner the pious party went down into the garden, where the conversation turned upon the decrees lately tendered against religious orders, then on miracles, then on faith generally. Sully, alone against three, did not throw up the cudgels; he spoke up for his opinions. Softly, with his sweet and discreet voice, without provoking interruptions, with all kinds of arguments made more striking yet by the kindliness of his speech, he proved to his robed adversaries that the divinity of Christ may be fitly compared with that of Vishnu or Jupiter; that Jesus Christ was but a man, unless he never existed. And when he had gone through his demonstration, so baneful to their church, his clerical audience was so little vexed, the sorcerer's spell had so well taken effect that all three said to their hostess, "There is something divine in that gentleman," and even the devout hostess repeated, "'Tis true there is something divine in him."

The Vision of St. Helena.

A MODERN PILGRIM'S TALE.

CHAPTER VI.

I Visit Professor Molesworth.

THE next day at noon I went to Portman Square. A grave-looking man-servant took my card and disappeared, then, after a few moments, returned and, speaking in a whisper and treading on tip-toe, ushered me into a spacious dimly-lighted room on the ground floor. Here on a wide couch placed in the centre of the room, Professor Molesworth was lying, with eyes fixed on the ceiling, and uttering a succession of deep distressing groans. He was a very large man, with a pale, puffy face, and long, snow-white, disordered hair, and wore an old dirty overcoat, not buttoned, but fastened about the waist with a leather belt. He took no notice of my entrance and salutation, and for some time I stood in the greatest perplexity. At length he beckoned, and on my approach touched my hand with one finger, then motioned me to sit down, still, however, without speaking. I took a chair close to his couch, and as the groaning continued, I at length ventured to remark that I was very sorry to find him suffering so much. He ceased groaning, and, with some difficulty, turned himself round so as to fix on me a pair of cavernous steel-blue eyes, with such an unearthly expression in them, as they flashed beneath their overhanging tufts of feather-like hair, that I found it hard to meet his gaze.

"Where is your bag?" he said, "I understood you had brought your specimens with you?" Then he added peevishly, "I suppose you all think I am going to last for ever, you take such a time about everything."

"I have brought no specimens," I said.

"No specimens! Dear, dear, dear. Then what brings him here, I wonder," he muttered.

"I have brought this letter from my uncle Passenger in South Africa," I said. "He is, I think, an old friend of yours."

"From Africa!" he exclaimed excitedly. "What! have you been assisting Dr. Dollman? What message did he send me?"

"No," I replied. "Who is Dr. Dollman?"

He took the letter from my hand and began adjusting his glasses in order to read it. "Dr. Dollman is working out the fresh-water fishes out there," he said. "Coming from Africa, I naturally expected a message from him. Why he keeps silence about what he is doing in that region, I can't understand. Passenger! Passenger! Passenger! This reticence is certainly very unusual. Strange how little some people know of what is going on under their noses—Who is Dollman indeed! Passenger! Passenger! I have no recollection of the name. What is he doing out there?"

"O nothing, at present," I said. "He is an idle man and takes life easily."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the Professor: "it is the way with all of them, they all take it that way till they find their bodies going to pieces with old age and disease: then they buckle down to hard work. There's nothing like saving yourself at the eleventh hour, my young friend."

"I do not think that can be said of my uncle," I replied. "Any one from South Africa can tell you what good work he is doing out there. You will perhaps be glad to hear this of him because—well, because you are both of the same faith."

"Are we! Are we!" cried the Professor. "I'm glad to hear that, only just now you said he was an idle man. I'm sorry I've forgotten him. Yes, we are all of that faith now."

"All of that faith!" I exclaimed with undisguised astonishment. "Surely not yet! My uncle says you used to prophecy that in fifty years all in England would be of that faith."

"I never made any such prophecy," he returned with asperity. "Your uncle is mistaken. Fifty years indeed! It's always a source of wonder to me how a mind like Sir John Lovett's did not immediately perceive the advantages of so good a working theory."

"So good a working theory!" I repeated, becoming more and more bewildered.

"Yes," he continued absently, "Poor Lovett! Lucky for him,

though that he lived to re-write his Palæontology after his conversion. Well, well, well, now he has a place in Westminster Abbey. Does your uncle intend bringing over his collections to England? I really can't see why the colonists should be so greedy of everything. Their collections are of no advantage to science; they have not sufficient materials for comparison. Their species are more than doubtful, and as to their nomenclature—well, I daresay those people out there are far too free and independent to be bound by Strickland's Code. No doubt they intend setting up a code of their own."

I did not know what to say to all this, but was soon relieved from the necessity of replying.

"There is *Nature* and the last *Ibis*," he said, pointing to a table covered with books and papers; "go and look at them till I am ready to talk again."

He then settled himself back on his couch aud began groaning once more. I sat down by the table and tried to amuse myself by looking through the two strange periodicals, but could not prevent my mind from wandering. Surely, I thought, my uncle never wished me to visit such a man as this! Perhaps, misled by the name, I had stumbled on the den of one of those curious beings called naturalists, who give their lives to the investigation of petty details of bones, hair, and feathers: men of narrow grovelling minds who, notwithstanding the name they are called by, know as little of nature—the nature God created and that poets appreciate—as the ants that spend their little industrious lives in storing their cells with seed. My uncle's friend must have been a very different kind of man.

There were on some shelves near me a goodly array of unusually large volumes, each one bearing on its back, in big gold letters, "By T. Molesworth, F.R.S." He was the author of all these great books, each one of which looked as if it contained more than a life's labour within its covers. Then I remembered that my uncle had told me how great a traveller and writer of books on animals his friend had been.

Probably the great philosopher noticed me glancing curiously about me, for he now stammered out between groans: "Over there—go in—something to amuse you—all my work."

Obeying his directions I rose and opened a door on the far side of the room: as I did so a loud exclamation of astonishment escaped me. The room was full of monkeys! All round the walls artificial trees were set up, and just under the ceiling slender bars of wood

were ranged; while the floor was of rock and sand. And climbing up the branches, suspended from the bars by their feet or tails, and all about the floor, apparently tumbling together in fight or play, or quietly dozing, or gravely picking fleas from each other's coats, were innumerable monkeys of all sizes and varieties of form and colour, their bright, vitreous eyes, grinning teeth, and natural attitudes, giving them a wonderfully life-like appearance. But in a moment they were seen to be motionless—mere dead and stuffed monkeys, and then the spectacle, in spite of the cunning of the taxidermist, began to affect me as ghostly and repulsive in the extreme.

When the distressing groans from the next room ceased, I hurried back to the Professor's couch, glad to escape from that sickening atmosphere of stale camphor.

"I suppose you have seen my work on the Quadrumana," he said. "I collected and prepared the specimens you have just been looking at while gathering materials for my book. What are you engaged on at present?"

Before I could make any reply he said that our knowledge of the twilight moths of South Africa was very meagre: he hoped I had interested myself in this branch, and advised me to call on Professor Groome Habberton who was in charge of this division of the Lepidoptera in the British Museum.

Thinking that a very favourable opportunty to make him understand the object of my visit now offered, I said I scarcely knew anyone yet in London, and that my uncle had relied on his giving me some introductions.

"O you will know everyone," he said. "You will meet the people you want to know everywhere. To-morrow we meet at the Linnean, and I shall propose you."

I thanked him without knowing exactly what was meant.

"There will shortly be a series of papers read that will have a special interest for you," he continued. "I refer to the report on the Marquis of Milburn's collection of land and fresh-water snails from your region. You probably know that the main point in this matter is the abrupt termination of the Thallasian type about eleven degrees north of the Cape, while Corominthian and Thassaloidal types occur in modified forms throughout the entire African continent. It is one of the most interesting problems of the day, and we are always on the look-out for new African species in hopes of having fresh light thrown on the matter. I do not think you could do better than to take this subject up."

I replied, somewhat wearily, that I did not quite understand what the subject was, but feared, if it had any connection with snails, that I might find it a slow one.

He looked long and earnestly at me, without the trace of a smile on his gray, passionless face. "Yes," he replied sadly, "good work is always slow work. But should you ever be so fortunate as to discover species exhibiting Thallasian affinities, north of the present geographical limits of that division, you will deserve well of science. Our highest authorities are now agreed that the indications of loxodromic striæ on the opercula of two or three obscure forms of Cyclos is a mere casual resemblance, so that the field is still open to you. Take your time, young man, and do your work well—that is always best for science. It is sad for a dying man to reflect that his work has been scamped, and cannot be trusted as sound. And now I have only three minutes more to spare; time is getting precious with me."

I rose with alacrity.

"Sit down!" he said sternly. "I told you I had three minutes to spare yet. I trust they may prove profitable ones to you."

"Then," I said, going back once more to the old point, "before I leave you will, perhaps, kindly give me an introduction or two. I'm afraid you have misunderstood—"

"Yes, yes, yes!" he impatiently interrupted, "if there is any one you wish to know, go to him and say I sent you. Go and hear Dr. Reeve lecture: he is our youngest F.R.S., and the hardest worker in England. He is lecturing at the Royal Institution on the survival of reptilian characteristics in Struthionid. Here is a ticket of admission for Saturday—you will be pleased with him. Ah, I see, I see, those lectures are over. This is only for a popular lecture on Life and Mind. Take it if you like, and if you have an hour to throw away on Saturday, you could not do better than to hear Dr. Reeve."

I thanked him for the card, and, despairing of his understanding me, rose to go again, the three minutes having elapsed with little profit to me.

"I am obliged to you for calling," he said, "but sorry you did not bring some of your specimens. Your remarks have interested me greatly. Probably your notes will prove valuable: we are always wanting fresh material. Put them in form and I will tell you what to do with them. I hope you will prevail on Mr. Lushington to bring his collections over. I remember him now: he was with Bastian in

that discussion on spontaneous generation. I did not agree with his conclusions in that matter, nor could I accept his views regarding the formation of the silicious sponges. We were never personally acquainted: but I am pleased that he sent you to me. I will interest myself in your welfare, and hope shortly to see you again."

He then put out his hand, touched me again with one finger, then, settling himself back on his couch, once more began his groaning.

I hurried out into the street—oh, what a relief to escape from that gloomy chamber, foul with the odours of drugs and dead monkeys, and from the meaningless conversation of that old man I had began to hate. And this was my uncle's genial friend, the brilliant fascinating talker, the deep-thinking ardent Catholic looking forward to the conversion of all England! Oh, what a terrible disappointment! I had expected so much, and this was the result of the long-meditated visit—this paltry card of admission to a lecture by a man I had never even heard of! Thallasian types and affinities, and loxodromic striæ on opercula—What did it all mean? Surely this old man, whose mind was once given to better things, was now in his dotage! I could not restrain my laughter, even in the streets, when I thought over that conversation: but when I remembered the hours I had spent in Westminster Abbey in prayer and solemn meditation, preparing my mind for this great interview, my face turned crimson with anger and shame. I flung the hateful card on the table of my room resolved not to attend the lecture. Nevertheless when Saturday came round and I felt the sting of my disappointment still rankling in my mind, I altered my purpose. I went without feeling the slightest desire to hear Dr. Reeve, but solely in the hope that, after the lecture, I should be able to forget Professor Molesworth and everything connected with him for ever. For it was now a perfect misery to me to think of that groaning, white-haired old man, dying there, forgetful of God, amongst his dead, grinning, glass-eyed monkeys!

CHAPTER VII.

At the Royal Institution.

When I arrived at the Royal Institution, the entrance was thronged with people hurrying in and rapidly occupying every available place. I sat next to an extremely communicative young gentleman who told

me the names of several of the celebrities in the room. There were present many men distinguished in science, art, politics, and the church: a few seats in advance of us sat a cabinet minister, and a handsome old gentleman at our side—whispered my informant—was no less a person than the famous Bishop of Bradford. Every face in that fashionable and intellectual assemblage wore a look of eager pleased expectation.

This was so different from the usual languid and negligent air observable in theatres, churches, and other places where men congregate, that I began to grow impatient for the appearance of the lecturer, who was evidently one of the great luminaries of the time. In due time he entered: he was, apparently, about twenty-eight years old, of medium height, extremely pale, with curling black hair, and dark penetrating eyes. He began his lecture in a quiet conversational tone, and with an easy self-possessed manner surprising to see in one so young and addressing an audience of such a character. As he progressed in his discourse, his voice and gestures became more animated, often rising to enthusiasm, while, with a rapid but always distinct utterance, he poured forth passage after passage of the greatest eloquence, his voice sounding clear and rich as a fine-toned bell throughout the vast hall.

He began by saying that a Lecture on Life and Mind had been announced, but it would perhaps be more appropriate to say that Mind-Life would be the subject of the discourse he was about to deliver. It was comparatively a recent thing for science to concern itself with the intellect—its nature and its origin. Those who were free to investigate stones, trees, and stars, were deterred from entering on this mysterious *terra incognita;* for here on its borders the awful phantom of religion was stationed. Thus far shalt thou go and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed! was the language she held towards science. When the phantom's menacing gestures ceased to inspire fear, and the proud waves would be no longer stayed, then—after the manner of phantoms—she began to recede before the advancing tide. Recently she had taken one of her retrograde flights, stationing herself at such a vast distance in the background, that, practically, the entire kingdom of nature had been given up to investigation. Science by its results had established a right to deal with every subject in heaven or earth that claimed our attention. Formerly men were supposed to act intelligently, while the inferior beings, as they were called, were said to be governed

in their actions by a mysterious quality called instinct. How the stumbling intellect came to be thought imperishable, while the practically infallible instinct remained, in man's belief, a perishable faculty, he would show later on. But what an amazing simplicity there was in the old naturalists! Even the ancients shuddered at the sight of a monkey and cried out, O this vile beast, how like ourselves it is! The resemblance was mental as well as physical; yet in spite of a thing so patent, they would have no blending of colours, no shading off on their rude charts of life: the kingdom of the intellect, sacred to man, must be defined with a broad black line with the monkeys on the other side of it. It was finally allowed—reluctantly at first, but philosophy could no longer shut her eyes to the truth—that dogs, monkeys, even elephants and horses, perhaps, were occasionally actuated by a meaner kind of intelligence. This was a new departure, and we are now beginning to see some of its results. From the first it was a theory galling to human pride; and when a distinguished writer a century ago remarked, in reference to it, that he did not wish to be troubled with fleas in Heaven, he only expressed in epigram the general feeling of repugnance it created. Once admitted, it was inevitable that the dawn of intellect should be pushed further and further back from man. All mammals were found to possess intelligence; birds, reptiles, fishes, followed, and by-and-by Huber, Darwin, Lubbock, rose and threw in the entire insect race. Where, then, on the great chart of life could man place a finger and say, Here mind began! It required boldness to do that. Well, he would be bold and go to the origin of life—to the first atom endowed with vitality—and say, Here mind began. He knew it was easy enough to go back to a time—for in organisms innumerable that time was now—when the light of life was a white life, when the conditions that were to call forth those bright prismatic colours, of which the intellect is one, had not yet arrived. It was not yet possible to define life with exactitude. We are told that it is a force united to matter; that was a description embracing all forces—electricity, heat, magnetism. Certainly the union of life-force with matter appeared to be of a very different nature from that of other forces with matter. But till now we had interrogated the oracle in vain; it had not yielded up the great secret of the formation of life. Another century of training might be necessary before we became possessed of the requisite keenness of sight, swiftness in action, skill in analysis, to surprise nature in the very act, to wrest from her

hands the very powders of projection by means of which the base metals of earth are transmuted into golden life. But we have the strongest reasons to believe—we know, in fact—that in the great laboratory, where the secret of the process is kept, the production of life was continually going on. Could we devitalize all the living matter on the globe, changing it to inorganic dust, earth from the dead dust would re-create her perished millions, and life in its present infinite variety of forms—animal and vegetable—would teem again as it now teems. We cannot trace the passage of this subtlest form of force—this life-motion—in its changes from the simple expansion and contraction of a germ to the definite instinctive actions of higher forms, and thence to the intelligent actions of brutes and of men: its progress, like its origin, is shrouded in mystery. We only know that the movements of the germ, the flight of the bird, the flow of the sap in the still tree, the warmth of the brain in thought, are manifestations of the same force, and are, in one sense, the life of germ, bird, tree, and man. We must, however, keep distinct two things—life, and the physical forces life uses. Life, it is true, is a form of force, but a force sublimated, to which the power of development, wanting in original not vital force, has been imparted. Add to this that it possesses, through the medium of the organism, the power of assimilating other forces and thus making its existence continuous. It is a force that transmits itself by sparks of its own vitality, without a break from body to body, through countless generations and ages and cycles, increasing ever in beauty and power, ever varying the form of its abode, ever illuming itself with new faculties—consciousness, emotion, volition, intelligence, justice. Nor can we say that it will stop here: other faculties, perhaps nobler than these, are still lying within that treasury that time has not exhausted, and cannot exhaust, like priceless gems hidden within the dark caverns of the sea. The warmth of the body, the motion of the arm in delivering a blow, these, in themselves, are not life: they are the forces that are the handmaidens of life, that wait on her and do her bidding. You can heat a dead body by fire, and move its muscles by galvanism, and it will still continue dead. On the other hand a drowned man may be taken from the water devoid of breath or muscular motion, cold as a stone, yet life may be in him. Mysterious life with its unconscious wisdom, its wonderful power, will loose the prisoned forces within the still body, and summon others to its aid to rewarm the cold tissues, expand the lungs, revive the circulation, and move the

limbs. For life governs the body and moves it at pleasure, not by its own inherent power, but by its unconscious intelligence, and as an engineer moves a steamer by means of the forces stored within her. He would now, he said, speak more particularly of life's faculties. Life was a skilful musician, able to perform on divers instruments, but with no instruments made ready to its hands: it was therefore compelled to make them for itself. This was a work of time—so long a time that it could not be measured by years. Consciousness came when the body was adapted to it. Even men, however, were only in part conscious: we were conscious of only an insignificant part of all life was doing in us. He thought little of intelligence—that is, of intelligence in its present half-developed state, though it was capable of great things. It was an opening blossom on the tree of life. Instinct was a full-blown flower, and immeasurably more perfect. Slowly and with infinite pains we accumulated knowledge, careful to record our observations as we went on for fear our feeble memories should lose them. Take a lump of coal: how deep we dig for it; how frightened the possible failure of the supply makes us; yet when we have got it, how much of the energy contained in it is wasted; not like liquid spilt from a jug by the careless child that carries it, but because the intellect is incapable of inventing anything better than a sieve to carry the liquid in. How much of our reasoning proved false: how frequently we attempted impossibilities! Much of our so-called progress was simply destructive of the elaborate system of checks devised by nature for the preservation and welfare of her kingdom. We put nothing in the place of that which we removed. Nature, alone and unaided, was ever striving to mitigate the evil, putting forth all her miraculous powers to turn into safeguards the very elements of mischief we were perpetually flinging broadcast throughout the earth. How poor a quality man's intellect then seemed; how inefficient when compared with the instinct of lower organisms! As for the moral sense, which man possessed in common with the higher mammals, that appeared to be the most defective of all the affections of life. It was born before religion, and though associated with it for a time, would long survive it. The instinct that brings the swallow home in spring, or that teaches the honey-bee to build his waxen hexagonal cells, is not more faultless than man's conscience was capable of becoming without the aid of faith in the supernatural. Religion was an episode the historian of life might touch upon or not, just as he thought proper. In the

opinion of some men, religion had served a useful purpose. He regarded it as one of those ailments incidental to the transitional period of partially developed faculties. Unhappily this particular ailment had not been outgrown in due time. It had clung to man, stunting his growth and marring the promise of his earlier years. Over and over again when he seemed just on the point of deliverance from it—as in the case of the ancient Greeks—a relapse came, followed by centuries of miserable weakness. Once more in his eventful history man was near deliverance. The cloud was passing from his intellect, the red healthy blood mounted to his cheek, his vision cleared, he was escaping from the oppressive atmosphere of the sick chamber, and expanding his lungs with the pure free winds of heaven. For us there would be no more dreams and delusions of insanity, no ghosts of the dead haunting us, no powerful beings, good and malignant, fighting for sovereignty. Comets, eclipses, and meteors in heaven; mists and will-o-the-wisps and illusions on earth—we had found out the cause of them all. Propitiatory sacrifices had ceased, and faith was on the point of being disestablished. He would now pass from this matter. He smiled when he heard men calling themselves philosophers, confessing to a spiritual nature, and assuring the world that it was not to be left without a religion. What some were pleased to call our spiritual nature, appeared to him merely a bias of the mind acquired through long misuse of its best faculties. He should like to ask these philosophers who did not yet quite know their own minds, but blew hot and cold on supernatural religion, something regarding the nature of the new faith they were about to invent for bereaved humanity. Would the object of this new projected cultus dawn on us out of a chemist's laboratory, an improved Pepper's ghost, with face made dazzling with electricity, and arrayed in the beautiful drapery of an actinic cloud? Or should we be required to raise our devotions above this dim spot to that great central sun supposed to guide and regulate the motions of all the stellar systems in their wanderings through space? Or should we adopt and develop another suggestion he had seen and have a plurality of gods, just like the old Egyptians, only calling our new gods by the names of modern scientific theories? All this vague prattle about a new religion only served to show how new a thing freedom was. We were so used to the chains we have worn, we felt uncomfortable without them, and so proposed tying bits of string about our ankles. He would now leave this matter to speak of yet other

things pertaining to life. He had told them that life contained within itself from the beginning all that which afterwards came to light. Consciousness did not appear at the first, yet it was in life to be conscious: so with the other faculties. And before any of these came to be attributes of life, there were prophetic indications of the thing that was to be. Let us consider now whether there are not indications of yet other, perhaps greater, things to come. A larger consciousness, unclouded reason, perfect moral rectitude—these were not to be the end of life's development. The skilful musician had yet to produce nobler strains than these. What meant those things man's scared and confounded intellect attributed to witchcraft, angels, demons; to the vagaries of disembodied spirits, and, finally, to forces of which we only know that they are generated within our wonderfully fashioned brains? Why had some men mysterious faculties—second sight, prophesy, influence over others, even over those at a distance? Why did bodies rise up and float in apparent contradiction to the law of gravity? Why were hands and faces and human forms seen to appear and vanish, bells rung, and instruments played, without the contact of human hand? People were startled with apparitions of friends dying at a distance, thoughts flashed from mind to mind, and events were prefigured in dreams of the night. These things had no meaning for us, but to omniscient life, doing that within us of which we are not conscious, they meant much. This was the latest wonderful child of life, and we had felt it leaping in the womb of life; but not, perhaps, till the intellect was without flaw, the moral sense purified from all that was inimical, and man made incapable of abusing powers and faculties like those attributed by the poets of Greece to their immortals, would the child be born. He warned us to close our eyes no longer to the signs that even the vulgar see and read, but do not rightly interpret. Many charges were brought against men of science by their enemies; they were destroying religious faith, torturing harmless animals, and what not; but when he heard himself blamed for doing the greatest possible good to his fellow-creatures, he could only pity the biased minds that saw only evil in it. There were, however, other charges made with greater justice, and he, for one, was conscious of a grave omission in our little Natural Histories, our Constitutions of Man and systems of Nature conceived in too narrow a spirit. The play of Hamlet, with Hamlet's character left out, was the type of the biological science that continues to ignore the most wonderful attributes

of man. He asked us to endeavour, in the true spirit of philosophy, to interpret these mysteries: the things we had trembled at or laughed at, or been puzzled at, or which we have denied altogether, would then be found full of comfort for man, and pointing to a nobler future than dim-eyed science had ever yet pictured for him. Were there men in the world who could not be reconciled to the loss of their religion: who felt their hearts empty and desolate within them, because their all-powerful, beautiful God, to whom they burnt incense, and in whose strength they trusted, had ceased to shine on them, and like a worn-out sun sleeps forever in his clouds, "careless of the voice of the morning?" To these he pointed out the rich consolations of science. Not in the delusive dreams of Comte need they seek them, but in the broader, mightier, philosophy of Darwin. Life will be to them also Almighty, omniscient, everlasting; full of love and compassion; a sun of righteousness with healing in its wings; more beautiful, to souls that crave for beauty, than Venus rising out of the sea! The time would doubtless come when distinctions of class and of caste would be forgotten, and poverty and degradation be no more: when it would be within the reach of every man to clothe himself in purple and fine linen, to eat his own grapes and melons, and to drink from a goblet of chased gold, or cut from a single ruby. This was only the vulgar day-dream of science that fascinated past generations; the time had come for us to look forward to better things. He believed the life that was so dim in us would burn on through the ages with an ever-clearer brighter flame: that the fleshy abode of life—so often made burdensome with aches and pains and inordinate appetites—would at last, in a far-off enobled posterity, be purified from all infirmities, all taint of viciousness. He believed the mind would at last become conscious of the noble faculties sleeping idly within it waiting for their summer to come: that it would train and develop them just as the Cambridge student now trains his reason, and the athlete his muscular power. The forces stored within this wonderful body would not then be the only forces at life's command, but the power of the life-force over extraneous nature would have superseded the cumbrous appliances of our civilization. Just as far as stone hatchets and arrow-heads, mingled with the bones of primitive man, lie beneath us, would our rifled cannon, galvanic batteries and steam engines lie beneath them. What we term miracles would then be in the power of any man to perform; but knowledge of nature would be perfect, and it would be

known that nature's laws are never suspended. The time would come when men would not only walk on the waves of the sea, but on the clouds and winds of heaven. The serpents tooth would be innocuous to him: he would inhale the marsh-born malaria with impunity, and go uncovered under the torrid sun, or stand naked amidst the everlasting ice of the polar regions. Sitting alone on a mountain in the desert he would be able to waft his image and voice to the friend of his soul in some distant land. By a mere exercise of volition he would be able to split the gnarled and unwedgable oak of a thousand years, or to ravish the wilderness with Æolian melody sweeter than ever Orpheus drew from his fabled lyre. Would it be said Death still remained to mar the felicity of the future? He would not deny that there are grounds for the theory that what we call death does not, in every case, involve an immediate absolute extinction of life. The scanty threads of knowledge we had picked up and woven into the mantle called philosophy, were even yet far from covering all phenomena. These were matters about which we knew next to nothing: we were therefore scarcely in a position to affirm that it was impossible for life to continue after its divorce from the body, perhaps to float for a season in the sea of natural forces, without losing its individuality, just as the luminous gas composing the *ignis fatuus* floats in the atmosphere without mingling with it. But life, it might be said, was not matter, but only an affection of organic matter, and therefore could have no existence apart from the body. Well, we could not separate mind, which was an attribute of life, from life, and if reason refused to admit the possibility of life-force, as life, continuing to exist after separation from the body, then it could be supposed that at the moment of dissolution life goes off wrapped in a material but highly attenuated exhalation, and that this exhalation is in the place of body to it. This was mere speculation: what appeared fact to him was this, that after life's dissipation, a residuum often remained. He did not mean to assert that such a life, or residuum of life, as that could be indestructible. All the water that comes out of the sea must sooner or later go back to the sea again; so must all life at last, whether after seventy, or seven hundred years, return to the great magazine of natural forces. But whether a man's life ends this side the grave, or some distance beyond it, he did not think there was anything in the thought of death to make us miserable. When night comes, oblivion falls on us, and we are like those who have ceased to exist: yet we had no fear of an

oblivion that overcame us so peacefully: nor should the man whose physical health was perfect, who was free from all vain desires and morbid imaginations, have any fear of the oblivion death brings. He was once standing in a village grave-yard watching a number of swallows soaring sportively about the tower of the church in the manner common with those birds. By-and-by he observed one of them circling slowly down and finally alight on a grave-stone close to where he was stationed. He thought the action a singular one for a swallow, for it seemed as if this bird had suddenly grown weary of flying about with the others and wished to rest itself alone. He stood attentively watching it for the space of twenty minutes, and all that time it continued perfectly motionless. At length he cautiously approached it, and when actually standing over it, saw it stretch forth one wing, gasp once or twice, then turn over on its side—dead! He took the little dead thing home and examined it with the utmost care, but failed to discover any trace of disease in it. It was a very old bird—that was all. Many times it had performed that mysterious voyage to brighter realms beyond the sea; it had reared many broods in the old church tower; for many summers it had skimmed the surrounding fields, and soared twittering over farmhouse and village, making men's hearts respond to its perennial gladness. Thus its gay vigorous life had been lived to within a few moments of the close, when swift and probably almost painless death supervened. He did not believe the perfected man of the future would be less joyous in his life, or more clouded with apprehension and pain at the last, than this little wild bird, the end of whose natural term by a rare chance he had actually witnessed.

CHAPTER VIII.

After the Lecture: Farewell!

The lecture ended and rapturous applause followed. At this distance I can recall the speaker's thoughts only, and have consequently given no more than a rough sketch of that which in his own language seemed a finished picture. Again and again during the discourse I felt the blood rush in a torrent to my face. The subject was so new to me, the matter so marvellous, I hung like one entranced on the

speaker's lips drinking in every syllable he uttered. I had not been prepared for anything like this: no spiritual prophylactic had made me proof against the swift-working subtle poison of his philosophy. The nature of that far-off life in Africa—alone, or with only a few simple-minded associates—and of the books I had read made me only too easy a victim now. Against the assaults of vice the purity of my heart and my deep religious convictions might have made me proof, but here I was powerless. I had no arguments to oppose this man with; for of science and philosophy I knew nothing. I had only the shield of faith to protect me, and that, at the first blow, had fallen shattered in pieces. From the first I was completely at his mercy, unable to make even the feeblest effort to free myself from the overmastering power that was crushing me to death. The lecture had lasted one hour and a quarter, and not for one single moment had my attention wavered. When the speaker ceased, and while my eyes were still fixed on his pale face, there was a feeling on me that I had been sitting there for years; that since I had entered that room a change had come for me over all things—a change so mighty, and of so terrible a character, my mind could not yet endure to dwell upon it.

I rose from my seat, for all were now standing, but so great was the crowd, that for some minutes I had to remain still in my place. Many of the distinguished people in the audience were pressing forwards to speak with the lecturer. All around me there was a loud buzz of delighted conversation. Stately mothers and their beautiful daughters were congratulating each other that they had heard the great sensational lecture of the season. All were lavishing praises on the lecturer—his voice, action, eloquence. "O was it not pretty—that about the poor swallow, mamma?" I heard one young lady exclaim, "I declare I could hardly keep from crying." To me it was incomprehensible that so much should be thought about the speaker's pleasing manner, and so little about the horrible matter of his discourse.

"Not a bad hand at this sort of thing," remarked the young gentleman who had spoken to me before.

"No, not bad," I replied absently, and without the faintest idea of his meaning.

"He doesn't half care for it though," he added after a pause.

"Doesn't care for what?" I asked.

"For what? Why, for this popular stuff. You should hear his

next series: that will be a subject after his own heart—something he can talk about.

"And what is that?" I enquired.

"The Anatomy of Pleuronectids—didn't you know?" returned my informant.

"Why then does he trouble himself about this—this popular stuff?" I asked, hardly knowing what to say.

He looked at me with a critical air for some moments. "Excuse my asking," he said deliberately adjusting his eye-glass, "but are you quite a stranger here, and to—to all this sort of thing?"

"Yes," I replied, "a perfect stranger."

"In that case," he said, "I don't mind explaining things. Why does he trouble about it, you ask? Well, some fellow has to do it, you know. It's supposed to be the right thing to do. It used to be the fashion for the general public, led by the parsons, to abuse us, but we never took it meekly. Now we have drifted into a sort of *modus vivendi*, and all lie down in peace and quiet together like the wolf and lamb in Scripture. The pulpit people have given up saying things to hurt our feelings, and we have grown civil to the pulpit people. All they have got to do is to trim their theological sails according to the wind. It's a compromise. We don't want them to bother their brains over our books and theories, that are hard for the unlearned to understand, so the popular lecture has been invented in which the general results of science are summed up and simplified. That's how I understand it. Reeve is a good hand at this sort of thing, only he does not confine himself to the weather chart, but goes in, like the *Times*, for a weather forecast, and tells them to look out for storms."

"So it is a compromise, then," I said. "I suppose, however, that every one has a right to judge for himself whether he will be a party to it."

My talkative neighbour looked at me superciliously. "Do you take an interest in Science?" he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"What particular branch do you go in for?" he asked.

"I really don't know what particular branch I go in for," I said, "Professor Molesworth appears to think I go in for freshwater fishes or snails—I forget which."

"Professor Molesworth! By Jove you know him! I really beg your pardon. He is one of the greatest men of the age. I look on

all these lords, scribblers, and political people as a mere herd of nobodies, compared with that great man. Some people think Dr. Reeve will be just as great if he lives to be seventy."

I was now able to move, and, separating myself from the great Professor's admirer, made towards the door. I had answered him in a mechanical way, hardly knowing what I said. All the time he was talking to me I was thinking of other things. I was thinking of my solitary life in Africa, and of all those celestial dreams that had made it so inexpressibly sweet to me: of the God and Saviour I had loved and worshipped: of my beautiful dead mother I had hoped to find at the resurrection. I went out into the street, and, uncovering my head, looked up into the pale English sky where a few stars were faintly visible, and, still thinking of these things, softly whispered the one word Farewell!

(To be continued.)

Sent to Siberia

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

(Continued from page 223.)

IT was nearly a year now since Petrowsky had left San Feropol on the long journey to Siberia, and during this time he had traversed an overland distance of six thousand miles as the crow flies.

Irkutsk is a semi-Tartar town situated on the River Angara, which flows from lake Baikal on the north east. For hundreds and thousands of miles on every side the plains of Siberia are covered with shaggy forests of pine, which stretch away north to the Arctic Sea, and east towards Kamschatka. There are no tracks through these primeval wilds except the great rivers flowing northwards, and the convict roads between the mines and penal settlements. The only inhabitants of the country are a half civilised people of Tartar race, the convicts, and the ex-convicts. They live by cultivating some clearing in the forest not far from the village, and shooting bears and wild-fowl in the woods, or trapping the ermines and martens for their furs.

Irkutsk is the capital of this vast region, and the headquarters of the penal system. To Irkutsk are sent all the exiles for the Baikal district, and large parties are constantly arriving there from all parts of the Russian empire. There are large prisons in the town capable of containing thousands of prisoners, and it was to one of these that Petrowsky was now consigned until his future destination should be determined.

The prisoners of the peasant class were confined together in large halls, set round with wooden benches on which they slept in their clothes. Petrowsky lived with several others in a room apart. Twice a week the secretary came to his office in the prison, and settled the places to which the convicts were severally to be sent. He was possessed of advices from the different mines and settlements of the district, stating the number of hands required to keep up the full

complement of labour, and replace the convicts who were wanting either through escape or death, or the termination of their sentence. It was a very small office, and he was the sole occupant, his clerks being relegated to an adjoining room. To this office went Petrowsky one day to fix his place of exile. In his own mind he had resolved upon the salt factory of Usolie, a village fifty miles away in the forest; because being there he was near Irkutsk, where he had a friend. It might be thought that Petrowsky's own wishes in the matter would go for little; but it must be remembered that he owned a magic talisman. He had roubles—and these can touch the heart-strings of the most obdurate official.

"If you please, sir," said Petrowsky to the secretary, a big burly man, "I wish to go to the salt factory of Usolie. I can give you three roubles if you will send me there."

The Secretary consulted his books upon the matter.

Petrowsky was a five-year hard labour convict, and therefore would in any case be kept in the country west of Lake Baikal, where there are salt and iron works. All prisoners sentenced to ten or more years of labour are destined for the mines of lead, quicksilver, gold and other metals to the east of Lake Baikal.

Having satisfied himself, the Secretary accepted the offer, and entered Petrowsky's name in a ledger of his own—with the destination "Usolie" in another column, and in a third the number of roubles paid.

This personage, whose decrees settled the fate of so many of his fellow mortals, was familiarly called the "Blind God," partly because he had lost an eye. He could still, however, look after his own interests with the eye which remained to him. The columns of his ledger contained hundreds, and probably thousands of names, with the money given by each; and the sum total of these petty bribes was doubtless divided regularly amongst the other officials of the prison.

A fellow convict of Petrowsky, doomed to twenty years hard labour in the mines, and therefore destined to the country east of Baikal, was booked by the "Blind God" for Usolie also on paymen- of a few roubles. "But," said the "Blind God" to him in confidence, "you must escape within two months, or you are done for. In that time it will be discovered from the 'returns' that you have been sent by mistake to the wrong quarter, and the order will be given to remove you to your proper destination." The "Blind God" was not altogether omnipotent.

Those poorer prisoners who have no money at all, and they are many, have of course to go where they are sent, without getting any voice in the matter. The majority of them probably don't care.

Petrowsky remained twenty days in Irkutsk, and during this time his friend, a merchant, who had been informed by letter of his transportation to Siberia, came to see him in the prison. He endeavoured to dissuade Petrowsky from attempting to escape, but Petrowsky's will on this head could not be shaken. He sent off six different letters to his relations in Kharkoff asking for money by an early post; and at the end of three weeks was despatched along with five other convicts and a soldier to the village of Usolie, some fifty miles north of Irkutsk.

Usolie is a penal settlement of about 500 houses, built along the river Angara in the heart of the woods. The inhabitants are mostly convicts whose term of servitude has expired, or is yet to run. There are a few shops, one small wooden church, and ten public-houses. The main road to Irkutsk is a mile distant across the virgin forest.

At Usolie the river Angara divides into two branches, and in the cleft between are situated the salt factory and prison house, both of which belong to the Government. They were built in the time of Nicholas I, and are now very rotten and dilapidated. The walls of the prison have fallen to decay, and no convicts have been quartered there for many years. These live in lodgings in the town, and therefore enjoy a greater degree of freedom than in former days.

The salt factory consists of the boiling room, where the saline water which has been pumped out of the wells underground is boiled in large copper pans, and stirred the while by convicts armed with long poles. After the water has been evaporated the crystalised salt is packed in boxes and sent to Irkutsk, where it is sold to merchants and forwarded to different parts of the country.

On presenting himself along with his fellow exiles at the salt factory Petrowsky was told by the manager that he must find lodgings in the village. The prisoners were now left entirely free to come and go as they chose, and after a few minutes search Petrowsky found a family who allotted him a room in their home, and agreed to provide boiling water for his Samovar, or tea-urn, and make soup for him from the fish or meat he brought. For this accommodation he only paid twenty copecks (or sevenpence) per month.

Being the winter season the work at the salt factory was now stopped owing to the water freezing in the wells, and Petrowsky,

together with his fellow exiles, among whom were the Polish priest and Captain R——, was told that they had no work to do till summer. Only a few hands, out of the gang of one hundred usually employed, were required to clean the yards of the government buildings from snow. In fact, he was told that as a convict of the privileged class he would probably have no forced labour to do at Usolie beyond cutting grass and turning hay in summer. After that he returned no more to the factory, and only called once at the private house of the foreman and cashier during the four months of his residence in Usolie.

Every month he received from the government office a ration of seventy-two pounds of flour, and six pounds of Siberian native rice; but neither meat, clothing, nor money. All the convicts received the same rations of flour and rice, but those who worked in the factory had 2½ roubles every month, and a suit of clothes twice a year. In short Petrowsky found his exile a kind of assisted emigration. His time was on his hands; but without money, or a money-making trade he could scarce subsist. All he had in his possession were ten roubles, and he was obliged to live very poorly, sometimes buying a little fish, sometimes a little meat. Luckily provisions were cheap there—beef selling at 2d. a pound, potatoes 2d. a stone, milk three quarts for 1d. eggs 2d. a dozen. Tobacco, which is grown in Siberia, was also very cheap, costing only threehalfpence a pound. Tea and sugar, which are dear, were sent him by his friend in Irkutsk.

In summer the people grow abundance of the commoner vegetables, and the forests supply them with plenty of wild fruits, and mushrooms. Immense flocks of wild fowl, swans, geese and ducks visit the rivers of the country and savour the pots of the inhabitants. In winter these emigrants take their flight to warmer climes—to India, China, and the South. In winter the numerous bears, wolves, foxes, hares, and squirrels retire into the recesses of the pine forests for shelter from the icy winds, and rarely come abroad except when pressed by want. Then they are sometimes to be seen prowling around the village, or haunting the sides of the government road which runs through the country. All the women work in the fields during summer hoeing the tobacco, or turning the hay, and gather mushrooms or berries in the woods. All the men are hunters, and keep large packs of bear and wolf dogs for sport.

Petrowsky, whose mind was constantly engaged in planning his escape, took little share in the life of the Siberian settlement. He

had written three letters from Usolie to his relations in Russia asking them to forward money, and he was patiently waiting a reply. He lived quietly at home, going to bed regularly, recuperating from the hardships of his past journey, and preparing for the still more trying one before him. His landlord, an ex-convict who had served his term of twenty years, kept a public-house in another street, and Petrowsky saw little of him beyond helping him to clear away the snow at times, or cut down firewood in the forest.

The cold was very intense, but the atmosphere being dry Petrowsky did not suffer from it. To touch iron with the naked hand was to have the skin burned off as if it had been red hot. Another curiosity in freezing he had never seen before. The River Angara, which flows from Lake Baikal past Usolie is a very rapid stream, and its bed is covered with a multitude of wave-worn boulders. The arrowy swiftness of the waters prevent their freezing before mid-winter, when the cold is nearly 40 degrees below zero. When this temperature is reached an icy slush, like soddened snow crystallises round the boulders on the bottom, but being lighter than the water soon floats up the surface, where it gathers in a kind of froth. The river being remarkably tortuous, the floating sludge gets blocked at last between the banks, and in an instant the surface freezes over. After an hour the sledges may be seen careering over it.

Before it was bridged over the River Angara had to be forded by convicts escaping from the mines beyond Baikal, and many lost their lives in the attempt, owing to the rapid flood. These convicts have also to walk round the north shore of the lake through a very wild region, because they do not dare to cross by the ferry which is now established. Being on the east of Baikal, Petrowsky had been spared this march.

At the end of February, 1869, the long expected letter reached the convict, but the sum sent was only 50 roubles. He had asked for 300 roubles, a sum which would have enabled him to buy a passport of the privileged classes, and probably also to buy a passage with some merchant travelling by post-horse from Irkutsk to the fair of Nijni-Novgorod in Russia. The letter stated that more money would be sent soon, but Petrowsky could not brook the delay. There was no good reason to his mind why he should stay there longer. He was sick of the inaction and eager to escape. The fifty roubles would provide a peasant's passport, or a soldier's, and since he could not ride the way, why then, he would walk.

He therefore changed his lodgings and went to stay with his friend Captain R——, who had been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. He revealed his intention of escaping to the Captain, who gave him a letter of introduction to a friend of his, a government official in Irkutsk. Two days later Petrowsky bade the Captain farewell and departed quietly from Usolie in company with two merchants for Irkutsk. They left at midnight in a sledge drawn by three horses, and reached Irkutsk at eight o'clock next morning. The merchants put up at a hotel, but Petrowsky took his luggage from the sledge, and went to the address given him by the Captain. The owner, now a well-to-do government official, had formerly been a convict, so also had his wife. Petrowsky found them both remarkably kind and hospitable, They could not make enough of him, and all the resources of their fine house were placed at his disposal.

Next day Petrowsky called upon his Irkutsk friend, expecting some advice from him as to the best way of making his escape; but this man steadily set his face against the project.

He pointed out that although hundreds escaped from Siberia in summer-time, when they could sleep in the woods and wear very poor clothing, it was madness to attempt it in winter. In summer there are so many refugees that the villagers put out food for them, because their maintenance becomes a tax on the town. But in winter the case is very different, and few or none will brave the long solitary journey through the snow. The Arctic cold, the frozen leagues of forest road, the peril from wolves, as well as the extra expense, and the increased danger of capture at this season, are enough to deter the stoutest heart.

"You must be crazy to think of it," said he to Petrowsky. "My good fellow you will never succeed for they will certainly take you again. What do you want to escape for?"

"Mr. V——," said Petrowsky, "I must escape. You know that I have a wife and child."

"Humph! There are plenty of other women in Siberia. See here; if you stay quietly at the salt factory of Usolie you will be free in four years and two months, for the Government will knock off two months for every year of your term. Then I will take you into my store as a clerk, and you will live very comfortably; you can marry and settle down.

Petrowsky took fire at this proposal. With a flaming face and a voice quivering with passion he burst out——

"No, no! I don't *want* another wife; and I will gain my freedom though I have to walk across all Siberia and Russia—aye, a hundred thousand miles. Though you offered me a hundred thousand roubles to remain, I would refuse them. I would not stop here, though the Russian Government cut off both my legs. I would still attempt to crawl away; but never, NEVER will I leave my family! My heart would never be at rest, and I could never forget them."

The cold tears fell from his eyes and dropped upon his hands.

After some moments of silence Petrowsky became calmer and more hopeful. "Mr. V——," said he, "In a few months you will hear from me that I have reached London."

His friend only shook his head and said "May be." Bidding him good-bye for the present Petrowsky left him and went to seek the man who, according to the information given him by a fellow exile on the journey to Siberia, would probably supply him with a passport. But either the address was wrong or the man had disappeared. Day after day Petrowsky wandered through the town looking for his name on the shops and doors, and making enquiries at different places. Every day his search was in vain, and he returned disconsolate to his lodgings. His friend could give him no assistance in the matter. Utterly dejected he sought his lodgings one day, taking with him two bottles of vodka. It was noon and his cheerful hostess was having the table laid for dinner. Petrowsky asked her for two glasses, which he filled with whiskey and begged her to taste a drop. While engaged in this sociable *tête-a-tête* Petrowsky hoped to get some hints from her; but as her husband was a Government official he was afraid to reveal his design entirely to her, although he knew her good heart.

The lady was sharp, however, and after a little while she said:—

"Mr. John, I have noticed that you are very much troubled about something—I don't know what. You always come home so disappointed. Now, suppose you tell me, and suppose I try to help you."

"Mrs. Vera," replied Petrowsky, "You know very well that I am from the Kharkoff district, and was seized by the Russian Government in Constantinople, by the order of General Ignatieff, and sent to Odessa where they kept me twenty-one months under trial, then sentenced me to Siberia for five years' penal servitude with hard labour and exile there for life. You also know that I am married. Mrs. Vera, I cannot live in Siberia and forget my wife and little girl. I want to escape, so help me, in God's name."

She answered immediately:—